THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH 1866. "Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER. TERMS: $2.00—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 39. EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904. NO. 44.

State Library 1 July 1905

Kindergarten.

The kindergarten will re-open Jan. 9, 1905, a week later than other schools. Parents please note.

Carrier Pigeon.

Carrier pigeon, with a ring lettered "N. H., 28111," on leg, came to the premises of William P. Barr on Huston Hill, on Dec. 12th and died on the following Wednesday.

Emmanuel Church Christmas Services.

Sunday, December 25th Festival of the Nativity of our Lord, commonly called Christmas Day. 10:30 a. m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion. Goss' Anthem, "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings." Offering for Diocean Christmas Fund. Evening Service, 7:30 p. m.

The Sunday school Christmas tree and festival will be held on Saturday evening in the old church at 7 o'clock.

Service of Thanks.

The union Thanksgiving service in the beautiful new First Presbyterian Church, last Sunday evening, attracted a large congregation. The sermon by the Rev. Robt. McCaslin dealt with the elements of our country's greatness and strength; pointed out some evils that are a menace to our stability as a nation and urged upon those present the duty of combating the foe with fearless courage. It was an able discourse and was heard with closest attention by those present. The Rev. T. W. Twichell, of the First Baptist and the Rev. O. S. Metzler, of the First Methodist, assisted in the services. The singing by the united choir was a pleasing feature.

A Delicious Time.

A Trout Run maiden, who passed several days at the World's Fair, wrote the following description of her visit to the home pastor, we are told: "Oh I had a perfectley beautifell time. I contrived there at 9:30 and took a cab by to the hotel. It was converted you know? We stopped at a house where we rode to our room in a refrigerator, and our rooms were illustrated with electric lights. There was no stove in our rooms, but one of them legislatures in the floor and the heat poured right up through. I did not have any appetite and could not get a single thing I could realize. Honestly when I got home I was almost an individual."

The Leap-Year Party.

About one hundred happy ladies assembled at the opera house last Thursday evening, accompanied by their gentlemen friends, who were entertained very pleasantly by their fair hostesses who provided an elaborate lunch. It is unneccessary to state that the ladies were fully equal to the emergency and crowned themselves with glory. The opera house was elaborately decorated and furnished, especially for the occasion, with comfortable chairs, tables and drapery. Dancing was the main feature until a late hour. The guests were loud in their praise of the reception. Many were in attendance from Renovo, Driftwood, St. Marys, Ridgway and other towns.

The music was furnished by McBride's Orchestra, St. Marys The cheerful manner in which they responded to the numerous *encores* was evidence of two facts—that the dancers as well as the orchestra were well pleased. The orchestra, composed of seven persons, is hard to beat.

We understand the gents will give the ladies a return reception in the near future.

Gifts for My Lady.

Ring.
Book.
Jewel box.
Veil saches.
Vinaigrette.
Feather fan.
Silk stockings.
A writing desk.
Shirt waist box.
A handsome fern.
Gold glove buttoner.
Real lace turn-over.
Gold chatelaine bag.
A lace handkerchief.
Leather table cover.
A plant in full bloom.
Bit of Bohemian glass.
Jeweled garter buckles.
A carved wood glove box.
Some German piece.
Decorated wooden book rack.
One of the big brass jardineres.
Flowered crep de chine scarf.
One of the picture plates.
Art modern clasp for neck furs.
Art production of an antique necklace with big semi-precious jewels.
Bangle bracelet—this old-time favorite is revived with some variations.
A card case of sculptured leather, not heavy, to harmonize with her new visiting dress.—Philadelphia Record.

A Christmas Thought.

By Mary J. Clark.

"We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar,
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder star."

There were only three who bore rare gifts to the babe in His manger-bed, and there was no one else to offer more than the plainest things and the humblest service.

Yet the radient halo was for all alike to see, as they knelt and wondered and worshiped. The plainest things of life were then and there glorified, and may we not use them now, in the name of the holy Child and for His sake?

We would dearly love to choose beautiful and really valuable gifts for our friends, but slender purses forbid. Time, too, is hard to find in this crowding modern life, and, in the case of some of us who are not strong, each day brings the question of what we may do and what must be left out.

But as love-bearers, forgetting ourselves, and thinking only of the gift we carry, our hands may be filled with treasure. Love's alchemy will transmute the things of trifling value into precious gold.

A book that we have treasured may be passed on; a bit of our needlework is witness to our loving thought, whether it is a dainty thing for a friend or only a useful little garment for the poor washerwoman's baby. A glass of that clear jelly will do twice as much good if we carry it ourselves and give something of our own good cheer and vitality with it. True, such visits leave us feeling that "virtue has gone out of us," but if strength does go for a time it is also marvelously renewed.

A loving word out of our very hearts may touch that headstrong boy or a letter comfort some one who has seen the grave close over her best beloved, while life looms up before her like a sheer wall of rock.

Every day brings its own apportunity, if only for a smile that wins the little child's heart, or a cheery good morning that makes the day sunshiny for the household.

Still the star in the east is shining—the star of love. Let us follow it gladly, bearing our gifts. They may be so little that they hardly seem worth bringing, yet when the Christ-child came to His manhood the cup of cold water was not beneath His mention and His blessing.

So with loving ministries we may keep the Christmas spirit, not only when the days are shortest and the Yule log burns, but all the year round.

"O, star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guides us to the perfect Light.'.

Worcester, Mass.

Lovett's Boston Stars, Dec. 29th.

This company is universally conceded to be one of the brightest and best concert organizations in the field. It does a larger business, plays more return dates and renders better satisfaction than most companies. The following press notices is pertinent:

Lovett's Boston Stars, the first number of the Y. M. C A. Course, more than filled the most sanguine expectations of the management of the Association. The company is well named the "Ideal" or "Recall" company, as at every point in the program the appreciation of the dextrous work was expressed in marks unmistakable by the audience. To mention one member in preference to another would be doing injustice to the others.—Marietta, (O), Leader.

Pennsylvania State College.

At a recent meeting, the Advisory Committee of the Station approved a plan presented by the Director for an experiment upon the necessary protein supply of the dairy herd. The herd is to be divided into two lots as nearly alike as practicable on the basis of their records. One of these lots is to be fed a ration which, it is computed, will supply, in addition to the protein required for the maintenance of the body, an amount approximately equal to that which they may be expected to produce in their milk. The other lot will receive a ration made up of the same feeds, but in different proportion, so as to contain about twice as much protein. In addition to the regular herd records of milk will be taken for check determinations of protein The experiment will be continued through the winter.

The Committee also authorized a continuation of the experiments which have been conducted for the past two years upon the influence of shelter upon the food consumption and gains of fattening cattle.

Mr. R. O. Brooks terminated his engagement with the Station as Special Assistant in Food Chemistry, Nov. 1.

Everybody reads the PRESS

The Observer.

Some little discussion has been stirred by the action of a Sunday school convention in the eastern end of the state in recommending that Santa Claus be banished from the Church celebration of Christmas. The Saturday Evening Post can see in this action nothing save a prosy disaprobation of a lie perpetrated upon children from time immemorial.

If this were all that there is in this action, the Observer would heartily second the Saturday Evening Post in pleading the rights of youthful imagination and sentiment. Pure, naked, abstract truth is something that no one has ever yet become acquainted with. Truth always wears a garb when she appears to human beings. Indeed, she has an extensive wardrobe and appears, now in this, now in that garb, according to the grade or kind of intelligence she has to do with. In the infancy and childhood of the race, she wore the garb of fairy myth and fancy. As the race advanced, she kept changing her garb to something more suitable to mature minds. But truth was just as precious and just as real under the first garb as under the last.

* * *

We have become familiar with the fact that the development of each individual in a species is a repetition of the stages through which the species itself has passed. The infant is living over again the prehistoric period of the race's life. The little boy or girl is at the stage which corresponds to the primitive time when myth and fairy tale were the only forms in which men's ideas were clothed. It is just as natural for a child to clothe its fancies in fairy forms, as it is for a kitten to play with a ball as though it were a mouse. Some prosy people think that children are taught to lie through the influnce of fairy tales and Santa Claus myths. The Observer does not believe that this is so. It is also said that the confidence of children in all truth will be hopelessly shaken when they shall have found out that Santa Claus is a myth. The Observer does not for a moment believe this.

* * *

Notwithstanding his advocacy of the rights of the imagination of childhood, the Observer heartily approves the action of the Stroudsburg Sunday school convention. There is a fitness in all things, and a Church celebration is not a fitting place for Santa Claus. By all means let him continue to drive his prancing steeds over the snow-clad roofs and to make his swift descents down sooty chimneys, but let us warn him that he is decidedly out of place when he appears as a central figure in a Church celebration. If a public Santa Claus celebration be demanded, let it be held in some other place than a church, and let not the name of the Church be belittled by calling such an occasion a Church celebration.

* * *

The Observer has been taught to believe that Christ-mas-Day is the festival of the nativity of our Lord, and he is aggressive enough to say that the central theme in a Church Christmas celebration should be the Christ child and not Santa Claus. We need imagination and sentiment; and where can a story be found that so appeals to the purest fancy and the tenderest, Holiest sentiment of young and old alike, as does the wondrous story of the birth of Jesus Christ.

* * *

If the play of Hamlet were to be brought out, with the part of Hamlet omitted and the grave-digger cast in the leading role, the effect would not be more incongruous than is that of the ordinary Church celebration of Christmas, from which the Babe of Bethlehem is omitted and the central place is given to Santa Claus.

Local Institute.

The Teachers' Local Institute was held at Sinnamahoning, Dec. 10, 1904, with D. D. Stroup as chairman.

Those present were: Miss Mattie Collins, County Supt., Prof. E. S. Ling, Milford Hallman, John Schwab, Ezra Smith, Misses Florence Ling, Esther Rumsey, Grace Leet, Lora McQuay, Marian Larrabee, Blanche Moon, Mabel Edwards, Hattie Smith, Jessie Willets, Stella Horner and Bibiana O'Sullivan.

Rev. Faus gave a very pleasing opening address. The program was entertaining as well as instructive. Several extra selections of music were rendered by Misses Council, Shafer, McCloskey, Piper and Fulton.

The next meeting will be held at Driftwood in January.

EVANGELINE BROOKS, Sec'y.

Fine hand bags and leather goods at DODSON'S.

No Press Next Week.

The PRESS force have worked hard during the past six months, endeavoring to please our patrons, and requiring time to clean up the office and put things in shape for the new year, therefore will not issue any paper next week. Of course our "boys" expect to pick the bones of a 20 pound turkey on Christmas and will need a little time to digest their feed. The office will remain open for the transaction of business and to fill all orders for job printing.

Highly Complimented.

Sheriff Harry Hemphill entertained Hon. P. C. Boyle, of Oil City Derrick, last Frlday. Mr. Boyle is a member of the State Board of Public Charities and came here to inspect our jail. Although our jail is "chuck full" Mr. Boyle was highly pleased with the condition in which he found the interior of the prison. His only fault was with the too liberal feed provided by our kind-hearted Sheriff.

Two Nights Before Christmas.

Remember the date Dec. 23, and be at the St. Charles Hotel and enjoy a good old fashioned Christmas dance. Supper will be served in the St Charles dining room. Ten cents per dance. Supper, extra. Good music will be in attendance.

42-3t. T. L. WHEATON.

Returns Home.

Many friends will be pleased to learn that G. W. Huntley, Jr., and family have returned to Cameron county from Montana and will reside permanently at Driftwood, their old home Mr. Huntley disposed of his mill in the west.

Broker—Decker.

At the parsonage of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Wednesday evening, December 7th, Mr. Frank Broker and Miss Bertha Decker, of East Emporium, were uninted in marriage by the pastor Rev. O. S. Metzler. Mr. and Mrs. Broker will reside in Buffalo.

Bargain in Books.

A complete set of Brittanica Encyclopaedia, consisting of thirty volumes and key. Are all new and in original packages. Will be sold at a bargain, Apply at PRESS office. 36tf

St. Mark's Organ.

The $3,000 pipe organ has been placed in position in St. Mark's Church, ready for the Grand Recital to take place in the near future. Andrew Carnegie donated $750 and Mrs. Henry Auchu a like amount. When Father Downey completes the improvements on interior of his church—new decorations, chandeliers, etc., he will, as well as his people, be delighted.

Serious Condition.

Mr. Fred Tompkins, for years clerk at the Warner House, but recently employed at Business Men's Club, was taken seriously ill a few days ago. Dr. E. O. Bardwell, also Dr. Smith who was called in for consultation, had little hopes for his recovery until Monday night, when a change for the better took place. If nothing serious sets in he will recover. Fred's many friends, and they are legion, will be pleased to learn that he is improving.

A Merry Christmas.

Sunday next we observe as the great Holiday of the year. The happiest, jolliest and most lively day of all. It is a sacred day and commemorates the greatest event in the world's history. Its very sacredness excites emotions of joy and thankfulness and reminds the world of its obligations to Divine power. Its full significance should be impressed upon every youthful mind. The birth of the Savior of the world. What a thought! What an event! It is the Christian's joy, the world's hope.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT—PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SATURDAY EVE., DECEMBER 24, AT HALF AFTER SEVEN.

Doxology—Invocation.
Address of Welcome.....Frederick McClure
Piano Solo, Sanata, op. 14, Beethoven, Mrs. J. W. Trotter
Vocal Solo, "A Dream," E. Wright, Grace S. Lloyd
Recitation, "Jennie's Xmas," Anon., Marion Judd
Piano Solo, "Chant du Voyageur." Paderewski, Mr. A. D. Ericsson
Vocal Solo, "There Were Shepherds," H. B. Turpin.....Grace A. McCaslin
Recitation, "Three Cheers for Old December," Anon.....Carl Day
Vocal Solo, "Glory to Heaven's Eternal King," Meyer-Helmund.....Geo. A. Walker, Jr.
Song, "Santa Claus,".....Chorus
Violin Solo, "Cavatina," Carl Bohm, Grace A. Walker
Anthem, ...,Choir
Benediction.

A very small silver collection will be taken to defray expenses.

CANARIES.—Choice, imported Birds at DODSON'S.

BRIEF MENTION.

A new invoice of elegant odors just received.—DODSON.

Special services will be held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, the week of January first.

See the large assortment of photographs in Bair's studio window, Have some like them of yourself. They make fine Christmas presents, from $1.50 to $6.00 per dozen. Where can you get so many fine presents for so small an amount.

The supreme court of the United States has decided against the Western Uning Telegraph company in the case against the Pennsylvania railroad company on account of the latter tearing down the Western Union poles and wires along the railroad's right of way, upon the termination of the contract in 1902.

Prof. Ross DeVandervort, of Salem, Md., has been studying the weather for the past ten years and has found that the shad has two more bones this year than last which is a sure sign of a dry December, but as they are a little more curved than usual we may look for a thaw and a little rain in January. The gills being very white denotes freezing, blustery weather in February. Please watch this prediction carefully.

The Pope Bicycle Daily Memorandum Calendar for 1905 contains a memorandum leaf for every day in the year, and 365 original sayings in favor of good roads, good health, outdoor exercise, and that great vehicle of healthgiving, the modern bicycle, by our most eminent living men of marked accomplishments. The calendar is free at Pope Mfg. Co.'s stores or any of our readers can obtain it by sending five 2 cent stamps to Pope Mfg Co ,Hartford, Conn., or 143 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

CAUTION.—The printing of your name and address in the corner of your envelopes may save your letters from being opened. It is now proposed by the Government to open letters upon which postage stamps have not been placed, in order to learn who the writer is, and to prevent their being sent to the dead letter office. The PRESS Printery will furnish you printed envelopes cheaper than you can buy envelopes without the printing.

The new Resinol Art Calendar for 1905 is one of the most beautiful calendars ever issued. Six sheets of heavy enameled paper contain on one side six beautiful color designs of babies and children, while on the reverse sides are drawings depicting child life, with spaces for the notation of baby's "sayings and doings." It is a work of art that will delight a mother's heart. Sent postpaid by the Resinol Chemical Company of Baltimore, Md, for two wrappers from Resinol Soap, or one wrapper and 15 cents; or for 40 cents a calendar and a cake of Resinol Soap will be sent.

Our Advertisers.

The PRESS desires to call the attention of its readers to its array of Holiday Advertisers, representing the principal firms in Emporium asking for your patronage. All of these wide-awake advertisers and are up-to-date and believe that what is worth having is worth asking for. We feel assured that the citizens of Cameron and adjoining counties will give them a liberal patronage. They deserve it. Just glance over the 144 columns of this issue—the largest single issue and by far the largest circulation of any county weekly in this section—and you will readily ascertain where to hang up your wraps and make this Glad Season one of Happiness.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway Trains Enter the City of Pittsburg.

Effective with the winter time-table Sunday, Nov. 27th, all passenger trains of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Ry., which have been using the Pittsburg & Western terminals at Allegheny, will arrive at and depart from the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. station, corner Smithfield and Water streets, Pittsburg, Pa.

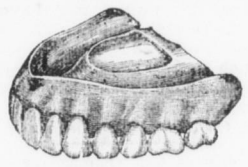
This change is made in order to afford better facilities for handling the increasing business; and the superior service which has been maintained on this line will, in the near future, be further improved by the addition of observation dining cars on day trains between Pittsburg and the north.

The new Manifolding fountain pen for sale at DODSON'S.

WEATHER REPORT
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
FRIDAY, Snow.
SATURDAY Rain or Snow.
SUNDAY. Fair.

24 PAGES.

CARR-HUNGERFORD
ALL-STAR
Vaudeville Company,
Presenting the World's best in Polite Vaudeville.
MISS OTTILLIE KALLIES, Musical Director.
The greatest galaxy of all stars ever sent on Tour
CARR & HUNGERFORD, Assisted by Ray Evans, in the New York Success Tacks.
PERO & WILSON, The Clown and the Soubrette.
EVANS & KALLIES, Duo.
GARFIELD & SEARLES, Musical Wizzards.
PEARL DeHAVEN, Illustrated Song Novelty.
DeRENZO & LADUE, Acrobatic Marvels.
CRYSTAL & BLANCHE, The Youngest Child Actress before the American public.
WONDERFUL
Moving Pictures
The greatest of all Productions in modern Tableaux.
AT OPERA HOUSE, SATURDAY, EVENING, DEC. 24.
MATINEE AT 2:30; 10c and 15c
Night—Prices, 35c, 50c and 75c; Gallery, 25c.

F. M. ZELIE, D. D. S.,
CRANE BLOCK, EMPORIUM, PA.

Artificial Teeth
Made upon Gold, Aluminum and Rubber Base.
GAS ADMINISTERED.
All Dental Operations carefully done. No charge for examination.
HOURS:—8:30 a. m. to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m
NIGHT CALLS AT NEW WARNER.

Order Early.

We desire that all customers send in their orders for ice cream, ices and fancy baking early, for Christmas and New Years, in order that all may be served promptly. The City Bakery is prepared to serve our customers with the best of everything in our line.

Thanking the generous public for their patronage during the past year we cordially invite you all to visit our establishment and see how nicely we are prepared to meet your wants. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I remain,

Yours Thankfully,
MRS. C. G. SCHMIDT,
The City Bakery.

Clearance Sale.

A complete closing out of all winter millinery, commencing Friday, Dec. 9th. All trimmed hats at one third off the price. All ready to wear hats at one half the price. Fancy feathers and Pon Pons at one half price. Ostrich tips and plumes at one third price. All stock is new and in good condition.

LUDLAM'S,
3t. Two doors East of Bank.

FOR SALE—One pair of work horses weight 1200 each, heavy wagon, harness and sleds will sell for $320.00. Inquire of

CHAS. BARR,
Emporium, Pa. 3t.

Warning.

All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing upon the property of this Company without a permit from this office, or the Superintendant at the works.

KEYSTONE POWDER MFG. CO.
Emporium, Pa., August 1st, 1903.
24-tf.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance.....1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

A letter arrived at the New York post office the other day bearing the following address: "To Any Respectable Lawyer, New York City, New York." The carrier into whose hands it fell for delivery returned it marked in blue pencil—"Not found."

Jeres de la Frontera, Spain, has a population of 65,000 and is the center of the sherry wine making trade. There are many rich people worth from $500,000 to $5,000,000. The city has hundreds of very old and large store-houses containing, it is said, enough sherry wine to supply the world's demand for 25 years.

At a recent medical exhibition in London a new anesthetic, called somnoform, was shown. It is a liquid whose "boiling point" is 23 deg. below zero. The moment it comes in contact with the air it becomes a gas. Its great virtue, from a medical point of view, is that breathing stops before the heart when it is administered.

Piassava is a fiber made from the bamboo tree and is used in Europe to make brooms, brushes and the like. In Liberia the bamboo is taken from the tree and placed in water until the outer covering decays. It is then beaten in a forked stick, erected for the purpose, until there remains only the fiber, which is weighed and bound in bundles much like American wheat, except that it is bound at both ends.

One of the latest proposals made for helping the small farmer in England is the establishment of credit banks. Where this system has been tried it has proved a success. In the congested districts of Ireland there are 77 agricultural banks, and these institutions are gradually extending their operations among the small landholders, for whose benefit they were established.

One hundred thousand sheep will be prepared for the market this winter at the beet-sugar factories, in the vicinity of Eaton, Greeley, Windsor, Longmont, Ft. Collins and Loveland, Col. The beet pulp makes the best of feed for lambs, and Colorado feeders are much encouraged over the market prospects. About 150,000 lambs will be fed upon field peas in the San Luis Valley, Colorado, this winter.

The city of St. Thomas owns and operates the six miles of electric street railway within its corporate limits. The road gives general satisfaction as to service, but at the expense of a deficit ranging between $3,000 and $4,000 per annum. The city owns and operates the water works system very successfully. This plant nets a small annual surplus and at the same time gives entire satisfaction.

Prof. J. N. Harper, of the University of Kentucky, is, according to a paragraph which is on its rounds in English newspapers, a tobacco expert, and has been advising Col. Everard, who has been experimenting at Randlestown, County Meath, Ireland, in growing tobacco. It is claimed the moisture of the Irish climate is good for tobacco culture, and that there is plenty of the right kind of soil in the Emerald Isle.

Extensive experiments in the effect of electric light on the growth of plants are being undertaken by the Horticultural Society of England. Experiments in America have shown marked effects, but not desirable ones in all cases. Cauliflower and radishes run largely to top. Melons, cucumbers, strawberries, beans and other vegetables were quickened in growth by several days. Flowers are invigorated and produce deeper shades of color.

There is a young American achieving fame in England in an unusual way. He is showing the British medical men how much poison he can eat and drink without ill effect. His menu on a recent occasion was paris green, strychnine, blue indigo, phosphorous and atropine. It was all very simple. Each plate contained its deadly burden of brilliant green and blue and white powders. One after the other the American partook of each, missing none.

Under a new Norway law it is decreed (1) that certain arcana and patent medicines named be excluded; (2) the publication of advertisements in Norwegian newspapers to further the sale of any and all foreign patent medicines is forbidden; (3) the importation of all arcana and medicines is forbidden except by druggists and private persons under special permit; (4) fines not to exceed 5,000 kroner ($1,340) may be imposed for violations of any of the above enactments.

BUCKEYE DEMOCRAT'S VIEW

Editor of Former Democratic Organ Hopeful of Much Good from Roosevelt.

An editorial of more than ordinary interest appeared in a recent issue of the Cincinnati Enquirer, the newspaper owned and directed by John R. McLean. The deliverance is entitled "A Roosevelt Victory," and it pays a tribute to the man and appraises his triumph. After describing him in very complimentary terms, it says of the meaning of the vote recorded:

"Now, Theodore Roosevelt will interpret for himself the commission which the American people have proclaimed. And this will be an easy task, for the country has made no secret of its expectations. They believe that he represents all their most patriotic aspirations; that his presidency means for the United States a dominant place in the councils of the nations, an irresistible influence for humanity and civilization in every land, prosperity and peace and honor here at home. They feel that he is pledged to continue to its ultimate fruition the work of progress and expansion which he found already well inaugurated three years or so ago. The speedy completion of the Panama canal and the acquisition of such political and territorial rights as may be necessary to that end; the seizure of Santo Dimingo, or at least the speedy regulation and control of that sentinel at the gates of the Caribbean sea; the assured permanency of our Pacific footholds—the Philippines and the Hawaiian group—all these consummations are considered as logical and inevitable consequences. But the people expect also that Mr. Roosevelt will enforce a recognition of our commercial interests and privileges in China, Korea and Manchuria, and the people will so strengthen his arm as to make their will imperative against all opposition, open or concealed."

Mr. McLean did not support Mr. Roosevelt for election. He is a democrat, and yields obedience to his party's pronouncements regularly made. But we probably read in his deliverances how little sympathy he had with the conduct of his party's recent campaign, and how little hope he had of success at the polls. He does not belong in the ranks of the Little Americans, nor in the ranks of those who traduce the government before the world for partisan purposes. Several years ago, when the anti-imperialists began their assaults upon the army of the Philippines, and Mr. Bryan in the name of the democracy adopted them, Mr. McLean vigorously protested, and pointed out in his newspaper that there was neither patriotism nor political strength in any such course. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the feelings of such a man when Judge Parker, ignoring all legitimate local questions, threw himself into the arms of the anti-imperialists and urged scuttle in the Philippines, and when Mr. Bryan, sounding a variant of the same theme, indulged in his little patter about the use of the army here at home to overthrow organized labor.

We hear much about reorganizing the democratic party. The first step should be to divorce it from all connection with abuse of the country, and stupid assaults upon the army and navy as agencies of oppresison. America, for both democrats and republicans, should spell progress and self-respect; and not until democrats of the McLean type are able to feel a stirring pride in both its platforms and their interpretation by its candidates will the democratc party stand to win, or deserve to win.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

☞Didn't tariff tinkering under Cleveland show that experimental free trade was ruin?—Norwich (Conn.) Courier.

☞It appears that Mr. Roosevelt not only got the first voters but most of the last ones also.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

☞Mr. Thomas Taggart says he is still a democrat, but Alton B. Parker declines to be interviewed.—Washington Star.

☞The able democratic editors are pointing the long, bony finger of scorn at the able democratic leaders.—Chicago Tribune.

☞In the year of the great cosmopolitan, expansive world's fair, Missouri went republican. Why, of course.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞"Keep your eye on Bryan," says the Topeka Capital. What's the use? We couldn't lose him if we wanted to—not while we have ears.—Kansas City Journal.

☞Secretary Woodson's discovery that it was a mistake to nominate Judge Parker will not be received as in the nature of news by a good many democrats.—Indianapolis News (Dem.).

☞The general temper of the business world is more sanguine than for a long time past. Anticipations are based on conditions which justify confidence.—Cleveland Leader.

☞Mr. Hearst thinks that the democratic party needs a new leader, and the Atlanta Journal thinks that the democratic party needs about 2,000,000 new followers. And the greatest puzzle for all seems to be to locate and identify the democratic party itself.—Haverville Gazette.

☞The people's mandate to the party is distinct and emphatic. It is not: "Stand still, take your ease, rest on your achievements and laurels!" It is, instead: "Go right forward, party of progress and action, party that does things, in the road traced for you by William McKinley and his like-minded successor! You have maintained the gold standard; make it secure! You have maintained the American protective tariff; make that, too, secure!"—Hartford Courant.

☞The London newspapers, as usual, are at sea as to how it happened, but they are quite right in their general conclusion that the election of President Roosevelt is a big thing for the United States and the world at large.—Sioux City Journal.

☞The talk about an extra session to revise the tariff right away was inspired by nervous political busybodies. The president's silence on the subject shows his understanding of the situation, and is a dignified rebuke to those who tried to make his administration look like a continuous performance.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WILL BE NO OBSTRUCTION.

Democratic Promise to Subside During the Coming Session of Congress.

A prominent democrat from the south says that his party in the coming session of congress will do nothing to obstruct the work of the republican party. This is pleasant news, if it turns out to be true, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The democrats are far in the minority in both senate and house, but a minority has often delayed the work of a majority, and sometimes has defeated it. In a chamber like the senate, where there is virtually no curb on debate, and where the filibuster can usually have a free hand, a handful of resourceful and determined men can hold up the majority for months at a time, and the coming session is restricted to three months of duration. This democratic magnate says his party may be teased about its loss of Missouri and the big drop in its popular and electoral vote as compared with 1896 and 1900, but he declares the party intends to take such sallies good naturedly and await developments. Republican measures will be debated, but not extensively, and no factious impediments will be put in their way.

There is good sense as well as good politics in the democratic promise to subside during the coming session and let the republicans run the country without any obstruction. As the republicans, however, do not intend to map out much work for this session beyond the passage of the appropriation bills and the transaction of some other routine work, no sort of opposition which the democrats can put up would hamper the republicans seriously. For the coming session the dominant party's programme is not very ambitious. When the congress recently chosen gets to work in 1905 a larger programme will be put forward. The party will then have abundance of time to carry out any sort of a policy which it proposes. In the short session not much is usually attempted beyond the work necessary to keep the wheels of government in operation. In the congress which will meet next year the republicans will have a somewhat longer lead in the senate than their present big majority and in the house they will have more than triple the margin which they possess in the existing chamber. No question aside from the routine work of the government is so pressing now that its enactment in the next three months is imperative. Democratic obstruction, therefore, even if attempted, would not harm the republicans much and would not help the democrats at all. Nevertheless, if the democrats for those few weeks keep their hands off and leave the work of legislation entirely to the republicans, the aversion which the American people hold to the democratic party will be diminished to some slight extent at least.

POLICY OF THE PRESIDENT

Safe and Conservative Lines Will Be Followed as in Past Administration.

Much speculation has been indulged in by political observers as to the character of President Roosevelt's policies in a new administration when unconstrained by any sense of obligation to carry out the plans of his predecessor. Many predictions have been made, especially in the campaign, that with a new lease of power he is likely to depart widely from the courses which he has followed for the last three years.

The president has absolutely no thought of departing from the safe and conservative lines which he has so far followed, says the New York Tribune. He recognizes the need of new legislation in various directions, and will strive to fit the government to deal with every emergency which may arise in his term of office, but whatever he does will be the natural evolution of republican policies and principles to meet new conditions. The president realizes, as do the great majority of republicans, that the tariff schedules have been outgrown in some particulars and will need readjustment. He is considering how that readjustment may best be secured, but has as yet committed himself to no particular plan. It is clear that whatever is done will be done carefully, conservatively and with no sacrifice of the protective principle.

In dealing with trusts the indications are that the president will continue his already well understood policy. He has secured legislation which, it is believed, will enable the government to put an end to discriminations and rebates, and he has secured court rulings which will prevent the ingenuity of lawyers from putting corporations beyond the reach of the law. He has no intention of using these weapons in such a way as to injure legitimate business, but it may be expected that diligence will be manifested in compelling corporations as well as individuals to obey the law.

In general, the prospects in the next administration, as outlined by our correspondent, are for a thoroughly sane, conservative, but at the same time thoroughly progressive, use of the authority of government for the promotion of the interests of the whole peple regardless of section or condition.

☞When the former free trade crusade was begun the United States was producing about 9,000,000 tons of pig iron annually. A couple of years of scare brought the production down to 6,000,000 tons. The resumption of confidence carried the output up to 18,000,000 tons. Figures like these tell the story truly. Price lists are deceptive but the fact that Americans are consuming about 450 pounds of iron per capita as against less than half that quantity in the years of low prices is one that can't be got away from.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THREE MEN LOST THEIR LIVES.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE BATTLESIP MASSACHUSETTS.

FOUR MEN TERRIBLY SCALDED.

Gasket on a Boiler Gave Way—Men Were Caught in a Trap and Were Helpless to Save Themselves.

Philadelphia, Dec. 16.—Caught in a trap and helpless to save themselves, three men lost their lives and four others, including Lieut. William C. Cole, were terribly scalded yesterday by a rush of steam and boiling water in the fire room of the battleship Massachusetts, lying at the League Island navy yard.

The accident was caused by the giving way of a gasket or rubber washer on a boiler on the starboard side of the ship.

The Massachusetts has been at the navy yard for some time undergoing extensive repairs, particularly to the boilers and machinery. Although Capt. Edward D. Taussig and his officers and men are aboard the ship, the Massachusetts is virtually in charge of the authorities of the navy yard.

The boiler on which the accident occurred had recently been cleaned and thoroughly tested, and the boilermakers were at work on another boiler. Without warning the gasket between the boiler plate and the boiler head gave way and a terrific rush of steam and hot water occurred. The doors of the fire room were closed at the time the accident occurred and the only avenue of escape was a safety ladder. Only one man, Bramlet, a fireman, thought of the ladder, and he escaped without a scald.

Few on the upper deck knew what had happened until the steam came rushing up from the seething pit below. The work of rescue was prompt, and to this promptness those who escaped death owe their thanks. The first to enter the firehold was Lieut. Cole. Without hesitation at becoming scalded by the hot water and steam he entered and dragged the men from the place to the door, where they were taken in charge by others. Bub and Hamilton were dead when found, and Ritzel died a few minutes after being taken on deck.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE COLLAPSED

Three Persons Killed and Five Others Seriously Injured at Charleston, W. Va.

Charleston, W. Va., Dec. 16.—Three persons were killed and five others seriously injured Thursday by the collapse of the suspension bridge across the Elk river, which connects East and West Charleston.. On the bridge when it went down were six children on their way to school and a dozen other pedestrians, together with six teams. The bridge went down without warning, but a number of those who were near the ends of the structures managed to land before it collapsed. Those who went down with the wreckage fell a distance of 40 feet into the ice-covered waters of the river.

The steamer Baxter broke the ice to allow small boats to reach the scene and the rescue work began immediately. The injured first were assisted to the shore and later a search was made of the river for dead bodies. The bodies of Mamie Higginbotham and Annie Humphreys were taken out and Ollie Gibbs died last night. The bridge was a single span 500 feet in length and was built in 1852. It had been known to be unsafe for some time and heavy traffic was not allowed on it.

The accident was caused by two cables on the north side slipping from their moorings. When that side dropped another cable snapped and the floor tilted and turned completely over.

Two More Removals from Office.

Washington, Dec. 16.—As the result of an investigation of their activity during the recent political campaign, Warren F. Tumber, a rural mail carrier at Lockport, N. Y., and H. W. Aldrich, a rural carrier of Concord, N. H., both officials of the National Association of Rural Free Delivery Carriers, were yesterday removed from the government service by Postmaster General Wynne. Tumber is secretary of the association of the carriers and he and Aldrich are members of its executive board. The charges were that they sent out letters during the campaign to candidates for congress, urging legislation in the interest of the carriers.

Opened Bids for Warships.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Bids were opened at the navy department Thursday for the construction of the battleship New Hampshire and the armored cruisers North Carolina and Montana. The lowest bidder on two ships was the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., which offered to complete the two cruisers in 36 months at $3,575,000 each, or the cruiser and the battleship in 36 months at $3,650,000.

Constellation Again in Commission.

New York, Dec. 16.—The frigate Constellation, the oldest ship in the American navy, after having been thoroughly overhauled and made taut and trim again, was recommissioned yesterday at navy yard in Brooklyn.

The "Tall Man" Is Arrested Again.

Chicago, Dec. 16.—John Orme, daring highwayman, known as the "tall man" in the combination which terrorized Chicago in 1896, is under arrest. He was identified by the police yesterday as one of the two highwaymen who entered the Peoria national bank at Peoria, Ill., and at the point of revolvers forced the teller to give them $2,000 in currency. Both men were captured the following day at Toulon, Ill. His companion was recognized as Theodore Brocway, who has served two terms at Joliet, one on a charge of horse stealing.

DUN'S REVIEW OF TRADE.

Manufacturing Activity Is Steadily Increasing and Holiday Trade Good.

New York, Dec. 17.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Manufacturing activity steadily increases, testifying to the general confidence in a heavy demand next year, and trading branches of business report seasonable conditions. Holiday goods sell more freely than staples, but all classes of merchandise are going into larger consumption, while it is the exception when there is complaint regarding mercantile collections.

The proportion of idle machinery is growing smaller and the number of unemployed less, few labor disputes of significant dimensions existing outside of Fall River. Low water at some points still provides the most serious drawback to full operation of capacity. Iron and steel plants are gaining steadily, footwear forwardings are running close to the large figures of last year and irregular raw materials supply the only serious element of uncertainty in the textile industries. Farm staples are returning large profits to producers, and foreign trade returns for November showed a very small loss in exports.

Far from meeting with the setback that many traders anticipated, the iron and steel industry has gone steadily forward. There is no evidence of inflation in the present situation, fuel shortage increasing the cost of production, while orders covering all the product of some furnaces for the first quarter of next year testify to the faith of consumers.

Failures for the week numbered 276 in the United States, against 329 last year, and 25 in Canada, compared with 20 a year ago.

DOCTORS SAY SHE IS SANE.

Efforts are Made to Secure the Release of an Iron Master's Daughter from a Madhouse.

New York, Dec. 17.—Efforts to free Mabel Spang, the daughter of Charles Spang, an iron manufacturer of Pittsburg, from a Yonkers insane asylum were continued Friday before Justice Marean, of the supreme court. Before opening the case Justice Marean said:

"The evidence is of so serious a nature I think it best not to hear it in public. I have appointed Lawyer Ira Bamberger to look after the girl's interests, as she is a minor."

Attorney Bamberger represents Henry Bebro, who instituted the habeas corpus proceedings upon which the girl was brought from Yonkers two weeks ago.

The attorney for Miss Spang put Drs. York, Brush, Lambert, Lawrence and Montgomery on the stand and from each obtained a declaration that the girl was perfectly sound of mind. He laid stress on the fact that the father of the young woman did not appear in support of his wife's contention that the girl was of unsound mind and was in no way associated with the mother in her efforts to have their daughter adjudged insane.

Miss Satymore, a nurse, declared that she had resigned from the Yonkers establishment rather than have anything to do with what she called the persecutions of a sweet and innocent girl.

IS WITHOUT A HEAD.

The Prohibition National Committee Finds Itself in a Curious Position.

Chicago, Dec. 17.—Robert H. Patton, of Springfield, Ill., was yesterday elected chairman of the prohibition national committee, to succeed Oliver W. Stewart. Mr. Patton was the candidate of the prohibition party for governor of Illinois in the last campaign. In the interest of harmony the resignations of all the members of the executive committee were presented and accepted. Chairman Stewart waived an investigation of the charges reflecting on him.

Practically forced out of the national chairmanship, Mr. Stewart finds, after the committee has adjourned and the members scattered, that the man chosen as his successor refuses to serve. This leaves the committee without a head, unless Mr. Stewart claims the right to serve until his successor shall have been elected and qualified.

While the committeemen were hurrying to their homes in different parts of the country, a telegram came from Mr. Patton announcing that he had declined the proferred honor and that under no circumstances would he serve.

Unless Mr. Patton reconsiders his action and holds office long enough to call another meeting of the committee, there is nothing to prevent Mr. Stewart from continuing as chairman, despite his overthrow.

An Important Legal Decision.

New York, Dec. 17. — Justice Jenkins, of the appellate division of the state supreme court, handed down a decision Friday that an injunction against organizing a strike cannot stand. He modified an injunction to prevent a strike which had been issued by Justice Dickey, of the supreme court, in a suit brought against the United States Printing Co., of Ohio, the International Stereotypers' and Electrotypers' union and the New York Stereotypers' union, in which the plaintiffs asked the court to prevent the union men from striking to force the printing company to discharge the non-union men.

Oom Paul Kruger Is Buried.

Pretoria, Transvaal, Dec. 17.—Two thousand burghers attended an impressive religious service Friday prior to the burial of the body of ex-President Kruger. Several ministers of the Dutch church spoke, all eulogizing the ex-president for his exemplary religious life and as a lover of his people. An immense crowd filed through the death chamber throughout the morning. The coffin was draped with the Transvaal and Orange Free State flags. The procession to the cemetery was large. Mr. Kruger was buried beside his wife.

FLOCKING INTO CANADA

IMMIGRATION FROM DAKOTA AND ADJOINING STATES.

Major Edwards, United States Consul-General at Montreal, Describes the Movement as Due to Scarcity of Land.

Montreal, Nov. 15.—Major Allison Edwards, United States Consul-General, who returned to-day from a visit to his home at Fargo, North Dakota, said in an interview: "The proper way to describe the manner in which the people of North Dakota are coming over into Western Canada is to say they are coming over in droves. Among the people there did not seem to be any thought of there being a boundary line at all. It is simply a question," added the major, "of there not being any more land in North Dakota and the surrounding States, and the people are flocking to Canada to get good farms. Naturally the number that will come over will increase all the time, and I may say the people you are getting are the best people in the west. They are well supplied with money and are well acquainted with the conditions under which they will have to work.'" The agents of the Government located at different points in the United States are prepared to give the fullest information regarding homestead and other lands.

"GIMLETS" BORED THEM.

Book of Conceited Author Lacked Popularity with the Reading Public.

Though Robert W. Chambers is a popular author, he will rarely talk about his books, says a literary exchange.

"I hate literary conceit," he said the other day. "If an architect builds a good house, his friends, on account of it, don't regard him as a god, and he doesn't regard himself as a god. The same with an engineer. If he builds a good bridge it is in the day's work, and that is all there is about it. But if a man writes a good book, why, then there must be genius in him, and before this genius he himself, as well as all the world, must bow down. Rot.

"Literary conceit is distasteful to me," Mr. Chambers said, "and I like to see it taken down. It was well taken down in the case of a New York man recently. He has written a novel, 'Gimlets,' and the public libraries have put this book on their shelves. The man called at one of the libraries to find out how his work was going with the public. He hoped to have his vanity tickled a little.

"'Is "Gimlets" in?' he said to the librarian.

"'It never was out,' was the reply."

Pa's Idea.

Willie—Pa, what is a "temperance man," anyway?

Pa—A "temperance man," my son, is a man who boasts intemperately of the fact that he drinks water to excess.—Philadelphia Press.

The Peruna Almanac in 8,000,000 Homes.

The Peruna Lucky Day Almanac has become a fixture in over eight million homes. It can be obtained from all druggists free. Be sure to inquire early. The 1905 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Get one today.

The United States has granted 3,500 patents to women, but as yet there is no device for keeping a hat on straight.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

To proffer a small sum as a bribe is an insult.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Unexpected personal prominence dims many a well-kept halo.—Judge.

Nothing

Is so sensitive to cold as a nerve and this is the cause of

Neuralgia

St. Jacobs Oil

by friction and penetration warms, soothes and cures the worst cases. Price 25c. and 50c.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Don't believe rheumatism can be cured by rubbing liniment or oil on the sore spot. The disease cannot be reached in that way. It must be taken out of the system. Celery King cures rheumatism. 25c.

The Best Cure

A. N. K.—C 2052

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Why the Police of Our Cities Should Be Armed

By COL. HENRY WALKER.

I THINK the police officer should carry a weapon. His duties often bring him into collision with the worst elements of a community which recognizes no law but that of violence, and must be performed even at the risk of his life. He is consequently entitled to all means necessary for its protection.

The spirit of lawlessness so rife in our cities cannot always be kept under by honeyed words or moral suasion.

The influx into our midst of multitudes of immigrants, many of whom come from countries where human life and law are held far less sacred than among us, where the law of force is the governing power, and who have little conception of our laws and civilization, must be controlled to some extent by force.

A police officer on duty, surrounded or pressed by a number of men, infuriated maybe by intoxicating liquor, or animated by hatred of law as embodied in the police, would have but little chance for his life if he were compelled to rely on his own physical strength only to defend it. That must be supplemented and made superior to the force attacking him. This can be done only by giving him a weapon of some kind.

There is no better weapon in the hands of a resolute man, as a general thing, than the short club now in use. It is large enough for all practical purposes of defense or attack when necessary; it is easily wielded, and with the wrist loop can be with difficulty wrested from the officer. It can be readily kept out of sight until needed, thus being a mailed hand under the kid glove, though the dangerous classes know it is ready for use. The revolver, especially the self-cocking one, is a dangerous weapon in the hands of an unskilled man, or of a reckless or easily excitable one. It should be carried only under exceptional circumstances, of which the division chief would be the best judge.

The London police, and there are no better, do not carry a weapon. He knows, and the people know, that beside him is a large trained military force always ready, and often summoned to do what here is simply police duty. On the contrary, our police is rarely aided by the military, and only in great emergencies is the soldier ordered out for police duty.

After all, the weapon is not to be looked after so much as the man behind it. Level-headedness, too much neglected, should be a prime factor in the appointment and promotion of police officers. Any weapon can be safely given to a discreet man, while any weapon is liable to be abused in the hands of an irascible or excitable, hot-tempered man.

Moreover, the police should have a single head. Three colonels to a regiment would be an absurdity, and the police force is semi-military. The head should be a strong, fearless, intelligent man, with courage to do his duty without fear or favor, to enforce the law honestly and impartially, while recognizing the fact that a great city cannot be carried on according to the ideas of one man or set of men.

Army Walker

Marriage as a School

By JOHN CLIFFORD, D. D.

Our whole social system is suffering from a lack of seriousness. The great material prosperity of recent years seems to have led people into rounds of pleasure, in which the serious things of life have been set aside too lightly. Marriage has no doubt suffered with the general fabric. From my own observation and experience, however, I am not inclined to think that there has been any serious decline in the sacredness with which the marriage tie is regarded by the vast majority of the people. There is certainly an apparently growing disposition among many to escape from its obligations and responsibilities. That, however, I believe, is not due to a less sacred regard for the tie, but rather to the comparatively greater ease with which a separation or a divorce can be obtained than in former years; and to the increased publicity, through the newspapers and other means, given to the cases that come before the courts.

The conditions which are now manifesting themselves are not new. They already existed; but the causes I have referred to have served, in recent years, to emphasize them, and to bring them more prominently before the community as a whole.

Our divorce laws might be made more stringent. They would be all the better if they made separations and dissolutions less easy to obtain. Marriage is like a school, and many people, like children, are set hard lessons. They would prefer to avoid them if they could, and if they see an easy means of escape they avail themselves of it.

In the case of the children, the parents and the teachers insist upon the lessons being done, and the children are taught in this way to regard difficulties as things not to be shirked, but to be overcome. So it should be with marriage. It is opposed to the best interests of the people themselves, as well as to the community, to provide easy means of escape from the hard lessons of marriage. Each hard lesson learned makes the next one easier to bear.

The Hope of a Nation

By PROF. J. G. SCHURMAN,
President of Cornell University.

Those who wish to preserve the republic should beware of any tendency toward the growth of the military spirit. Government must be an institution under the law, and there is a great lesson for us in the study of Rome's history from the year B. C. 133 to the establishment of the empire. No nation can long endure without some high moral and political ideal. Our nation, for example, has endured for over a century and made for itself an honorable place in the political history of the world, because it stands for the principles embodied in the declaration of independence.

Government of the people, by the people and for the people is something for which every member of a commonwealth may live, and, if necessary, something for which a citizen may die; but take away that ideal and leave nothing behind but tolerable prosperity, heavy taxation, a big standing army and a despot over all as absolute as any oriental dispot, and, as in the case of the Roman emperor, a nation will fall into decay and gradually disappear.

It is the duty of all good citizens to work for peace, to assume that we are living in a world of peace, to recognize that ours is an age of peaceful industrialism.

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR NEWS.

ALL INTEREST NOW CENTERS AT PORT ARTHUR.

JAPS CONTINUE TO BOMBARD IT.

Serious Damage to Boats and Property Has Been Caused by Recent Attacks — Japanese Losses Are Said to be Very Large.

GHASTLY SIGHTS ON THE SLOPES OF 203 METER HILL

Before Port Arthur, with the Third Japanese Army, via Fusan, Dec. 15.—The work of removing the dead from the slopes and crests of 203 Metre Hill has been completed on the north side. The south slopes are still covered with bodies buried under the debris of trenches and bombproofs. The long lines of Japanese dead laid out on top of the hill and the slopes previous to interment presented an awful appearance. Most of the bodies were partially naked and horribly torn by dynamite bombs.

Every part of the city and harbor of Port Arthur is visible from 203 Metre Hill. The streets of the city are deserted. Many buildings have been burned and others shattered.

Washington, Dec. 15.--The Japanese legation has received the following cablegram from Tokio:

"Commander of naval artillery reports that bombardment on the 13th was principally aimed at arsenal and torpedo depot at Tiger Tail and at steamboats in its vicinity. Torpedo depot ablaze one hour. Three ships were destroyed and one was sunk, beside buildings greatly damaged.

"Togo reports that torpedo boat flotillas attacked the Sevastopol twice on the night of the 12th and thrice on the night of the 13th. The result is uncertain. Our total casualties only three men wounded."

—o—o—o—

THE JAPANESE LOST THREE TORPEDO BOATS

Che Foo, Dec. 17.—Seven Russians in civilian garb, but with a military training obvious in their bearing, arrived Friday in an open sail boat carrying dispatches. They were unwilling to talk and went immediately to the Russian consulate. They left Port Arthur Thursday night.

Passengers who arrived here Friday from the Kwangtung peninsula confirm the truthfulness of the official Japanese reports of the sinking of various Russian ships recently at Port Arthur. They say the Japanese would have been able to accomplish this in the past two months, but apparently preferred to use their guns against the Russian military forces. It is believed the destruction of the Russian ships indicates that the Japanese have abandoned the hope of capturing the fortress. The Japanese lost three torpedo boats within the past month by mines, the last one sinking during the night attack of December 14 on the Russian battleship Sevastopol.

The fighting during which 203 Metre Hill was captured was terrific, that achievement alone costing the Japanese 12,000 casualties. The Japanese have been unable to occupy the hill except for observation. They have taken none of the main forts.

Three steamers laden with ammunition and provisions ran the blockade of Port Arthur in the past fortnight and there are high hopes that the fortress will hold out for many months. The Japanese are alleged to be depressed at their unsuccessful sacrifice of lives.

Mukden, Dec. 17.—There was considerable desultory firing on both sides yesterday. The Japanese made an advance, but it proved to be only a demonstration.

Night sorties continue.

The general position is very uncertain. Movements on both sides are hampered by the freezing of wells and the lack of snow, which render it necessary to keep near the river for water supply and near the coal mines for fuel. Brigandage is increasing.

Removed from Office.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Postmaster General Wynne has removed from office Frank H. Cunningham, the South Omaha, Neb., rural carrier, who is president of the National Association of Rural Carriers, and James Keller, of Cleveland, who is at the head of the National Association of Letter Carriers. The dismissal is the result of an investigation of charges of insubordination, of being absent from duty without leave and of violation of the president's order of January 31, 1902, prohibiting individual or organized attempts of government employes to influence legislation or to solicit increase of pay.

They Must Go to Prison.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The District of Columbia court of appeals has affirmed the decision of the criminal court in the postal conspiracy cases of August W. Machen, George E. Lorenz, Samuel A. Groff and Diller B. Groff, who were sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the West Virginia penitentiary and to pay a fine of $10,000.

A Stave Factory Burned.

Tiffin, O., Dec. 17.—The McConnell & McClung bucket stave factory at Bettsville burned yesterday. Loss $5,000.

Long Litigation Ended.

New York, Dec. 16.—A suit involving more than $15,000,000 which has been in the courts for nearly 30 years was decided yesterday in favor of the defendant, the city of New York, by a decision handed down by the United States circuit court of appeals. The suit, which has come to be known as the "Campbell patent suit," was brought against the city in 1877 by the heirs of a man named Knibbs for an infringement of patent in the use of a relief valve on fire apparatus. The device was adopted by the local fire department in 1865.

INVESTIGATION OF REED SMOOT

WITNESSES EXAMINED BY SENATE ELECTIONS COMMITTEE.

THE MORMON CHURCH IN POLITICS.

Oaths of Vengeance Taken by Men and Women in the Temple and Penalties Ascribed for Revealing An Part of the Ceremonies.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The first witness in the Senator Smoot inquiry yesterday was Mrs. Annie Elliott, of Price, Utah. She is an elderly lady who went from Denmark to Utah in 1872 and left the Mormon church in 1896. She was asked concerning the obligations taken in the temple and was requested to repeat as much of the ceremonies as she could remember. Mrs. Elliott said that the obligations were so indelicate she could not bear to repeat them.

By slow degrees Mrs. Elliott repeated the oaths of vengeance and the various penalties ascribed for revealing any part of the ceremonies. After saying that each person taking the endowments agrees to have his or her throat cut, Mrs. Elliott said it would be impossible for her to go any further. "At that time I considered it all so serious that I thought I would put it away and not mention it any more," she said when requested to proceed. Pressed by Chairman Burrows, the witness told of the other penalties and obligations which have been described by other witnesses

Mrs. Elliott described the garments worn by Mormons who have taken the endowments. Senator Overman asked if every Mormon in good standing is compelled to wear the garments, and the witness said that all such Mormons wear the garments as underclothing.

Looking at Senator Smoot, Senator Overman asked the witness if she were sure every Mormon in good standing in the committee room had the garments on.

"Yes, sir, they have." The reply provoked laughter and the witness repeated: "I know they all have them on."

Senator Foraker asked the witness if she had ever heard of the endowment house penalties being enforced against anyone. She said she had not.

Charles H. Jackson, of Boise City, Idaho, chairman of the democratic state committee, testified at length concerning the growing power of the Mormon church and its interference in state affairs, which he said was made the paramount issue by democrats and independents in the last campaign in Idaho. He said that apostles of the church from Utah go into Idaho and direct the people how to vote. These church officials, said Mr. Jackson, tell their people there have been revelations that they should vote a certain ticket and also that the Mormon church desires it. The witness described in detail the fight being made by the Mormon church for the removal from the state constitution of Idaho of the test oath against polygamists.

He told of the visit of Apostle John Henry Smith for the purpose of directing legislation and said that the influence of the church accomplished the passage of the sugar bounty bill.

Speaking of the influence of the church on the political affairs of the state, Mr. Jackson took as an illustration the defeat of Gov. Morrison for a second nomination. He declared that Morrison's administration had been satisfactory to his republican constituents, but that he had run foul of the Mormon church, and therefore was denied a second term. In this connection Mr. Jackson said: "It is impossible for any man or any party to stand against the Mormon church in Idaho."

Washington, Dec. 15.—Testimony relating to the alleged polygamous marriage of the late Apostle Abram Cannon and Lillian Hamlin and additional testimony concerning the obligations taken by persons who pass through the Mormon endowment house, was offered yesterday.

Washington, Dec. 16.—John Nicholson, the chief recorder of the Mormon temple at Salt Lake, was a witness yesterday in the Smoot inquiry. He proved the most reluctant witness of all the church officials who have been brought before the committee. By a slow process the attorney for the protestants drew from him the fact that he keeps the records of marriages, baptisms and endowments that are solemnized within the temple. He explained that the endowments are the placing upon individuals of blessings that will be upon them forever.

Fatally Stabbed Two People.

Washington, Pa., Dec. 17.—Angelo Giardini and his wife are dying at Westland, this county, the result of a murderous assault by the woman's father, Guisseppi Varino. The attack was made because Mrs. Giardini reproved her father for abusing her mother. Varino went to his son-in-law's house and, calling Giardini to the door, stabbed him several times. Leaving his victim unconscious Varino went to his daughter's room, where she was in bed. Seizing her the man held her upright while he plunged the knife three times into her breast. Varino escaped.

Death of Ossian D. Ashley.

New York, Dec. 17.—Ossian Doolittle Ashley, widely known in financial and railroad circles for more than half a century, died at his home here Friday, aged 83 years. In 1875 Mr. Ashley became active in the reorganization of the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railway Co., and it was with these interests that he was most prominently identified up to the time of his death. Several reorganizations of the property followed until it was merged with the present Wabash system. Mr. Ashley was president of the Wabash Railroad Co. for several years.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. McNARNEY
JOHNSON & McNARNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent, 35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

THOMAS WADDINGTON, Emporium, Pa.,
CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND STONE-CUTTING.
All orders in my line promptly executed. All kinds of building and cut-stone, supplied at low prices. Agent for marble or granite monuments. Lettering neatly done.

AMERICAN HOUSE, East Emporium, Pa.
JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.
Having resumed proprietorship of this old and well established House I invite the patronage of the public. House newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. 48ly

F. D. LEET.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and INSURANCE AG'T. EMPORIUM, PA
To LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
I have numerous calls for hemlock and hardwood timber lands, also stumpage &c., and parties desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me. F. D. LEET.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)
Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM McDONALD, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours. no27-1yr Wm. McDONALD.

MAY GOULD, TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music, Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S., DENTIST,
Office over Taggart's Drug Store, Emporium, Pa.
Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.

PILES RUDY'S PILE Suppository. A cure guaranteed if you use
D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 33 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.
Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and S. C. Dodson.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

TIME TABLE No. 27.
COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.
Taking effect May 27th, 1901.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	10	8	4	6	2
	P. M.	.....	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Port Allegany, Lv.	3 15	.....	7 05	.....	11 00
Coleman,	*3 23	.....	∞	.....	*11 41
Burtville,	*3 30	.....	7 16	.....	11 47
Roulette,	3 40	.....	7 25	.....	11 55
Knowlton's,	*3 45	.....	∞	.....	*11 59
Mina,	3 59	.....	7 35	.....	12 05
Olmsted,	*4 05	.....	*7 38	.....	*12 09
Hammonds,	∞	.....	∞	.....	*12 13
Coudersport, Ar.	4 20	A. M.	7 45	.....	12 15
Coudersport, Lv.	.....	6 10	.....	6 00	1 00
North Coudersport,	.....	*6 15	.....	∞	*1 05
Frink's,	.....	6 25	.....	*6 10	*1 12
Colesburg,	.....	*6 40	.....	*6 17	1 20
Seven Bridges,	.....	*6 45	.....	*6 21	*1 24
Raymonds's,	.....	*7 00	.....	*6 30	1 35
Gold,	.....	7 05	.....	6 38	1 41
Newfield,	.....	∞	.....	.....	1 45
Newfield Junction,	.....	7 37	.....	6 45	1 50
Perkins,	.....	*7 40	.....	*6 48	*1 53
Carpenter's,	.....	7 46	.....	∞	*1 57
Crowell's,	.....	7 50	.....	*6 53	*2 01
Ulysses, Ar.	.....	8 05	.....	7 05	2 10
	.....	A. M.	.....	.....	P. M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	1	5	3	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Ulysses, Lv.	7 20	2 25	9 10	.....
Crowell's,	*7 27	*2 32	* 9 19	.....
Carpenter's,	∞	*2 34	* 9 22	.....
Perkins,	*7 32	*2 37	* 9 26	.....
Newfield Junction,	7 37	2 42	9 32	.....
Newfield,	*7 41	2 46	∞	.....
Gold,	7 44	2 49	9 40	.....
Raymond's,	*7 49	2 54	* 9 47	.....
Seven Bridges,	*8 01	*2 58	*10 02	.....
Colesburg,	*8 04	3 00	*10 10	.....
Frink's,	*8 12	*3 17	*10 20	.....
North Coudersport,	∞	*3 26	*10 35	.....
Coudersport, Ar.	8 25	3 30	10 45	.....
Coudersport, Lv.	8 28	6 00	P. M.	.....
Hammonds,	∞	∞	1 20	.....
Olmsted,	*8 33	*6 05	∞	.....
Mina,	8 37	6 10	*1 31	.....
Knowlton's,	∞	*6 17	1 37	.....
Roulette,	8 47	6 21	∞	.....
Burtville,	8 54	6 28	1 51	.....
Coleman,	∞	*6 34	2 01	.....
Port Allegany,	9 00	6 40	∞	.....
			2 25	.....

(*) Flag stations. (∞) Trains do not stop (†) Telegraph offices. Train Nos. 3 and 10 will carry passengers. Tains 8 and 10 do.
Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.
Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.
B. A. McCLURE Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Foley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right.

BANNER SALVE
the most healing salve in the world.

POPULAR SCENIC ROUTE.

Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Company.

Official Condensed Time Table in Effect June 23, 1902.

Sunday Only	Week Days.						Daily	Week Days.				
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
5 10		5 10	11 10	7 15	Lv.	Addison	Ar	10 13	4 43			
5 41		5 41	11 41	8 01		Elkland		9 41	4 11			
5 46		5 46	11 46	8 06		Osceola		9 36	4 06			
5 55		5 55	11 55	8 22		Knoxville		9 26	3 56			
6 11		6 11	12 11	8 40		Westfield		9 13	3 43			
6 47		6 47	12 47	9 25		Gaines Junction		8 36	3 06			
7 00		7 00	1 00	9 49	Ar.	Galeton,	Lv.	8 28	2 53	5 35		
	5 00			10 20	Lv.		Ar.					
7 40	5 40	P. M.	P. M.	10 58	Ar.	Cross Fork Junction	Lv	7 39	2 09	4 23		
	5 45	2 10		11 00	Lv.	Cross Fork Junction	Ar.	7 15	2 00	3 55		
	6 55	3 00		11 50	Ar.	Cross Fork, Pa.	Lv.	6 15	1 00	3 05		
8 24	6 24	P. M.	A. M.	11 39	Ar.	Wharton	Lv.	6 53	1 26	3 10		
			8 05	11 40	Lv.	Wharton	Ar	10 53		3 00		
		A. M.	8 58	1 00	Ar.	Sinnamahoning	Lv	9 55		1 40		
8 45	6 43	8 00		11 58	Lv.	Austin	Ar	6 35	1 05	9 50	8 00	
	7 10	8 45		12 25	Ar.	Keating Summit	Lv		12 40	9 10	7 30	
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M	P. M.				A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
			P. M.	A. M.								
								A. M.	P. M.			
			8 20	9 35	Lv.	Ansonia	Ar	9 21	7 00			
			8 35	9 49		Manhatten		9 05	6 44			
			8 39	9 53		South Gaines		9 01	6 40			
			8 42	9 55		Gaines Junction		8 59	6 38			
			8 55	10 09	Ar.	Galeton	Lv	8 45	6 25			
			P. M.	A. M.				A. M.	P. M.			
									P. M.			
			P. M.	A. M.	Lv.	Galeton	Ar	10 10	4 55			
			1 05	6 30		Walton		9 51	4 39			
			1 50	7 13		Newfield Junction		9 27	4 15			
			2 06	7 30		West Bingham		9 09	4 01			
			2 18	7 41		Genesee		8 58	3 52			
			2 24	7 46		Shongo		8 53	3 47			
			2 46	8 06	Ar.	Wellsville	Lv	8 30	3 30			
								A. M.	P. M.			

CONNECTIONS.
At Keating Summit with B. & A. V. Div. of Pennsylvania R. R.
At Ansonia with N. Y. C. & H R. R. for all points north and south.
At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. Ry., Union Station.
At Genesee with N. Y & Pa., Ry. Union Station.
At Addison with Erie R. R., Union Station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west.
At Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.—P. & E. Div.
H. H. GARDINER, Gen'l Pass'r Agt. Buffalo, N.Y. W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt., Galeton, Pa.
M. J. McMAHON, Div. Pass Ag't., Galeton, Pa.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Popular Bakery,
FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUT
CONFECTIONERY
Daily Delivery.
All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

STRONG AGAIN! WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Sexine Pills
They have stood the test of years and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked *permanently*. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.
For sale by R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa.

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid is advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO Law Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

☞No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen words.

☞Religious notices free.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Dec. 20th, 1904.

Editor Press:—

Again the dreadful cotton boll weevil invates the hall of Congress. It is now asserted that in five years it has eaten up $80,000,000 worth of cotton; that it now requires more land to produce a bale; that it has destroyed the credit of the small farmer; that it is driving the Negro laborer from the cotton districts; and that in Texas for the past five years the crop has decreased annually. A quarter of a million of dollars is asked for with which to conduct a campaign against the weevil. Mr. Roberts, of Mass., wants $200,000 to help exterminate the gypsy and brown tail moth in his state. Secy. Wilson opposes this on the ground that Massachusetts should do this work at her own expense. Mr. Roberts wishes to know why the same rule is not applied to Texas? Possibly Congress will make a grant of $15,000 to enable some of the Government entomologists to discover what they can find out about the moths.

The chief interest in Washington the past week has been the work of Congress, what it will do and what it cannot do for the want of time. A committee of Republican Senators has held a meeting and decided that general legislation for this session of Congress must be confined to the Statehood and Philippine bills. If this resolution is maintained many pet schemes will go over until next December, including the bills for the proposed new apportionment of Representatives on account of Southern disfranchisement; and the Cooper-Quarles bill which would give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate railroad rates and fares. The President claims the sole responsibility for having recommended this enlargement of the powers of the Commission. A hearing upon this bill began yesterday. The representatives of the Shippers Association, a strong western organization, were present and in favor of the bill. Mr. Hepburn remarked that so august a body as the Supreme Court had decided that it could not pass upon the reasonableness of a rate fixed for the future. The inference was that the Interstate Commission could not do what the Supreme Court cannot.

If Congress approves of the President's recommendation for a Federal inspection service of all railway rolling stock, to ascertain if it is provided with the best kind of brakes, and if they are in working order, it is pointed out that the inspectors will have to examine 1,500,000 freight cars, 30,000 passenger cars and 43,000 engines. This would give employment to a vast number of men and cause some traveling. So, too, if there is to be a Federal inquiry into accidents where there has been a loss of life, there must be, at the present rate of slaughter, some 8,000 inquests annually. Add to this inspectors for the proposed block signal service, and a small army of men will be required to keep the railroad safe and sound. But as many great railways have Senators in Congress these propositions will hardly be enacted into laws immediately, although it is certain that the people approve of their spirit.

Next week, when Secretary Taft returns from Panama, he will, at the request of the President, take up the case of the widows and dependents of soldiers in Philadelphia, who for many years have been making soldiers' uniforms, but are now deprived of the work by contractors. An exhaustive study of the whole question is desired. The Quartermaster Gen. is in favor of the contractors, but the President would gladly give the work to the poor women if the statues allow him to do so. The contractors bid to make the kersey trousers worn by soldiers for thirty seven and one-half cents a pair. The women used to get 75 cents for the same work. It appears that out of 60,000 garments made last year by the seamstresses only 12 were rejected, while a much larger per cent of the contract work was rejected upon the first examination.

The Delineator for January.

With a most attractive cover and a varied list of contents, including the latest news of the fashions and literary and domestic features of the greatest interest. The Delineator for January is an altogether excellent number. The regular fashion display is supplemented by a strikingly illustrated article on "The Stage as a School of Costume," showing the close relations that exist between the theatre and the world of style. Herbert D. Ward and Seumas MacManus contribute stories of rare charm, and under the pseudonym "Marie Columbia" a very clever writer describes the "smart set" in Washington society. "Jesus Lover of My Soul" is the first paper in a series, by Allan Sutherland, giving the history and romance of the famous hymns of the world, and in the "Composers' Series" the love stories of Mendelssohn and Cecile is related by Gustav Kobbe. For children there is a wealth of interesting matter, the name of L. Frank Baum and Grace MacGowan Cooke being prominent among the contributors. Among the domestic topics, in addition to the regular features, is the first paper of "The Making of a Housewife," by Isabel Gordon Curtis. A new department, "Good Looks," supplements a series of papers along similar lines that appeared during the past year.

The January Smart Set.

The contents page of the January Smart Set is the first indication of the excellence which is to mark the magazine for 1905. With George Barr McCutcheon, Frances Aymar Mathews, William R Lighton, Emery Pottle, Rupert Hughs, Edward Boltwood and Hebert D. Ward standing out from among twenty-seven other names, the January number promises well for the coming year.

The novelette, "The Coming of the King," by Frances Aymar Mathews, is a most delicate mingiing of light humor and touching pathos.

George Barr McCutcheon, whose "Graustark" swept him into prominence on the wave of popular favor, has written a long short story for the January Smart Set. In "The Laurel Wreath" Gustav Kobbe contributes a story which will be instant in its appeal. "Claude Fitz-Maurice, Bad Man," by William R. Lighton, is a breezy tale of the West. Other excellent stories, are contributed by Emery Pottle Rupert Hughes, Kathryn Jarboe, Edward Boltwood, Clinton Dangerfield, Herbert D. Ward and B. Fletcher Robinson, while in verse and humor the high standard of the magazine is more than maintained by Virginia Woodward Cloud, Carolyn Wells, Arthur Stringer, Zona Gale, R. K. Munkittrick, Theodosia Garrison, John Vance Cheney and Elsa Barker. The essay, "Aloes and Ambrosia," by Edgar Saltus, and the French story, by Marcel Prevost, merit their place with the other contributes to this unusually excellent number.

Myra Kelly's Own Experiences.

Myra Kelly, whose stories which appeared in McClure's Magazine during the last year, have been made into a book bearing the title "Little Citizens," drew upon her own actual experiences for the material of her amusing tales. She was for over two years a teacher in a school on East Broadway, right in the heart of the most foreign section of New York. She is an Irish woman, born in Dublin, of pure Irish stock; and the natural Irish turn of mind towards fun made her express the humorous side of her experience. There has been a serious turn to some of the reviews of her book. They have gone so far as to say that "it should be on the desk of every one interested in education to-day." Miss Kelley declares that she aimed to be amusing, rather than instructive, and it both flatters and surprises her to find that her book has so serious an import.

No More Suffering.

If you are troubled with indigestion get a bottle of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and see how quickly it will cure you. Geo. A. Thompson, of Spencer, Ia., says: "Have had Dyspepsia for twenty years. My case was almost hopeless. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure was recommended and I used a few bottles of it and it is the only thing that has relieved me. Would not be without it. Have doctored with local physicians and also at Chicago, and even went to Norway with hopes of getting some relief, but Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the only remedy that has done me any good, and I heartily recommend it. Every person suffering with Indigestion or Dyspepsia should use it." Sold by R. C. Rodson.

The more of a gas works a man is the less light he gives.

School Report, 3rd Month.

		Same month last year.
Total enrollment to date,.	721	745
Number in attendance	684	704
Average attendance,	689	639
Percentage of attendance,	95	94
Number present every day,	374	350
Number tardy,	55	56
Number sick,	66	89
Number of visitors,	82	75

In all except a few cases the attendance has been all that could be asked. To the few we would say, do not deprive the boye and girls of the only chance they will ever have to get ready for life's work, but rather see to it that they take advantage of it. The small sums that boys earn when they should be in school are more than likely to prove the dearest money they will ever earn. The following schools have the best attendance records for the month: High School, 98; Miss Cummings' and Miss Bair's, 97; Miss Metzger's, Miss Ling's, Miss Heilman's, 96. The number of visitors shows a gratifying increase. The schools closed for the holiday vacation, Dec. 16, and will re-open Jan. 2, 1905. Nearly all schools had attractive little entertainments on Friday afternoon.

HONOR ROLL.

High School, Seniors—Myrtle Lloyd, Edward Hughes, Edith Heilman, Lena Bair, Max Balcom, Margaret Cummings, Winnie Shearer, Daniel Welsh. Juniors—Elizabeth Lechner, Julia Hogan, Annie Welsh, Ida Hertig, Edna Palmer. Sophomores—Mary Welsh, Edda Horning, Jane Glenn, William Schweikart, Kathryn Hogan, Ethel Fisher, Marion Rentz, Catherine Orr, Bessie McQuay, Lee Felt, Agnes Blumle. Freshman—Idah Seger, Mary Farrell, Mary Blumle, Marguerite Metzger.

Senior Grammar, A Class—Mildred McQuay, Annie Edwards, Marian Judd, Ethel Lloyd, Clara Edwards, Katie Kraft, Henry Hout, Kate Metzger, Charles Farrell. B Class—Hilda Hertig, Elsie Morrison, Mollie Spence, Leo Nangle, Rachel Day, Clyde Fisher, Myrtle Dininney.

Junior Grammar, A Class—Mabel Morrison, May Mulcahey, Nellie Tubridy, Warner Judd, Martha Burns, Louisa Welsh, Charles Cloyes. B Class—Mildred Haupt, Mary Orr, Helen Cook.

A Intermediate—Charles Kenly, Edna McDonough, Florence Robison, Bertha Jessop, Wayne VanWert, Pearl McGrain, Julia Bair, Dorr Spencer, Alfretta Hackett, Bernie Egan.

B Intermediate—Nora Grace, Gladys Lloyd, Mildred Faucett, Neoma Whitmire, Ethel Turley, Clara Weisenfluh, Marion Baldwin, Jesse Blair, Anna Nystrom, Francis Robinson, Harry Kraft.

C Intermediate, W. W., A Class-Margaret Streich, Freddie Metzger, Eva Burns, Edna Barnett, Leon Dininney, Grace Ensign, Flora Gross, Harry Spence, Jay Shafer, Clara Zwald, Paul VanWert. B Class—Budd Lloyd, Leona Krapf, Carolyn Moore, Gertrude Pepperman, Irwin Burns.

C Intermediate, E. W., A Class—Charles Robison, Mary Frappier, Zierda Bogart, Oscar Foster, Miriam Barnes, Ruth Ling, Lloyd Johnston. B Class—Lena Swartz.

A Primary, W. W.—Matilda Scott, Harold Robinson, Marguerite Faucett.

A Primary, E. W., A Class—Frank Egan, Ruth Robertson, Belle Campbell, Roland Campbell, Eva Kelly, Mary Dodson, Agnes Cleary, Kathleen Baldwin, Clella Grant, Emery O'Dell, Bessie Kackenmeister, Mary O'Malley, John McManigal.

B Primary, W. W., A Class—Mildred Lloyd, Ethel Creighton, Nora Smith, Gertrude Rieck Ruth Laucks, Edna Van Wert, Charlotte Rentz Amelia VanWert, Marguerite Hamilton, Eunice Diehl, Frieda Zwald, Kathryn Spence, Hazel Farrell, May Swartz, Robert Clark, Bessie Edwards. B Class—Laura Hout, Birney Shafer, Roberta Murray, Walter Streich, Jay Logan, Riley Murray, Grant Ellis, Charles Bonham, Inez Logan, Matthew Burns.

B Primary, E. W., A Class—Velma Frappier, Florence Nelson, Henry Segee, Hazel Shearer, Frederick Strayer, Avis Dodson, Margaret Klees, Sara Kraft, Frederick McClure. B Class—Harry Andrews, Beryl Spaulding, George Burnett, Frank Hertig, Percy Nangle, Martha Swartz.

C Primary, W. W., Section Two—Carl Rishell, Mildred Turley, Henry Sassman, Ruth Sassman, Anna Rentz, Clara Logan, Nathan Knarr. Section Theee—Agnes Keenan, Lousia Zwald, Irene Baker.

C Primary, E. W., A Class—Marion Othmer, Ruth Klock, Jennie O'Dell, Mary Ruberto, Margaret Farley, Eva Prentiss, Margaret Tompkins, Mary Roach, Emma Schweikart, Lila Ardray, Marie Donovan, Corinne Cleary, Maggie Welsh, Anthony Ruberto, Sulburn Martin, Charles Britton, Edward O'Malley, Frank Perrie, Walter Tompkins, Jennings Green, Henry Cummiugs, Lincoln Barton, Gaylin Wheaton. B Class—Carl Nystrom, John Segee, May Voght.

Kindergarten, for attendance—William Buck, Leah Place, Homer Gantz, Blanche Diehl, Carolyn Knickerbocker, Catherine Beers, Vera Welsh, Charlotte Jessop, Fred Clark, James Commerford, Ronald Robinson, Paul Triebswether, William Burnett, Rose Summerson, Ruth Hackett, Ida Shearer, James McMuliin.

E. S. LING, Principal.

Church Notes.

The finest city and village Churches are painted with the Longman & Martincz Paints, and we want every Church to accept our donation whenever they paint.

8 & 6 make 14, therefore when you want only eight of L. & M.; and mix six gallons of pure Linseed Oil with it, making actual cost of paint about $1.20 per gallon.

Don't pay $1.50 a gallon for Linseed Oil (worth 60 cents) which you do when you buy other paints in a can with a paint label on it.

Many houses are well painted with four gallons of L. & M. and three gallons of Linseed Oil mixed therewith.

Wears and covers like gold.

These Celebrated Paints are sold by Harry S. Lloyd. 4

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of pianoforte, has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Prices reasonable. 44-tf.

Wise is the man who is able te live on his wife's relatives.

Nervousness.

The most deceptive cause for nervousness is when the kidneys are affected When the kidneys are congested for diseased it affects the great nerves connecting them with the stomach and the heart The stomach is constantly getting out of order and bloating and palpitation of the heart sets in leading many to believe that they are suffering from nervousness, stomach trouble and heart disease. Thompson's Barosma at once corrects the kidney, soothes the nerves and restores the stomach and heart to their normal conditions. Thompson's Barosma is pleasant to take. For sale by R. C. Dodson.

Fortune does not smile—she gives grudgingly even to the greed.

SALOON AND ANTI-SALOON LINES DRAWN.

Liquor Dealers will Maintain Lobby Here. They Send Out Letters Urging "Quiet" Work to Defeat the Proposed Bill.

Harrisburg Telegraph.

The Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League is making a systematic campaign for the passage of a general local option law for this State by the next Legislature. Personal letters were sent to-day to every Senator and Representative from the League headquarters in the Real Estate building calling attention to the movement for general local option.

The letter states that the proposed law would take the liquor question out of the hands of the Legislature and now largely out of the hands of the court and put it directly within the jurisdiction of the people of each community who are most harmed or benefitted by the traffic, and that it would also put the saloon at the mercy of the people.

VISIT WILL FOLLOW.

The League will follow up these letters with a personal visit by a representative of the organization to every legislator for the purpose of explaining its aims and purposes; its plan of campaign in Pennsylvania and other States of the Union, and inviting him to vote for such legislation as it may offer in the next session.

State Superintendent Nicholson says that it is not the purpose of the League to secure the enactment of a general local option statute similar to the Brannock act in operation in Ohio, to which attention has been called in a circular letter issued by the State Retail Liquor League of Pennsylvania to every liquor dealer in the State asking him to cooperate with the League for the defeat of local option.

"The Brannock law is a most remarkable, illogical and outrageous enactment," the letter of the Liquor League states. "The experience of the Ohio people should teach the trade in this State that it is not safe, under like circumstances, to remain idle and indifferent until the evil comes upon them in all force. It is hardly necessary to remind you that local option is prohibition in disguise. It is prohibition within the region wherein it is adopted.

SALOON KEEPERS WIDE AWAKE.

"You are urged to begin at once every effort you can command to secure the sympathy and co operation of the legislators from your portion of the State in opposition to this movement. Lay the facts before them as clearly and as influentially as possible and enlist them in the cause of sound morality, good government and the prosperity of the State. Such effort should be made very quietly, because publicity may assist instead of counteracting the efforts of the Prohibitionists."

This letter is marked "confidential" and is signed by P. H. Nolan, national representative, and Theodore Huckstein, secretary of the Liquor League, which will contain a strong lobby in Harrisburg during the legislature for the defeat of the local option bill and such other temperance legislation as may be offered.

Death of Jerome Goodrich.

The remains of Jerome Goodrich were brought to Coudersport for burial in Eulalia cemetery yesterday, accompanied by a number of relatives and friends of this place and Smethport. Deceased was born at Madison, N. Y., in 1821, came to this county in 1835 and and was resident of Potter until a few years ago. He married Ann Eliza Earl in 1844, and reared nine children, five girls and four boys. Mrs. Sherwood Rightmyer, of Port Jarvis, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Rowley, of Punxsutawney; Mrs. O. T. Chase and Mrs. James McGuire, of Smethport; C. B. Goodrich, of Lyons and Miss Luella Goodrich, of Batavia, N. Y., are known to be living. Two of the boys in the West have not been heard from for several years. Mrs. Goodrich died in 1885 at the home of John Earl, her brother. Mr. Goodrich was connected with some of the oldest and best families in this vicinity and was well known by all the old settlers —Coudersport Journal. Mr. Goodrich resided in Emporium for many years, and will be remembered by our citizens.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS 25 CTS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Money to Loan
MORTGAGES ON FARMS
4 to 5 Per Cent.
TERM OF YEARS.
HENDERSON & Co.
1214 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
43-3m.

Beware of Counterfeits.

"DeWitt's is the only genuine Witch Hazel Salve" writes J. L. Tucker, of Centre, Ala. "I have used it in my family for Piles, Cuts and Burns for years and can recommend it to be the best Salve on the market. Every family should keep it, as it is an invaluable household remedy, and should always be kept on hand for immediate use." Mrs. Samuel Gage, of North Bush, N. Y., says: "I had a fever sore on my ankle for twenty years that the doctors could not cure. All salves and blood remedies proved worthless. I could not walk for over two years. Finally I was persuaded to try DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, which has completely cured me. It is a wonderful relief." DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salves cures without leaving a scar. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

SINNAMAHONING.

Barclay Bros. mill has shut bown for the winter.

Everything looks favorable for a white Christmas.

Good sleighing and lumbermen are busy hauling logs.

The schools will close for the holiday vacation on Friday.

Pap Blodget is laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism.

The harvesting of ice has commenced; the ice crop is first-class.

W. J. Mead and family, of Renovo, visited friends here last week.

Sucker fishing is good along the First Fork. The fish have to leave the creek and crawl up the runs to get fresh water.

The trustees of W. C. 136, P. O. S. of A. have engaged Mr. Alpheus Wyley, of Sterling Run, to take charge of the erection of their new hall building.

Water is getting scarce, most of the wells being dry, and the creek water is not fit to use. Some of our people have to go a long ways for water.

W. C. 136 is making big preparations for a supper in Brooks' Hall on New Year's eve. Bill will be out the first of next week announcing the same. The dinner set, to be chanced off on New Year's eve, will be on exhibition next week.

The Liars Club met on Saturday evening to elect officers for the coming year but there were so many hunting and fishing stories rehearsed that the election had to be postponed. Dan. Cloutz reports that he caught 63 suckers at one sitting in a chicken coop. Next.

DEBSE.

Costs Less
to paint your house with
Lucas Paints
(Tinted Gloss)
than with other paints. They're better, too. Made of pure materials, spread better, go farther, look handsomer, last longer.
Your painter ought to know it. If he doesn't, tell him to ask his dealer.
John Lucas & Co
Philadelphia

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Grin

and bear your SUFFERING, if you prefer, but you will find life pleasanter, if you will cure the pains with that great, modern pain remedy, HAMLINS WIZARD OIL.

All pain is caused by some form of inflammatory action. Hamlins Wizard Oil drives out the inflammation and thereby relieves and cures the pain.

There is no other relief and cure known to medical science for the pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, earache, headache, toothache, and for injuries such as bruises, sprains, cuts and burns, etc., so certain and safe in results as Hamlins Wizard Oil. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Fully guaranteed.

For sale and recommended by
L. TAGGART.

A Pleasant Pill.

No pill is as pleasant and positive as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are so mild and effective that children, delicate ladies and weak people enjoy their cleansing effect, while strong people say they are the best liver pills sold. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

A thoughtless man loses a lot of time when he hurries.

The American Woman.

It is a fact that American women have degenerated in point of health and physique until they have literally became a race of invalids. Thompson's Barosma will remove that sallow complexion, that tired feeling, that bearing down sensation. Thompson's Barosma invigorates sincere than prayers offered in a spirit of boasting.

Nature leaves a lot of work for the dressmaker to finish.

Heals Everything.

It beats anything in the healing line we ever used. My little girl had been troubled with dark purple sores on her legs for two months. Everything failed to help her until we tried San-Cura Ointment, which made a complete cure in a few applications. J. M. Fenton, Shelmadine Springs, Pa. San-Cura Ointment, 25c and 50c, at druggists. For sale by R. C. Dodson.

If a girl marries well her friends overlook her other faults.

She Struck Luck.

About six years ago I sent to the store for some medicine and they sent me some Thompson's Barosma or Kidney and Liver Cure. The first bottle did me so much good that I bought the second and it cured me of female weakness, with which I had been troubled over two years. I gained in strength and flesh and have been well ever since. Mrs. M. Grove, Plum, Pa. For sale by R. C. Dodson.

An inspiration is simply a hole leading into one's originality.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c, at L. Taggart's Drug Store.

Building Time

And we wish to say that we are better prepared than ever before to supply you with all kinds of

Hardware and Builders Supplies.

We have in addition to our regular stock, (the forbusiness of U. A. Palmer, known as Hockley's Coal Yard) consisting of Brick, Lime Cement, Wall Plaster, Shingles, Coal, Hay, Hardwood, etc., etc., a full line of PAINTS, COLORS in OIL, PAINT BRUSHES, etc.

Plumbing and Tinning

is among our specialties. Costs you nothing for estimates in these lines. All our work is positively guaranteee to give satisfaction.

Stoves and Ranges.

Don't forget we carry the largest assortment of STOVES and RANGES for gas, coal or wood in county and every one guaranteed by the maker.

MURRY & COPPERSMITH CO.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., December 20, 1904.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 65
Felt's Fancy, "	1 75
Pet Grove, "	1 75
Graham, "	85
Rye "	75
Buckwheat, "	75
Patent Meal, "	50
Coarse Meal, per 100,	1 25
Chop Feed, "	1 25
Middlings, Fancy "	1 40
Bran,	1 25
Corn, per bushel,	70
White Oats, per bushel,	48
New Oats,	
Chicken Wheat	1 65
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed, Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	At Market Prices.

R. C. DODSON,

—THE—

Druggist,

EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE

At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

R. C. DODSON.

Telephone, 19-2.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Farr and daughter Alvira, visited Buffalo Saturday.

Miss Mattie M. Collins it attending teachers' institute at Brookville, this week.

Mr. Ed. Whiting and wife, of Sterling Run, registered at New Warner on Tuesday.

Misses Eva and Iva Leet are at home from Willson College to spend the Holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Burke are rejoicing over the arrival of a bouncing boy at their home.

Mrs. S. L. Stoddard returned last Saturday from visiting friends at Buffalo and other points.

Mr. Elmer Pepper and son Ralph, of Williamsport, visited Geo. Pepper and family over Sunday.

Bertram Olmsted returned Saturday morning from State College to spend the Holidays at home.

Mrs. William Garrity went to Buffalo last Sunday on a shopping expedition, returning Monday evening.

Dr. Bardwell went to Buffalo Saturday morning to be present and assist in the operation which was performed on Mrs. Henry Auchu.

Mrs. Fred Linsell and littie daughter Helen, of Wilcox, Pa., visited the former's mother, Mrs. Ida Hamilton, a this place, last Thurtday and Friday.

Mrs. John Gleason, of Driftwood, was shopping in town on Tuesday; also visiting some friends. She returned home on afternoon train to prepare for a visit to Erie, Pa.

Thos. C. Johnson, of Pittsburg, where he has been located for several years, engaged in the real estate business, is visiting his father, Hon. J. C. Johnson, during the Holidays.

Mr. John E. Smith, of Sterling Run, after attending Bank meeting on Wednesday, called to pay his respects to the PRESS and carried away a receipt for the 1905 PRESS.

William J. Leavitt, one of C. B Howard & Company's store clerks, wore an unusual broad smile on Monday morning and cautiously handed his intimate friends a good cigar. Its a boy of regulation weight.

Prof. E. S. Ling is attending the Jubilee or fiftieth annual session of Bedford county teachers institute this week, the Prof. and wife leaving on Tuesday morning. Miss Florence and Miss Ruth went to Bedford last Saturday.

Edgar Good went to Buffalo Saturday last to do some Xmas shopping, returning to Port Allegany in the evening to assist the bowling teams from this place in a game with Port Allegany, in which our boys were beaten by 106 points.

Geo. W. Huntley, Jr., Misses Nellie and Frank Huntley, Miss Kreider and Mr. Riley, all of Driftwood, attended the Leap-Year reception at this place last Thursday evening. They all expressed themselves delighted with the entertainment.

Geo. J. LaBar will open his carpet department to the public to-day.

Hubert Brady came home from state College yesterday to visit his father, mother and sister.

License Court was held last Monday and the usual grist came from the mill. All licenses were granted.

Miss Encie Howard returned home last week from an extended visit with friends in Albany, New York and other cities.

George Howard is home from Rochester, where he attends school, to spend the holidays with his mother.

Mrs. F. S. Coppersmith and daughter Leona and son Neil returned from a pleasant visit to Buffaio, last Saturday.

C. E. Germon, one of the Climax Chemists, went to Philadelphia on Monday to visit his parents during the Holidays.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Morgan, died one day last week. The funeral took place on Saturday, Rev. Robertson of Free Methodist Church, officiating.

Mr. Harry S. Meyer, of Williamsport, transacted business in Emporium last Tuesday. The PRESS editor had the pleasure of meeting this hustling gentleman, who was guest of our respected citizen, Mr. Josiah Howard.

Miss Miriam Barnes went to Williamsport Friday to spend her Christmas holidays with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Reed.

Mr. Fred A. Johnson comes home this afternoon from Carlisle, where he attends Dickson Law School, to spend the holidays with his father and brother.

Father Becker, of Port Allegany, came over last Saturday to try the new St. Mark's pipe organ. He is an expert organist, as well as a pleasant gentleman.

E. J. Smith, more familiarly called "Fuse Smith," who resides on Sixth street, is preparing to celebrate Christmas, in fine style, regardless of cost—all on account of the arrival of a beautiful girl baby at his home. The little Miss came last night and will assist "Buster Brown" in celebrating Xmas time.

Masonic Banquet.

Invitations have been sent out for a Banquet by our Masonic friends, to be held at New Warner to-morrow evening. Mine Host Wheeler, who is also a Mason, well up in the work, is preparing an elaborate menu. The ladies will be there, also.

Improving.

Mr. Henry Auchu returned from Buffalo last night, where his wife has been for two weeks. The friends of Mrs. Auchu will be pleased to hear that the serious operation, which took place last Saturday, was successfully accomplished and the patient is resting easy. This is good news.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Santy Claus always gives every head of a family an empty pocket-book for Christmas.

A man can make a lot of money by not playing the tips he gets on sure things.

There is no fun in the kiss that you are both willing to have other people see.

It is about as expensive to lose a suit with a poor lawyer as to win one with a good one.

It's a nice thing to have a girl in the family to comfort you for the way the boys turn out.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Henry Howlett, aged 23 years, son of County Auditor Gordon Howlett, died at the home of his parents, Sterling Run, last Monday. Funeral took place this morning (Thursday) at ten o'clock. The yonng man was a member of Maccabees and carried a policy of $2,000 in favor of his mother.

Williamsport (Pa.) Commercial College.

Winter term begins Jan. 2, 1905. Students admitted any time. Low rates for board. Eighty-six calls for kookkeepers and stenographers in seventy school days. Personal and mail courses. Catalogue and first mail lesson free. 44-2t

TEN THOUSAND CHURCHES painted with L & M. Paint.
Wears and covers like gold.
Only required a few gallons to paint a house. Lead with zinc. Non chalkable. Money saver. Call on H. S. Lloyd.

Have your photograph taken and mounted on those Christmas cards. Did you see them at Bair's studio? They are something entirely new.

WANTED—Girls to learn pants making. We will pay new beginners $3.00 per week while they learn. Experienced hands are earning $7.00 to $9.00 per week. Address,
Lycoming Pants Co.,
42-4t. Williamsport, Pa.

Mothers, Be Careful.

Of the health of your children. Look out for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Stop them in time—One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy. Harmless and pleasant. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Woman's Ills

How rare a thing to find a woman who is perfectly healthy. Fully seventy per cent. of the sex suffers from ailments which often render life a burden. These afflictions cause nervousness, irritability, melancholia, hysteria, etc. They entirely unfit a woman for life's work and deprive her of most of its joys.

AUNT DINAH'S OLD VIRGINIA

Herb Tea

WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD.

Those suffering with disordered menstruation, female weakness, prolapsus, etc., will find immediate relief from the use of Aunt Dinah's Old Virginia Herb Tea and in the majority of cases it will bring about a complete cure. It is a positive cure for chronic constipation, sick headache and indigestion. In case of nervousness and sleeplessness this tea will be found indeed a boon. It has a soothing and quieting effect on the nerves and invariably induces sound, refreshing sleep. A cupful at bed-time is all that is necessary to make a woman well and keep her well.

Mayesville, S. C., Dec. 8, 1902.

Hamlins Wizard Oil Co., Chicago, Ill.:
Two years ago I suffered with female complaint and used your Aunt Dinah's Old Virginia Herb Tea with great success. I have just begun taking it again and I feel much younger and stronger. If every woman sufferer could know the relief she would experience by using your Herb Tea she would never be without it. It is a most wonderful remedy and I take pleasure in recommending it to any lady who is suffering with female troubles.
MISS C. L. CARPENTER.

Mow, Lee County, Ark., Dec. 1, 1902.

Hamlins Wizard Oil Co., Chicago, Ill.:
I am greatly pleased with your Aunt Dinah's Old Virginia Herb Tea. Indeed I think there is nothing like it for headache and stomach troubles and I find it exceedingly good for clearing the complexion. I would not be without it. Yours truly,
MISS NETA MCCORKLE.

Prepared by Hamlins Wizard Oil Co., Chicago. Price, 25c.

HAMLINS COUGH BALSAM
Heals the Lungs. Wards Off Consumption. 25c. and 50c.

HAMLINS BLOOD & LIVER PILLS
Regulate the Liver. Cleanse the System. 25c.

FOR SALE AND RECOMMENDED BY
L. TAGGART.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Norris & Dininny, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Owen Dininny retiring. All monies due the late firm are payable to J. W. Norris, who will pay all debts of late firm.

J. W. NORRIS,
OWEN DININNY.

Emporium, Pa., Nov. 29, 1904.—41-3t.

ATTENTION BOYS.

Notice is hereby given to the boys who broke the windows in the basement of Plank Road Hollow School House that they are given until January 7th, 1905 to call upon the Board and settle damages Otherwise warrants will be placed in the hands of the proper officers.

FRED K. ZIMMER, President.
ATTEST:—
DELBERT TOWNER, Sec'y. 42-3t.

ELECTION NOTICE

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 8th, 1904.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 10th, 1905, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, on North Creek, four cattle—two mulley and two spotted—which the owner can have by calling and paying all expenses. Otherwise the cattle will be sold in accordance with the law.

M. E. TAYLOR,
Emporium, Pa.
Dec. 20th. 1904.—44-3t,

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. Co. General Passenger Department.

A change of time in passenger trains will be made on the Shawmut Line, Sunday, January 8th. The principle change in the present schedule will be trains No's. 8 and 9 which will be discontinued south of Angelica; these are the morning and evening trains running from and to Bolivar. These trains will continue to run on about the same schedule between Angelica and Hornellsville.

Another important change is train No. 2 which now arrives at Hornellsville at 6:10 p. m., will arrive at 5:55 p. m., and No. 25 from Hornellsville to Wayland, now leaving Hornellsville at 6.30, will leave at 6.15, arriving at Wayland at 7.08, making connections with Erie train No. 101 for Rochester.

An additional train will leave Hornellsville at 3:30 p. m., for Wayland, returning leave Wayland at 6.10 p. m , upon arrival of D. L. & W., No. 3, from the east, running through to Hornellsville.

A very complete passenger time-table folder will shortly be issued by the Passenger Department, which will include schedules of all trains. 44-2t

CHADWICKS A GOOD FAMILY.

Doctor's Ancestors Were of Aristocratic English Stock.

Special to the Record.

Franklin, Pa., Dec. 8.—Dr. Leroy Shippen Chadwick, husband of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, comes of aristocratic English stock. The family traces its ancestry back to John Chadwick, of England, who died in June, 1739, and Johanna Reynolds, who was born in Bermuda and died in September, 1739, Their son, also John Chadwick, emigrated to America in 1740, and was killed in April, 1783, by Hessian refugees. His wife's maiden name was Jackson, and she died in 1796. One of their sons, Elihu Chadwick, was born in New Jersey in 1759. He served in the Revolutionary War, being successively promoted from the ranks of lieutenant to that of lieutenant colonel in a New Jersey regiment. He died in 1857 at Smethport, Pa., having moved there in 1812. He had two wives, one of whom was a Jeffery. By this one was born Elihu Chadwick, father of Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick.

Elihu Chadwick became a civil engineer and early in life came to this county to reside. He settled in Rockland township and was one of the leading engineers in this section. It was on the Rockland township farm that Dr. Chadwick was born. The elder Chadwick owned considerable real estate, and during the oil excitement in 1866 sold his land for a large sum. He went to Cleveland, where his son studied medicine.

There were nine children besides the Doctor. Only two are living. They are Bingham H. Chadwick, of Jacksonville, Fla., formerly editor of the Jacksonville Times Union, and Miles B. Chadwick, a municipal Judge of Owatonna, Minn. The son of the latter was an officer on the Raleigh in Dewey's squadron at the battle of Manila Bay.

Merry Christmas. Happy New Year

DAY'S

The Satisfactory Store.

The Compliments of the Season is Extended With Best wishes for All.

Only two more days in which to do your Christmas Shopping; Don't delay. Leave your orders now if you have not done so already.

Groceries

Most extensive preparations have been made at this the best of Emporium's Grocery Stores, for the convenience and satisfaction of Holiday Shoppers in quest of good things with which to satisfy the inner man.

They Are All Here. Not only the staples, but the little extras needed to make Holiday Feasting the most enjoyable, as well. Our prices for these pure and wholesome articles of high grade, are not fancy but extremely modest. We suggest that you relieve yourselves of some of the worry at this busy season, by turning the grocery business to DAY'S.

THINGS ARE RIGHT,
GOODS AND PRICES.

China, Crockery, Glass

Perhaps the largest stock in this line, of any store in the county, is gathered together under our roof and it will be to your advantage, as well as ours, to see the line before making your Christmas purchases.

Pretty Gifts in Odd Pieces.

Jardinieres	10c to $2.25
Cuspidors	10c to 1.50
Punch Bowls	65c to 2.50
Toilet Sets	$1.00 to 4.50
Japanese Pieces	25c to 2.50
Water Sets	$1.00 to 1.75
Wine Sets	$1.25 to 1.75
Chop Plates	$1.00 to 1.50
Cracker Jars	65c to 1.50
Cake Plates	25c to 1.50
Salad Bowls	25c to 1.25
Sugar and Cream	25c to 1.19
Berry Sets	$1.25 to 1.89
Peppers and Salts	10c to 25
Sherbet Glasses	75c to 2.25

The dozen.

Decorated China
10c to 25c.

Imported China of excellent quality with pretty flower decoration and gold tracing on border.

Included are—Handled Teas, After Dinner, Coffees, Tea Plates, Bread and Butter Plates, Oat Meals, Fruits, Salads, Cake Plates, Mugs, Creams and Sugars, Olives, Spoon Trays, Mustards, Spoon Holders, Tea Plates, Stands, Syrups, Pickles, Jellies, Hair Receivers, Bon-Bon 10 to 25c each, worth half more.

This Lot is Exceptional Values.
DON'T MISS IT.

House Furnishing Goods.

Many useful gifts that will adorn the culinary department of the household and make glad the heart of the recipient.

Crumb Trays and Scrapers or Brushes, neatly nickle plated, 35c to 50c. Copper Nickled Tea and Coffee Pots and Tea Kettles, 80c to $r.25. Universal Three Minute Bread Maker $2.25 to $2.60. If you want to please your wife, buy her one of these. Bread Boxes, $1.50. Flour Bins and Sifters, $1.50 lo $2.25. A host of useful articles in Enamel ware, too numerous for us to mention. Would like to tell you about them all, but you'll have to come. Come early and stop as long as you like.

SPECIAL

Christmas Sale Friday and Saturday

Finest Elgin Creamery Butter 1 pound bricks	30C
Full Cream, American Cheese with a little "Tang," worth fully two cents more, lb.	14C
Pearl Tapioca lb Seven pounds for 25c.	4C
Carolina Head Rice Usually sold at 10c.	7C
California Ham lb mild cure, medium weight.	9C
California Prunes, rich glossy black, from the Santa Clara Valley, 90 to 100 size, lb.	5C
Fancy Sweet Corn, N. Y., state packed can	9C
Fancy White Rice Pop Corn in bulk shelled, lb	6C
Royal Baking Powder, one pound cans.	45C
Pure Lard, in bulk, lb Tubs, about 55 lbs 9c.	10C
Pure Corn Starch 1 lb package	6C
One-eight barrell sack Gilt Edge Flour, A fine family flour that never has failed to please. Value 90c.	80C
Cape Cod Cranberries, large bright stock, qt.	10C
25 Lb. Bag Sugar Best Granulated.	$1.50

'PHONE 6.

J. H DAY.

EMPORIUM, PA.

THREE GIFTS.

I am curtained away from the night,
On the hearth the fire burns bright;
My lamp is trimmed and lit
And I sit in the glow of it;
As each moment fades and dies,
In my heart these thoughts arise:

I thank Thee, O God, for Fire!
As I watch the flames aspire,
My thought, too, soars above
To the Heart of infinite love;
May my soul burn and glow,
As more of Thyself I know!

I thank Thee, O God, for Light!
As I sit by the lamp, to-night,
This prayer, O Lord is mine!—
That I, too, may softly shine—
To guide, to bless, to cheer
Thy children, O Father dear!

I thank Thee, O God, for Home!
How many there are who roam,
Far from the Father's roof
Holding themselves aloof!
May my door be open wide
To Thy wandering ones outside!

Warmth is the heart of Fire.
Oh! may my fond desire
Be, gracious Friend, to prove
The depth and the breadth of Love;
So kindle more love divine
In my heart, by the love in Thine!

Cheer is the soul of the Lamp;
Tho' the night be dark and damp,
And the merciless, pelting rain
Beats on my window pane,
Within doth Cheer prevail—
May my soul-cheer never fail!

Love is the center of Home;
Whence'er its inmates come,
Love greets them and leads them in
To her innermost shrine within;
So, Lord, in my heart and face
May Love find a dwelling place.

Warmth and Cheer and Love—
All sent by the Giver above!
My heart sings for thankfulness
And Thy holy name doth bless!
Yet, these, Thy gifts so rare,
Help me, in love, to share!
—Helen Knight Wyman in Congregationalist.

D'ri and I

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

(Copyright, 1901, by Lothrop Publishing Company.)

CHAPTER I.

A poet may be a good companion, but, so far as I know, he is ever the worst of fathers. Even as grandfather he is too near, for one poet can lay a streak of poverty over three generations. Doubt not I know whereof I speak, dear reader, for my mother's father was a poet—a French poet, too, whose lines had crossed the Atlantic long before that summer of 1770 when he came to Montreal. He died there, leaving only debts and those who had great need of a better legacy—my mother and grandmother.

As to my father, he had none of that fatal folly in him. He was a mountaineer of Vermont—a man of steely sinews that took well to the grip of a sword. He cut his way to fame in the northern army when the British came first to give us battle, and a bloody way it was. I have now a faded letter from Ethan Allen, grim old warrior, in which he calls my father "the best swordsman that ever straddled a horse." He was a "gallous chap" in his youth, so said my grandmother, with a great love of good clothes and gunpowder. He went to Montreal, as a boy, to be educated; took lessons in fencing, fought a duel, ran away from school, and came home with little learning and a wife. Punished by disinheritance, he took a farm, and left the plow to go into battle.

I wonder often that my mother could put up with the stress and hardship of his life, for she had had gentle breeding, of which I knew little until I was grown to manhood, when I came to know also what a woman will do for the love of her heart. I remember well those tales of knights and ladies she used to tell me as we sat together of an evening, and also those adventures of her own knight, my good father, in the war with the British. My love of arms and of a just quarrel began then.

After the war came hard times. My father had not prospered handsomely, when, near the end of the summer of 1803, he sold his farm, and we all started west, over rough trails and roadways. There were seven of us, bound for the valley of the St. Lawrence—my father and mother, my two sisters, my grandmother, D'ri, the hired man, and myself, then a sturdy boy of ten. We had an ox-team and cart that carried our provision, the sacred feather beds of my mother, and some few other things.

We drove with us the first flock of sheep that ever went west. There were 40 of them, and they filled our days with trouble. But for our faithful dog Rover, I fear we should have lost heart and left them to the wild wolves. The cart had a low cover of canvas, and my mother and grandmother sat on the feather beds, and rode with small comfort even where the roads were level. My father let me carry my little pet rooster in a basket that hung from the cart-axle when not in my keeping. The rooster had a harder time than any of us, I fancy, for the days were hot and the roads rough. He was always panting, with open mouth and thoughtful eye, when I lifted the cover. But every day he gave us an example of cheerfulness not wholly without effect. He crowed triumphantly, betimes, in the hot basket, even when he was being tumbled about on the swamp ways. Nights I always found a perch for him on the limb of a tree, above the reach of predatory creatures. Every morning, as the dawn showed faintly in the tree-tops, he gave it a lusty cheer, flapping his wings with all the seeming of delight. Then, often, while the echo rang, I would open my eyes and watch the light grow in the dusky cavern of the woods. He would sit dozing awhile after the first outbreak, and presently as the flood of light grew clearer, lift himself a little, take another peep at the sky, and crow again, turning his head to hear those weird, mocking roosters of the timber-land. Then, shortly, I would hear my father poking the fire or saying, as he patted the rooster: "Sass 'em back, ye noisy little brat! Thet's right; holler. Tell D'ri it's time t' bring some wood fer the fire."

In a few minutes the pot and kettle would be boiling and the camp all astir. We had trout and partridge and venison a-plenty for our meals, that were served in dishes of tin. Breakfast over, we packed our things. The cart went on ahead, my father bringing the oxen, while I started the sheep with D'ri.

Those sheep were as many thorns in our flesh that day we made off in the deep woods from Lake Champlain. Travel was new to them, and what with tearing through thickets and running wild in every slash, they kept us jumping. When they were leg-weary and used to travel, they began to go quietly. But slow work it was at best, 10 or 12 miles a day being all we could do, for the weather was hot and our road like the way of the transgressor. Our second night in the woods we could hear the wolves howling as we camped at dusk. We built our fire near the shore of a big pond, its still water framed in the vivid green of young tamaracks. A great hill rose on the farther side of it, with galleries of timber sloping to the summit, and peopled with many birds. We huddled the sheep together in a place where the trees were thick, while father brought from the cart a coil of small rope. We wound it about the trees, so the sheep were shut in a little yard. After supper we all sat by the fire, while D'ri told how he had been chased by wolves in the beaver country north of us.

D'ri was an odd character. He had his own way of expressing the three degrees of wonder, admiration and surprise. "Jerushy!"—accented on the second syllable—was the positive, "Jerushy Jane!" the comparative, and "Jerushy Jane Pepper!" the superlative. Who that poor lady might be I often wondered, but never ventured to inquire. In times of stress I have heard him swear by "Judas Priest," but never more profanely. In his youth he had been a sailor on the lake,

"D'RI PULLED UP SUDDENLY—AND LISTENED, PEERING INTO THE DUSK."

when some artist of the needle had tattooed a British jack on the back of his left hand—a thing he covered, of shame now, when he thought of it. His right hand had lost its forefinger in a sawmill. His rifle was distinguished by the name of Beeswax—"Ol' Beeswax" he called it sometimes—for no better reason than that it was "easy spoke an' had a kind uv a powerful soun' tew it." He had a nose like a shoemaker's thumb: there was a deep curve from its wide tip to his forehead. He had a large, gray, inquiring eye and the watchful habit of the woodsman. Somewhere in the midst of a story he would pause and peer thoughtfully into the distance, meanwhile feeling the pipe-stem with his lips, and then resume the narrative as suddenly as he had stopped. He was a lank and powerful man, six feet tall in his stockings. He wore a thin beard that had the appearance of parched grass on his ruddy countenance. In the matter of hair, nature had treated him with a generosity most unusual. His heavy shock was sheared off square above his neck.

That evening, as he lay on his elbow in the firelight, D'ri had just entered the eventful field of reminiscence. The women were washing the dishes; my father had gone to the spring for water. D'ri pulled up suddenly, lifted his hat of faded felt and listened, peering into the dusk.

"Seems t' me them wolves is comin' nearer," he said, thoughtfully.

Their cries were echoing in the far timber. We all rose and listened. In a moment my father came hurrying back with his pail of water.

"D'ri," said he, quietly, as he threw some wood on the fire, "they smell mutton. Mek the guns ready. We may git a few pelts. There's a big bounty on 'em here in York state."

We all stood about the fire listening as the wolves came nearer.

"It 's the sheep thet brings 'em," said my father.

"Quite a consid'able number on 'em, tew," said D'ri, as he stood cleaning the bore of his rifle.

My young sisters began to cry.

"Need n't be scairt," said father. "They won't come very near. 'Fraider of us 'n we are o' 'em, a good deal."

"Tow-w-w!" said D'ri, with a laugh. "They'll be apt t' stub ther toes 'fore they git very nigh us."

This did not quite agree with the tales he had previously been telling. I went for my sword, and buckled its belt about me, the scabbard hanging to my heels. Presently some creature came bounding over the brush. I saw him break through the wall of darkness and stop quickly in the firelight. Then D'ri brought him down with his rifle.

"Started him up back there 'n the woods a few mild," said D'ri. "He was mekin' fer this 'ere pond—thet's what he was dewin'."

"What for?" I inquired.

"'Cause fer the reason why he knowed he would n't mek no tracks 'n the water, ner no scent," said D'ri, with some show of contempt for my ignorance.

The deer lay floundering in the briers some 50 feet away. My father ran with his knife and put him quickly out of misery. Then we hauled the carcass to clear ground.

"Let it lie where 't is fer now," said he, as we came back to the fire. Then he got our two big traps out of the cart and set them beside the carcass and covered them with leaves. The howling of the wolves had ceased. I could hear only the creaking of a dead limb high above us, and the bellow of frogs in the near pond. We had fastened the trap chains and were coming back to the fire, when the dog rose, barking fiercely; then we heard the crack of D'ri's rifle.

"More 'n 50 wolves eroun' here," he whispered as we ran up to him. "Never see sech a snag on 'em."

The sheep were stirring nervously. Near the pen a wolf lay kicking where D'ri had dropped him.

"Rest on 'em snooked off when the gun hollered," he went on, whispering as before.

My mother and grandmother sat with my sisters in the cart, hushing their murmurs of fear. Early in the evening I had tied Rover to the cartwheel, where he was growling hotly, impatient of the leash.

"See?" said D'ri, pointing with his finger. "See 'em?—there 'n the dark by thet air big hemlock."

We could make out a dim stir in the shadows where he pointed. Presently we heard the spring and rattle of a trap. As we turned that way, the other trap took hold hard; as it sprang we could hear a wolf yelp.

"Meks 'em holler," said D'ri, "thet ol' hetrap does, when it teks holt. Stay here by the sheep, 'n' I'll go over 'n' give 'em somethin' fer spraint ankles."

Other wolves were swarming over the dead deer, and the two in the traps were snarling and snapping at them. My father and D'ri fired at the bunch, killing one of the captives and another—the largest wolf I ever saw. The pack had slunk away as they heard the rifles. Our remaining captive struggled to get free, but in a moment D'ri had brained him with an ax. He and my father reset our traps and hauled the dead wolves into the firelight. There they began to skin them, for the bounty was $10 for each in the new towns—a sum that made our adventure profitable. I built fires on the farther side of the sheep, and, as they brightened, I could see, here and there, the gleaming eyes of a wolf in the darkness. I was up all night heaping wood upon the fires, while D'ri and my father skinned the wolves and dressed the deer. They had just finished when the cock crew.

"Holler, ye gol-dum little cuss!" D'ri shouted as he went over to him. "Can't no snookin' wolf crack our bones fer us. Peeled 'em—thet's what we done tew 'em! Tuk 'n' knocked 'em head over heels. Judas Priest! He can peck a man's finger some, can't he?"

The light was coming and he went off to the spring for water, while I brought the spider and pots. The great, green-roofed temple of the woods, that had so lately rung with the howl of wolves, began to fill with far wandering echoes of sweet song.

"They was a big cat over there by the spring las' night," said D'ri, as we all sat down to breakfast. "Tracks bigger 'n a griddle! Smelt the mutton, mos' likely."

"Like mutton?" I inquired.

"Yis-sir-ee, they dew," said he. "Kind o' mince-pie fer 'em. Like deer meat, tew. Snook eroun' the ponds after dark. Ef they see a deer 'n the water they wallop 'im quicker 'n lightnin'; jump right in k'slap 'n' tek 'im."

We were off at sunrise, on a road that grew rougher every mile. At noon we came to a river so swollen as to make a dangerous ford. After dinner my father waded in, going hips under where the water was deep and swift. Then he cut a long pole and took my mother on his shoulders and entered the broad stream, steadying himself with the pole. When she had got down safe on the other side, he came back for grandmother and my sisters, and took them over in the same way. D'ri, meanwhile, bound up the feather beds and carried them on his head, leaving the dog and me to tend the sheep. All our blankets and clothing were carried across in the same manner. Then I mounted the cart, with my rooster, lashing the oxen till they took to the stream. They had tied the bell-wether to the axle, and, as I started, men and dog drove the sheep after me. The oxen wallowed in the deep water, and our sheep, after some hesitation, began to swim. The big cart floated like a raft part of the way, and we landed with no great difficulty. Farther on the road became nothing better than a rude trail, where, frequently, we had to stop and chop through heavy logs and roll them away. On a steep hillside the oxen fell, breaking the tongue, and the cart tipped sidewise and rolled bottom up. My rooster was badly flung about, and began crowing and flapping as the basket settled. When I opened it he flew out, running for his life, as if finally resolved to quit us. Fortunately, we were all walking, and nobody was hurt. My father and D'ri were busy half a day "righting up," as they called it, mending the tongue and cover, and getting the cart on its wheels and down the steep pitch.

After two days of trail travel we came out on the Chateaugay road, stopping awhile to bait our sheep and cattle on the tame grass and tender briars. It was a great joy to see the clear road, with here and there a settler's cabin, its yard aglow with the marigold, the hollyhock and the fragrant honeysuckle. We got to the tavern at Chateaugay about dusk and put up for the night, as becomes a Christian.

Next afternoon we came to rough roads again, camping at sundown along the shore of a noisy brook. The dog began to bark fiercely while supper was making, and scurried off into a thicket.

D'ri was stooping over, cooking the meat. He rose and listened.

"Thet air dog's a leetle scairt," said he. "Guess we better go 'n' see whut 's the matter."

He took his rifle and I my sword—I never thought of another weapon—making off through the brush. The dog came whining to D'ri and rushing on, eager for us to follow. We hurried after him, and in a moment D'ri and the dog, who were ahead of me, halted suddenly.

"It's a painter," said D'ri, as I came up. "See 'im in thet air tree-top. I'll larrup 'im with Ol' Beeswax, then jes' like es not he'll mek some music. Better grab holt o' the dog. 'T won't dew fer 'im to git tew rambunctious, er the fust thing he knows he won't hev no insides in 'im."

I could see the big cat clinging high in the top boughs of a birch and looking calmly down at us. The treetop swayed, quivering, as it held the great dun beast. My heart was like to smother me when D'ri raised his rifle and took aim. The dog broke away at the crack of it. The painter reeled and spat; then he came crashing through the branches, striking right and left with his fore paws to save himself. He hit the ground heavily, and the dog was on him. The painter lay as if dead. Before I could get near, Rover began shaking him by the neck. He came to suddenly, and struck the dog with a front claw, dragging him down. A loud yelp followed the blow. Quick as a flash D'ri caught the painter by the tail and one hind leg. With a quick surge of his great, slouching shoulders, he flung him at arm's-length. The lithe body doubled on a tree trunk, quivered, and sank down, as the dog came free. In a jiffy I had run my sword through the cat's belly and made an end of him.

"Knew 'f he got them hind hooks on thet air dog he'd rake his ribs right off," said D'ri, as he lifted his hat to scratch his head. "Would n't 'a' left nothin' but the backbone—nut a thing—an' thet would n't 'a' been a real fust-class one, nuther."

When D'ri was very positive, his words were well braced with negatives.

We took the painter by the hind legs and dragged him through the bushes to our camp. The dog had a great rip across his shoulder, where the claws had struck and made furrows; but he felt a mighty pride in our capture, and never had a better appetite for a meal.

[To Be Continued.]

The Limit.

Clara—I'm afraid Charles is a hopeless gambler.

Belle—Why.

"Because, when he threw a dollar into the collection box at the charity concert he tossed it to see if it would come down head or tail up on the plate."—Detroit Free Press.

Tender Grub for Tenderfoot.

A fastidious and correct Bostonian, on a tour through the west, recently stopped over night at a small town in the Indian territory. Feeling a little indisposed in the morning as a result of the unaccustomed crudeness of the environment, he searched the breakfast menu in vain for some such dainty as chicken's livers en Brochette. Finally he ordered soft boiled eggs and cream toast, and received a severe shock as the stentorian voice of the waiter roared through the room, "Four in water, four minutes—and a graveyard stew!"—Boston Budget.

Very Porous.

"It is really ridiculous," said Mr. Figg, "to see the style the Henderbys put on, when everyone knows that they are as poor as—as poor as—"

"Plaster," suggested the youthful son and heir.

"Poor as what?"

"Poor as plaster—porous plaster—don't you know?"

"Now, look here, Mrs. F., if you don't send that impudent kid to bed in five minutes, I'll thrash him till he can't stand. I'm not going to have any new humorists in this house."—Smith's Weekly.

Unbiased Criticism.

"What would you do, Nora," asked the young lady of the housemaid, "if you could play the piano the same as I do?"

"Sure, an' Oi wouldn't be afther gettin' discouraged at all, at all," replied Nora. "Oi'd kape roight on larnin' till Oi could play dacently."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

He Was Willing.

Mrs. Henpeck—What do you think of giving me for a birthday present?

Henpeck—Great idea! but to whom could I give you? I really haven't an enemy in the world.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Who is Your Clothier?

If it's R. SEGER & CO,. you are getting the right kind of merchandise. There is no small or grand deception practiced in their store. Sustained success demonstrates that there is "growth in truth" in the retailing of

NEW AND UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING AT POPULAR PRICES.

R. SEGER & CO.

Good Cedar Shingles

WILL KEEP OUT THE RAIN. WE HAVE THEM IN ALL GRADES.

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

34tf

LOOK ELSEWHERE BUT DON'T FORGET THESE PRICES AND FACTS AT

LaBAR'S

$30 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at $25
$28 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at $21
$25 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at $20
A large line of Dressers from $8 up.

$40 Sideboard, quartered oak, ... $30
$32 Sideboard, quartered oak, ... $25
$22 Sideboard, quartered oak, ... $16
Chiffoniers of all kinds and prices.

We carry in stock the largest line of Carpets Linoleums and Mattings of all kinds ever brought to Emporium. Also a big line of samples.

A very large line of Lace Curtains that cannot be matched anywhere for the price.

Art Squares and Rugs of all sizes and kind, from the cheapest to the best.

Dining Chairs, Rockers and High Chairs.

A large and elegant line of Tufted and Drop-head Couches. Beauties and at bargain prices.

The finest line of Sewing Machines on the market, the "Domestic" and "Eldredge". All drop heads and warranted.

A fine line of Dishes, common grade and China, in sets and by the piece.

As I keep a full line of everything that goes to make up a good Furniture store, it is useless to enumerate them all.

Please call and see for yourself that I am telling you the truth, and if you don't buy, there is no harm done, as it is no trouble to show goods.

GEO. J. LaBAR.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPPOSITE U. S PATENT OFFICE WASHINGTON, D. C.

Madam French Female Pills. Dean's

A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free.

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson.

EVERY WOMAN

Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.

DR. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS,

Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoint. $1.00 per box.

Sold by R. C. Dodson, druggist.

SCHMELZ & CO.'S

Sluice Pipe.

IMPROVE YOUR ROADS with STEEL and WOOD SLUICING

The Steel pipe is made of cold rolled, heavy sheet steel, riveted so as to leave it smooth inside. The pipe is covered with a preparation that makes it rust proof. The wood pipe is made of staves matched and grooved, bound with heavy iron bands, treated chemically against rust and coated with a preparation that will stand climate and will practically exclude moisture. The entire length is of even diameter. Obstructions will not lodge in it. Manufactured in all sizes up to SIXTY INCHES.

Write for catalogue and prices, or a postal card will bring to you a representative with samples of our goods.

What are Sluice Pipes Used For?

They are used on roads and highways to convey water under the road bed from streams and ditches to keep the road bed dry and prevent washouts in heavy rains and showers.

Schmelz & Co.,

Coudersport, Pa.

The Christmas Fellowship of Miss Mab

BY

ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

(Reprinted from Good Housekeeping by Permission.)

Little Miss Mab sat staring into the radiant heart of a wood fire. It lacked only two days of Christmas. She had not yet invited anyone to share the hospitality of her small home. Never since she had been left alone in the world—and that occurred when she was 17—had she known a lonely Christmas; there were always some forsaken creatures ready to turn gratefully to the shelter of her home. All these festivities had brought a certain heart warmth and happiness which lingered for months, but it had not meant fellowship or sympathy.

"I believe I want a little bit of Christmas to myself this year," Miss Mab whispered to herelf; "it's sich hard work, all the fixin's! I do love to see the old women an' the starved boys an' girls fill themselves up. What they want, though, is the eatin'. They don't know nothin' about fellowship. When a woman steps over the 40 line an' has been alone all her life, there's a sort of longin' for fellowship—ain't there, Maltie?"

The gray cat arched his back and rubbed his plump body against Miss Mab's dress.

"It's a fine dinner," observed Miss Mab in her solitary musing; "it's a fine enough dinner to deserve fellowship." She rose and walked to the front window. "I might jest as well out with what is on my mind," she said. "I know who I want to invite as well as can be; all that's troublin' me is the propriety of it. Now if the little thing hedn't a father, I'd take her in and keep her—longer'n Christmas, too."

She was watching a six-year-old girl who lived in the big boarding house across the street, which was "thronged and lonesome," as Miss Mab expressed it. Every afternoon about five the child lingered on the steps and watched eagerly till a man turned the corner—a tall, round-shouldered, thin, sickly-looking man. As soon as she caught sight of him she darted like a swallow down the street and fairly threw herself into his arms. He always slung his lunch box on his wrist and lifted her to his breast. They did not seem to talk. The head with its brown curls was laid contentedly on his shoulder and occasionally the father bent to rub his cheek against the child's pale face. He climbed the steps with the little girl in his arms and shut the door behind him.

"It's fellowship inside there," she whispered; then she sat down to her lonely little tea table.

At seven o'clock she put Maltie to his bed down cellar; afterward she dressed and started for prayer meeting. Two or three friends stopped to speak to her. They decided she was in an absent mood ,for she did not seem to know what they were talking about. Miss Mab had only one thought in her mind, and it seemed to rhyme with the hymn, it mingled with the short discourse and prayer. It had only one tenor: she was longing to have the minister settle a monotonous question for her. It seemed as if all the congregation lingered to talk with him after prayer meeting. That night once or twice he held out a welcoming hand, but she evaded it; she could not seek his advice until she was alone. At last everybody was gone but herself. The young clergyman came forward genially.

"I wanted to speak to you just a minute, Mr. Pierce. I live alone, you know, an' I want to give some other folks who are kind of lonesome a bit of Christmas comfort an' fellowship an' a good dinner."

"I know nothing more befitting the spirit of Christmas," said the clergyman, cordially; "it is following the very teachings of our Master."

"I'd like to tell you, though, who it is," said Miss Mab, eagerly; "it's a little girl who lives across the street in a great, noisy, desolate boarding house. She'd have to bring her father, for he's all she has. They seem to be terrible devoted to each other. I reckon he's a widower—though I don't know. I've never spoken a word to either of 'em. I thought you'd tell me whether 'twould be proper or not?"

"There can be no question of the propriety, Miss Mab," he said earnestly. "In your kindness of heart you could make no mistake."

Miss Mab took his proffered hand warmly. "Thank you," she said; "thank you so much!"

Next day she watched for the little girl, who did not appear till about half-past four, and then she came out to hop nimbly up and down the flight of stone steps. Miss Mab threw a shawl over her head and crossed the snowy street. She had a gracious way with children which readily reached their hearts. The shyness of the child disappeared while Miss Mab delivered a nervous invitation. "You'll remember," she said gently, "what I want you to do. Jest whisper to your father when he picks you up at the street corner that a lonely old woman who lives across the street wishes a bit of Christmas fellowship, an' if you and he haven't anything else planned she invites you to come and dine with her to-morrow. I'll watch for you to come back, an' if you wave your hand I'll know you'll come. You can remember?"

"I'll remember," answered the little girl. She spoke gravely, but there was an eager light in her eyes. "I'm sure we'll come. Papa and me was talking about Christmas last night, and wishing we were back in the country, because there were homes there where we would have been invited. We don't know anybody here yet, except boarding house folks. I've wanted so to get acquainted with your kitty, but I didn't dare come over."

"You dear little soul!" said Miss Mab, warmly; "you shan't have any more lonesome days, if I can help it."

Miss Mab watched anxiously the meeting at the corner. The child did not nestle her head on her father's shoulder, as was her custom; she was talking to him eagerly and pointing across the street to the little brick house set in the midst of a wide garden. She did not wave her answer. Miss Mab's heart began to beat tumultuously, when she saw the tall man come striding across the street through the snow. She threw the door open before he knocked. He bowed courteously.

"My little girl has told me of your goodness," he said. "It is kind of you, very, very kind. I do not know how to thank you. We shall be very happy to come. I do not mind the loneliness much for myself, but for Cynthia, left alone all day in our bare little room, the thought of it stays with me constantly while I work." Cynthia hung delightedly over her father's shoulder whispering in blissful friendliness to the gray cat.

"'Twas a bold thing to do, invitin' strangers this way," said Miss Mab, apologetically. The scarlet blushes were chasing each other across her cheerful face. "I didn't say anything about the little girl's mother, because I didn't just know—" She stopped hesitatingly.

"Cynthia's mother died when she was three days old," said the man, slowly; "she has had to grow up with hardly anybody to care for her but her father. He isn't quite as good as a mother would be, is he, dearest?"

"He's pretty nearly as good," whispered the child, stroking the careworn face.

"Land sake!" cried Miss Mab, with a strange, choking sob; "land sake, it is hard lines when the father has to do the motherin', too!"

"We are very happy together, aren't we, Cynthia?" The child nodded emphatically.

"The worst is her loneliness, only she will be going to school pretty soon; and our Christmas is assured. I cannot thank you cordially enough, madam, both for Cynthia and myself. We will be delighted to come." The child waved a good-night as they crossed the street, and Miss Mab wiped her eyes furtively when she sat down in her big rocking chair. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," she said to herself; "somehow, it seems to bring such warm comfort into your own life."

After the dinner had been cleared away Miss Mab sunned herself in the joyous warmth of fellowship. The gracious wood fire wrapped the little group in its friendly glow and the very spirit of Christmas seemed to hallow the homely, cozy living room.

It was a wild, cold winter, with great snow storms whirling over the country and city streets blocked with huge drifts, but there were no more lonely days for Cynthia. The room in the desolate boarding house was almost deserted between morning and night. The radiance of gracious friendliness and blissful warmth constantly awaited the child in the house across the street. Maltie's welcome was as cordial as that of his mistress. Every morning, after he had eaten his comfortable breakfast, he jumped in the living room window to curl himself up in a gray ball with expectant half shut eyes fixed on the brick building across the street . He watched till the door was opened by a tall man, who carried a lunch box and a little clinging bundle wrapped in a fleecy brown shawl He always chose the same path; he came striding across the street to the red brick house set in the wide yard. Then Maltie with a sudden eager leap went to find his mistress, and followed her, purring loudly, to the front door. He could scarcely wait for the little visitor to be unwrapped. Miss Mab's hunger for fellowship was no less ardent than that of the gray cat. Then what days followed. It seemed like a sudden burst of sunshine come into Cynthia's lonely life.

The careworn look seemed to be fading from her father's face. When evening came and he stopped at Miss Mab's door to gather the little girl back in his arms, there was time for a few moments' cheerful conversation. Cynthia's farewells were always tempered by the assurance of her return in the morning.

One night the child, tucked in a blanket, laid her cheek against her father's, when their bedtime talk was nearly finished. She whispered: "Don't you love Miss Mab, father?" "I do," he said in a low voice.

"She's just as good as a fairy godmother, isn't she?" questioned the child; "almost as good as the godmother who came to take care of the poor little pink princess"

"Twice as good," laughed the father.

"I couldn't have her for a really, truly, own godmother, could I?" she asked, anxiously.

"It would be very nice."

"And then she makes such good things to eat. I could have a gingerbread man for tea every night."

"And what could we offer for all of that, the home and the goodness and—"

"Why, we could love her," said the child; "you and I could love her with all our hearts; that would make her very happy."

"Would it, really?"

"I know it would. Won't you ask her if we can come?" Cynthia pleaded.

"Only we have so little to offer," said her father.

"Loving people isn't little, is it?" insisted the child.

"No." The man's eyes were fixed on the cheerful red glow in the window of Miss Mab's living room. "No, dearest, someobdy has said that love is the greatest thing in the world."

Mrs. Whittler's Strategy

BY TOM MASSON

"DON'T you think, dear, that it would be nice to spend our Christmas in Florida?"

Mr. and Mrs. Whittler were sitting in their cozy back parlor. As she spoke Mrs. Whittler turned to her husband with an anxious look of interrogation.

"Never," exclaimed Whittler. "Why, we couldn't afford it. What an idea! I couldn't dream of such a thing. Florida! I should say not!"

"I merely mentioned the matter," said Mrs. Whittler, seeing her error. "It is of no special consequence."

At the same time she eyed sadly a package of time tables and steamboat circulars that for the past week she had been surreptitiously collecting. To go to Florida had been the dream of months. And now it was ruthlessly shattered.

Still, Mrs. Whittler did not despair.

"Well, if we don't do that," she said at last, "we must have a nice Christmas dinner, mustn't we?"

The thought of a dinner brought Whittler to himself instantly.

"You bet!" he said, rubbing his hands. "We'll have the best the country can afford."

"I sometimes wish," said Mrs. Whittler, after a moment, "that we had a houseful of children. It seems a pity to sit down to a Christmas dinner all alone."

"Well, why should we?" said Whittler. "Can't we ask some one in?"

Mrs. Whittler looked off into space wth her eyebrows closely knit, as if the problem were too great for her to master on the instant. At last she said slowly:

"How would it do for you to ask Aunt Jane? She's getting along in years, and it may be our last chance to pay her any attention."

Whittler thought a moment.

"I guess you're right," he said at last. "I was looking forward to a Christmas dinner by ourselves. Still, Aunt Jane is a good old soul, and I guess we'd better ask her. But there's Cousin Emily, I suppose she'll have to come, too."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Whittler. "We shall, of course, have to ask Emily. We couldn't ask one without the other."

There was a pause. Finally Whittler spoke again.

"I suppose," he said, "if we ask Aunt Jane and Emily, that Uncle Henry and Georgiana will feel it."

"I had thought of that," replied Mrs. Whittler. "They've both been kind to us, and it would never do to offend them. Then, of course, the children—"

"Of course the children," interposed Whittler; "they'll have to come with their parents. Well, we'll have to do it, that's all. I guess we can stand it for once."

There was another pause. Mrs. Whittler at last looked meekly up.

"There's another thing, dear," she said, "that had occurred to me."

"What's that?"

"Well, you know there's my Aunt Sally. Aunt Sally is so sensitive. If she hears that your side of the family is coming, she'll feel it."

Whittler sighed. But the justice of the argument appealed to him.

"Yes," he said at last. "I suppose that's so. It's nothing more than fair, if my people come, that yours should, too. But you have a Cousin Rufus, and an Uncle William, haven't you?"

It was Mrs. Whittler's turn to sigh.

"More than that," she said. "Don't you remember Aunt and Uncle Rubyton and their children?"

Whittler got up nervously and paced the floor.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed at last. "What are we going to do? It's awful to dwell upon. We simply have got to ask them all. Why, it will cost a mint to entertain all this crowd."

He grew more excited.

"It's a fearful thing," he said, "to have relatives. We're in for it, I guess. We can't lop any of 'em off. Well!" he cried, turning to Mrs. Whittler, "have you nothing to suggest? You got us into it. Can't you get us out?"

Mrs. Whittler waited a moment before she replied.

"We might go to Florida," she said finally.

Whittler slapped his hands on his knee.

"Just the thing!" he cried. "Why didn't you say so before?"—Town Topics.

Origin of the Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree is supposed to have originated in Germany, but such is not the case. In reality the Christmas tree is from Egypt, and dates from a period long antecedent to the Christian era. The palm tree is known to put forth a shoot every month, and a spray of this tree with 12 shoots on it was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice as a symbol that the year was complete. Egyptian affections of an early date still linger with the Christmas tree. The first Christmas tree was introduced into England and thence into America by some German merchants who lived in Manchester.

Christmas Legend.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple, immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature, and became the evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love-gifts—the curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

Light of a New Year

By CATHERINE EDDY CLEAVER

JUST as the clock struck the man laid down his magazine with a sigh, and glanced at the timepiece on the table before him. Ten o'clock, and to-morrow was New Year's day—to-morrow, that would end this lonely life of his and take him home. Home to the people who, with the dear faith of one's own kin, still believed in the genius he had failed to prove to the rest of the world. His face brightened as he pictured his welcome there, and with childish impulse to quicken to-morrow's coming he rose from his chair and began his preparations for the night.

As he undressed his mind reverted to the story he had been reading—a tale of a man whose family had been cursed with hereditary blindness and who had at last seized the coward's refuge rather than face the tragedy of his inheritance.

He shuddered slightly, for the story had made its peculiar appeal to him. He, too, knew the sick horror of such a heritage. His grandfather and great-grandfather had spent their last years in darkness, and, although his own father had escaped, he knew too many victims of the caprice of atavism to hold himself exempt.

The chill air of the December night struck his face as he opened his window and he shook off his momentary depression as the little refrain, with all it meant, sang once once more in his brain—"to-morrow is New Year's day."

At length he fell asleep, his eyes resting on the cheerful little point of flame in the night-lamp which shone through the open door of his dressing-room full on his pillow.

Outside, the wind in the valley was blowing the clouds into a heavy pall across the sky, then, rising suddenly in a passion of destructiveness, it snapped the trees beside the man's window with a crash that roused the sleeper to a sitting posture.

Gazing, unknowing, into the blackness around him, with his first consciousness he raised his hand to his eyes to brush away the veil of sleep. The action woke him to a sudden realization of the intense darkness before him. Where was the light that always met him from the faithful little night-lamp? Where was the gray out-of-doors that meant early morning? Blackness, thick, impenetrable, closed in on him. God! could it be that the light still burned—but not for him? That the sun was rising—but to him it would always be night?

He slid from his bed and groped his way to the window, straining his eyes vainly to perceive the slightest outline in the formless darkness. Then terror gripped him close and its panic bade him scream—fly—escape from this fiend of night that had folded him in her infinite embrace.

With one last effort at control he reached for the familiar match-box and struck one of the tiny torches that meant life-long night or day to him. He heard the scratch and snap, but not a spark of light rewarded his agonized effort to see. The match fell from his nerveless fingers and the cold sweat of despair soaked his night-clothes with its dank chill.

His whole future was silhouetted before him, a black shadow against the sunlight of the world. His eyesight gone, his career ruined, his great book still unwritten—only life's empty shell left to mock him. To-morrow would begin the drear, black procession of days, stretching like pall-bearers to the grave. To-morrow! Oh, God! the irony of it—to-morrow was the new year! An impotent sob rose choking in his throat. Was this to be his home-coming—led like a blind beggar, to be a burden where he had hoped to help?

All his man's courage and fierce resistance to Fate rose in him. He would never yield to that. Rather—

With his sudden energy his fingers closed on one remaining match and instinctively, with the vigor born of desparation, he struck it along the wall. A quick blue flame sprang to life and showed the open door, the extinguished lamp, the headless match at his feet—objects so meaningless before, so fraught with the joy of life now.

With a cry of relief the man sprang to the gas-jet, and as the room was flooded with the blessed light he sank trembling to his knees, and the bells of midnight sang in his ears: "To-day is the new year."—The Wright Magazine.

Apprehensive.

"Cheer up!" said the candid friend, as they met at the dressmaker's. "For the bride of a year you look indigo blue. What's the matter?"

"It's—it's John," was the hesitating reply.

"What's the matter with him? He looked all right in church Sunday."

"Well, he kissed me when he came home to dinner last night."

"Goodness gracious. Well?"

"He kissed me again when he went to business this morning."

"Did you ask for an explanation?"

"He didn't give me time. But I am determined to find out what's behind it. If he means to crawl out of giving that automobile he promised me for Christmas, why—kisses don't go."—N. Y. Times.

Too Bad.

He (tentatively)—It's too bad that mistletoe should only be hung up on Christmas!

She (naively)—Yes! That certainly makes it a long time between kisses!—National Tribune.

TOO GREAT A RESEMBLANCE

Partrait So Like the Original That It Lacked Charitable Expression.

Bishop Olmsted, of Denver, is interested in a number of charities, and obtains many generous contributions on their behalf from rich Episcopalians, says the New York Tribune.

There is in Denver, however, a millionaire who will rarely consent to help Bishop Olmsted's pet projects. He is a generous man, and in his own way he assists the poor, but to organized charity, for some reason, he heartily objects. The bishop often asks him for subscriptions, but these requests are almost invariably refused.

Recently the millionaire had his portrait painted. Bishop Olmsted met him the other day and said:

"I saw this morning your admirable portrait."

"And did you ask it for a subscription?" said the millionaire, smiling.

"No," said Bishop Olmsted. "I saw there was no use—it was so like you."

Lost.

She—That girl who just left the piano is said to be one of the finest classical performers in the country.

He—Why didn't you tell me before? I would have listened.—Brooklyn Life.

Reads Like a Miracle.

Moravia, N. Y., Dec. 12th.—(Special)—Bordering on the miraculous is the case of Mrs. Benj. Wilson, of this place. Suffering from Sugar Diabetes, she wasted away till from weighing 200 lbs. she barely tipped the scales at 130 lbs. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure her husband says:

"My wife suffered everything from Sugar Diabetes. She was sick four years and doctored with two doctors, but received no benefit. She had so much pain all over her that she could not rest day or night. The doctor said that she could not live.

"Then an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped her right from the first. Five boxes of them cured her. Dodd's Kidney Pills were a God-Sent remedy to us and we recommend them to all suffering from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney Diseases, including Bright's Disease, and all kidney aches, including Rheumatism.

There is something fine in the bravery of a new father who carries a baby through the streets in his arms.—Atchison Globe.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING

Humors, Eczemas, Itchings, Inflammations, Burnings, Scalings and Chafings Cured by Cuticura.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt by the testimony of the civilized world.

Have you ever noticed what a lot of second-class people travel first-class?—Chicago Tribune.

Guaranteed Mining Investments.

We are the largest mine operators in the West, and cordially invite you to write for prospectus and full particulars about our nine associated companies, which have joined in forming our Investor's Guarantee Association, with $5,000,000 capital to guarantee all our investors against loss. Write for free information and be convinced. Arbuckle-Goode Commission Company, 325 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Somehow one's plain duty is usually too plain to be attractive.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A penny saved is a penny burned—later on.—Puck.

COMPLETELY CURED.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

Miss Hapgood tells how she escaped an awful operation by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for four years with what the doctors called Salpingitis (inflammation of the fallopian tubes and ovaritis), which is a most distressing and painful ailment, affecting all the surrounding parts, undermining the constitution, and sapping the life forces. If you had seen me a year ago, before I began taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and had noticed the sunken eyes, sallow complexion, and general emaciated condition, and compared that person with me as I am today, robust, hearty and well, you would not wonder that I feel thankful to you and your wonderful medicine, which restored me to new life and health in five months, and saved me from an awful operation."—MISS IRENE HAPGOOD, 1022 Sandwich St. Windsor, Ont. — *$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries or fallopian tubes which adjoin the ovaries may result from sudden stopping of the monthly flow, from inflammation of the womb, and many other causes. The slightest indication of trouble with the ovaries, indicated by dull throbbing pain in the side, accompanied by heat and shooting pains, should claim your instant attention. It will not cure itself, and a hospital operation, with all its terrors, may easily result from neglect.

TWENTY BUSHELS OF WHEAT TO THE ACRE

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

is the record on the **FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS** of **WESTERN CANADA** for **1904.**

The **150,000 Farmers** from the United States, who during the past seven years have gone to Canada participate in this prosperity.

The United States will soon become an importer of Wheat. Get a free homestead or purchase a farm in Western Canada, and become one of those who will help produce it.

Apply for information to SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or to H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Bldg., Toledo, O., Authorized Government Agent.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

A Cold in the Head

doesn't seem serious but it is. It gradually works down to the air passages and causes congestion and inflammation. Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, is guaranteed to cure coughs and colds. Your money back, if it doesn't.

405

25c., 50c. and $1.00

YOU TRAVEL—OR WILL

If not today, then tomorrow. There is quality in railway travel as in everything else. Track, trains and time are the essentials. The M. K. & T. R'y has that quality. I want you to know of it, try it and be convinced.

At this time of the year you are probably thinking about a winter trip. I'd suggest the Gulf Coast of Texas, San Antonio, Old Mexico or California, as being about as nearly perfect as climate and environment can make them. I have some very attractive literature about these resorts that I'd like to send you. May I? I'd rather talk to you, but if this is impossible, drop me a line and I'll be pleased to give you all the desired information. There are some special inducements too in the way of rates and through Katy Sleepers that I'd like you to know about. Address

M. K. T. **"KATY"** ST. LOUIS, MO.

Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the

best territory in this country

for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at DUBUQUE, IOWA, requesting a copy of "Circular No. 12."

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

FARMERS!
ATTENTION!
NO LINIMENT WAS EVER MADE THAT EQUALS
SLOAN'S LINIMENT
FOR HORSES AND OTHER STOCK AND ALL FAMILY USES
It Kills Pain and Kills Germs
DR. EARL S. SLOAN, 615 ALBANY ST., BOSTON, MASS.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

LET us show you the best selected and most popular priced line of useful HOLIDAY GIFTS ever shown in town. Don't put off your buying until the last day. COME NOW, BUY WHILE THE ASSORTMENT IS LARGE.

Men's Overcoats

Made from either smart plain fabrics or the handsomest fancy woolrics that are produced, ... $6 TO 18

Men's Suits

That will equal the custom tailors product in every detail . . . . . $6 TO 18

Boys' Suits

Two piece D. B. Suits, ages 6 to 15 years, plain and Scotch mixtures . . . . . $1.50 TO 5

Trunks and Suit Cases

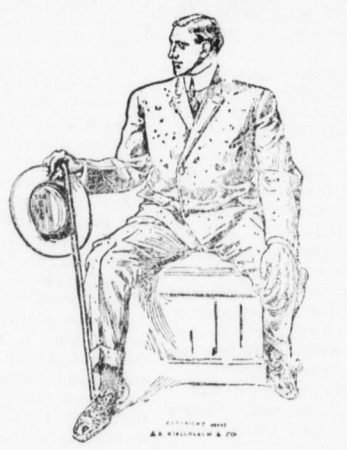
Good serviceable Trunks, extra special value in all kinds of Suit Cases . . . . . $1.25 TO 7.50

Silk Umbrellas

Men's latest style handles, Gloria or Taffeta Silk . . . . . $1.25 TO 5

Wool Sweaters

Men's or Boys' any color, with necks. Special prices . . . . . $1 TO 3



House Coats

Handsome exclusive patterns, all new this season, prices $3.00

Silk Suspenders

Fine Suspenders in separate boxes, some with sterling buckles . . . . . 25 TO 50c

Choice Underwear

Beautiful Silk fabrics in all the new shades, some in separate boxes . . . . . 25 TO 50c

Silk Mufflers

All kinds, square silk folded or full dress, ways Mufflers 50c TO $2.50

Warm Gloves

Men's and Boys' Gloves, all kinds, prices . . . . . 50c TO $1.50

Men's and Boys' Shoes

In all kinds of Pattent Leather. . . . . $1.50 TO 4.00

Men's Fancy and White Vests, Underwear, Jewelry, Hats, Shirts, Caps, Knit Jackets, Trousers, Bath Robes, Etc.

Jasper Harris, the People's Clothier,

Opposite Post-Office, **Emporium, Pa.**

Your Home Furnished FREE of CHARGE by

CHAS. DIEHL'S Up-to-Date Grocery

Read Our Original and Unique Plan and see how it is done without Cost to You. Great Cash inducement with Each Ticket Purchased.

Your House Furnished Free with Furniture and Groceries! Read the following and see for yourself. With every $5.00 ticket bought at our store to be traded out in groceries, fruits, meats, etc., we will present you with a coupon good for 50c at Geo. J. LaBar's Furniture Store. These coupons can be spent at once or secured until the purchaser of our $5.00 tickets gets enough to purchase a fine piece of furniture. We also have $10.00 tickets (cash). This amount entitling the purchaser to $1.00 to be traded out in this manner. Thus in paying a small amount of $5.00 in cash purchases the buyer is entitled to 50c free enabling him to furnish his home with the handsomest furniture and his table with the best groceries and freshest meats, fruits and confectionery. No Xmas present could equal one of these $5.00 or $10.00 tickets and free coupons for the house-wife enabling her to choose her own furniture or finest box of bon-bons or anything she may wish in our line, which is one of the best in in town, and true to our motto, "PRICES AS LOW AS POSSIBLE."

There is Positively no Advance in Prices

A Few Specialties for the Ladies

COTTON'S FAVORITE PERFUMES, selected with care especially for the Holidays, from 10c to $1.50 per bottle.

COTTON'S TALCOM POWDER, 10c, 15c and 20c per box.

GREETING

GROCERIES

Dates, Figs, Mixed Nuts, Oranges, Etc.,

White Grapes, Holly.

ENDLESS VARIETY OF

Christmas Novelties

and Christmas Tree Decorations. We will treat you well if you call at our busy store.

Candy Fresh for the Holidays.

Special Prices on High-Grade Goods

DAGGETT'S Popular Confectionery by box, pound or pail. Read the list and call.

Chocolate Cream, the best per lb.	40c
Assorted Candies, very fine, lb	30c
Walnut Flake, popular idea, lb	25c
Clear Candy Toys, lb	20c
Fresh Pop Corn Balls,	1c

Dilicious Box Confectionery, put up in handsome one-half pound, one and two pound boxes @ 25c to $1.50 per box. They are hard to beat. Quality Best.

Prices Tell.

Our Groceries

Are only the best grade and our prices are positively the lowest for first quality goods. If your are not already a customer of ours, we invite you to call and examine our goods and compare prices and we will convince you that this is the cheapest house to trade with in Emporium. If you are one of our customers we solicit a continuance of your patronage and we pledge ourselves to do all within our power in the future, to serve you with the best goods and service at the lowest possible figures.

We keep about everything to be found in an up-to-date grocery store and if you purchase one of our tickets and give us a trial we will not be sorryf but will be well pleased. See the fac-simile of our Ten Dollar Ticket with coupon attached, in left hand corner of this advertisement. With every $5.00 ticket you get a coupon worth 50c in trade at Geo. J. LaBar's Furniture Store, and with every $10.00 ticket, a coupon worth $1.00 at the same place.

In Cheese we have Cream, Switzer, Neuge Telle, Rocquefort.

—OUR MODEL—

Meat Market is conducted with care, it being our aim to serve our patrons with the best in the Meat line. We handle only Jacob Dold's meats, both fresh and salt. The reputation of this popular line of meats is of so high standard that we defy competition as to quality or even price. The best is the cheapest.

We endeavor to give our patrons the best goods and service and if there is any dissatisfaction on their part we would be pleased to have them make it known. We aim to please. Don't fail to make your kick known if you have one.

FAC-SIMILE OF $5 TICKET.

Save this Coupon. Its Good for

50c in Trade at

Geo. J. LaBar's

Furniture Store.

No.....

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 3 3 3 3 3 3

Good for Five Dollars in Trade

at The Up-to-Date Grocery

No..... CHAS. DIEHL, Proprietor.

25	25	25	25	50	50	50	50
5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10						

Call Early and select your Christmas Candies and Holiday Goods.

Our patrons will find our store in the front rank, ready to serve the people justly and fairly.

CHAS. DIEHL,

The Up-to-Date Grocer.

A Village Christmas

By FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

The wind calls down from a snowy hill,
A white vale answers in wintry glee;
The gray sky hovers forlorn and still,
And girds the night in its mystery.
But in the village streets far below,
The lights of Christmas are all aglow.

'Tis Chirstmas eve. There's a world of song
Beneath the roofs of the little town:
And Merry Heart leads the Christmas throng
And Thankful Heart to a feast sits down;
And Kindly Heart at the homestead door,
Gives, as of old, to his brother poor.

'Twas in a village, long years ago,
In Bethlehem that the Christ-child came.
What greater boon could His love bestow,
Dear village homes, of whatever name?
Ah, very fair is the long highway
To village places on Christmas Day.

The Story of the Christ Child

as told by Saint Luke.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field and keeping watch by night over their flock.

And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people. For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth Peace among men in whom He is well pleased.

And it came to pass when the angels went away from them into heaven the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that is come to pass which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in the manger.

And when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them, concerning this Child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the Shepherds.

SCAPEGOAT.

"Why should they tell us there is a Santa Claus, if there isn't?"

"Folks want some one to lay the blame on if you don't get the presents you wanted."—Chicago Daily Tribune.

A Christmas Game.

"Christmas candles" is a good old-time game. A lighted candle is placed upon a table. The player is blindfolded and stationed with his back to the candle, about a foot from it. He is then told to take three steps forward, turn around three times, then to walk four steps toward the candle and blow it out. His attempt to do so will probably be as amusing to the audience as disconcerting to himself.—Country Life in America.

His Surprise.

Mamma—What did you say, Johnny, when Uncle Hunks gave you a dollar for a Christmas present?

Johnny—Huh! I didn't say anything—I fell dead.—Judge.

HER GLIMPSE INTO THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

"She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand toward them, and the match went out."—From Andersen's "Little Match Seller."

The Christmas Story

By Charlotte Whitcomb

The robed and sandalled prophet stood
And prayed, 'neath Eastern skies,
God to reveal some coming good
To his dim and ageing eyes.
He spoke,
endowed with prophecy:
"Look ye! For war shall cease!
The Wonderful!
The Counselor!
Shall come as Prince of Peace!"

The weary years
rolled on apace,
The prophet's tongue
was stilled.
But 'neath the blue
Judean skies
His vision was fulfilled.—
What time the herald angels sang
Of love
that shall not cease,
And reverent kings
came bearing gifts
To One,
the Prince of Peace!

The kings, the shepherds
and their flocks,
The stall, the manger low,
Have,
like the prophet,
now become
A part of long ago:—
But the prophet's words, the angels' song
Ring on, and shall not cease,
For love on earth,
Good will to man
Came with the Prince of Peace!

HOUSEKEEPER

To Cook the Christmas Fowl

By LEON KIENTZ,
Chef at Rector's, New York.

Draw, singe and clean the turkey. Be sure to get out all the pin feathers. Then break the breast bone, remove it and fill the turkey with dressing. Sew up the skin underneath. Truss your turkey to give it a good shape. Then season it with salt and pepper.

Wrap it well in strong buttered paper and put it in a roasting pan. It may be garnished with sliced carrots, onions, celery, parsley, whole black peppers or cloves.

Let it cook in the oven for about two hours. Baste it often.

Before serving, unwrap the turkey from the paper, put it on a platter, which may be garnished with watercress if desired. Serve with cranberry sauce.

FOR CHESTNUT STUFFING. Chop up fine two pounds of lean fresh pork and one pound of fat pork. Season with salt and spices. Cook two pounds of chestnuts in beef stock and a little celery. When cooked mix the pork and the chestnuts together and add a little chopped parsley.

COOKING GOOSE OR DUCK. The goose or duck is prepared and cooked the same as the turkey, the only difference being in the stuffing. For goose or duck a stuffing of apple is preferable.

RECIPE FOR APPLE STUFFING. Steep two pounds of bread crumbs in milk, and when well soaked extract all the liquid; add three onions cut in small dice and fry colorless in butter with two slices of raw ham cut the same way; add four raw egg yolks, chopped celery leaves, parsley, thyme, sage, bay leaf, salt and pepper. When all are mixed together, add five apples cut in one inch dice and fill your goose with the stuffing.

His Worst Fear.

It was near Christmas, and little Jack had been behaving badly. His mother took him aside.

"Jack, why did you do that when I was out of the room? Don't you know that if I can't see you, God does?"

Jack looked grave and thoughtful.

"Well," he said, at length, "I hope if He did see me He won't tell Santa Claus."—Brooklyn Life.

Merely a Suggestion.

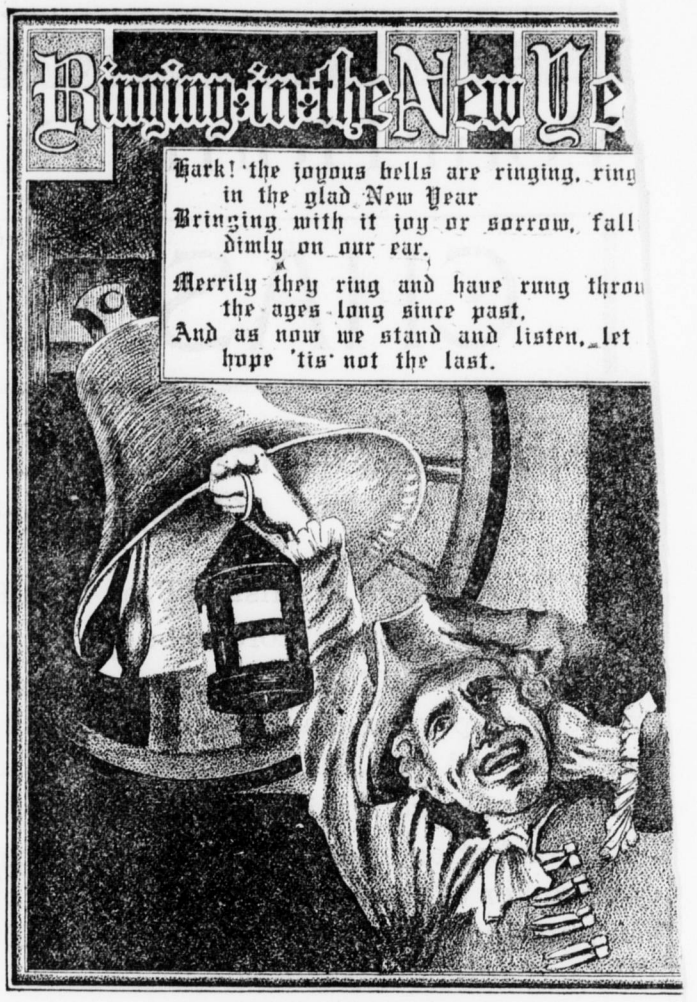
Dimmick—Is your mother-in-law at your house now?

Kickshaw—Yes, and I don't know what to get her for a Christmas present.

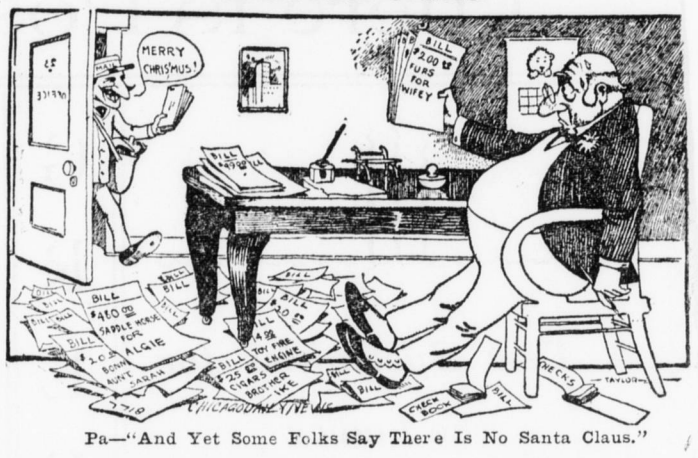
"She lives at Philadelphia, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Then why not buy her a ticket home?"


Ringing in the New Ye
Hark! the joyous bells are ringing, ring in the glad New Year
Bringing with it joy or sorrow, fall dimly on our ear.
Merrily they ring and have rung throu the ages long since past.
And as now we stand and listen, let hope 'tis not the last.

SEASONABLE SCENES.



Pa—"And Yet Some Folks Say There Is No Santa Claus."

His Fearful Blunder.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Gadsby?"

"Anywhere, to get out of town till it blows over."

"Till what blows over?"

"Hasn't anybody told you? I got my Christmas things mixed, and sent to Aunt Rachel, who lives next door to us, a shaving set I had intended for my nephew."

"That was awkward, but you can explain it."

"No, I can't. That's the worst of it. Aunt Rachel has a good deal more beard than the nephew has."—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Innocence.

The big city man had brought to his town home a little country wife.

"And what are you going to give the cook for a Christmas present?" he asked, jokingly.

"Why, a set of Browning," responded the bucolic rose.

"Browning? What in the world can she do with Browning?"

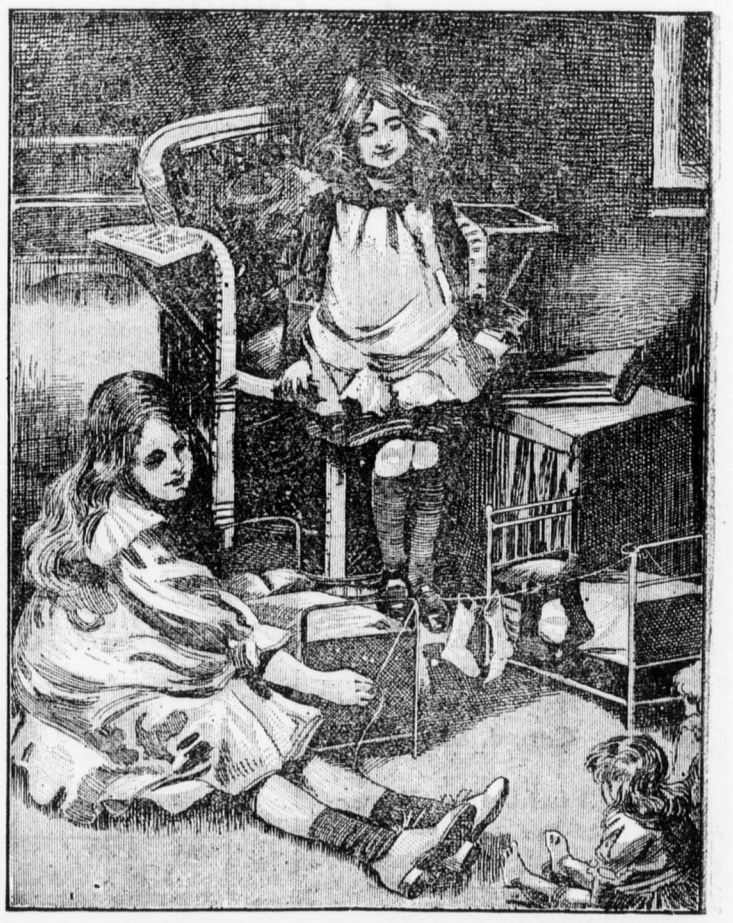
"Why, doesn't it teach how to brown steaks and fowls, dear?"—Chicago Daily News.

WISE.

Preacher—Well, maw, I just made a splendid arrangement with a shoe dealer.

His Wife—About what, Ezra?

Preacher—He has promised to buy all the slippers I get at Christmas at 50 cents a pair.—Detroit Free Press.



GETTING READY FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Hanging Up Their Dollies' Stockings.

ss Betty's ristmas Gift

By HOPE DARING

see! To-day is—yes, it is the ast two weeks from to-morrow nas!"

etty Dane, spinster, stood be- lendar which hung on her sit- n wall. She was a plump lit- an, upon whose face a faded sh still lingered. Her brown re shy, and the brown hair ack from her brow was threaded lver.

istmas!" she repeated, as she ack to her rocking chair. "I sup- Christian woman ought not to say thing, but I dread the day," and Betty wiped her eyes.

ught to be ashamed, and I am," ent on, rocking to and fro, "but eadful never to have a Christmas olks who have a family. Now I'm pining because I'm an old maid, never saw the man I'd think of, not ars, anyway," the dull pink in her s burned to crimson. "I haven't ative in this part of the country, am so shy and bashful that I never lose to people. Sometimes I envy e, women, I mean, who get the y, dainty gifts that love prompts." e sat a few minutes in silence, then ned her half-articulate murmur:

I was poor—I mean needy, for I ot rich—the church would send me

"YES, JACK, I AM BETTY DANE."

a basket Christmas morning. Well, I'm thankful that I don't need that, and I always give something to help fill the baskets as well as money for the Sunday school Christmas tree. Mrs. Deacon Green will send me a mince pie. She has done it every Christmas for ten years, and I always send her a plate of my crullers. I will send Mrs. Carpenter a chicken and a few other things; she will return an elaborate note of thanks, every line beginning with a capital letter. There's Niece Tillie. She never fails to send me the new baby's picture. On the rare years when there is no new baby she sends me a card. Such things are all well enough, but they don't mean—"

Miss Betty stopped, rose, and walked aimlessly into the adjoining dining-room. After a few moments she returned to her former position. A determined look was upon her face.

"I'll do it. Why shouldn't I? The day after to-morrow I'll go to the city, and I will buy dainty little things, such presents as a woman ought to have at Christmas. I will pretend to myself that they mean the love I am so slow learning to live without."

On the morning of the second day following Miss Dane left the village on the nine o'clock train. She did not return until four.

As she walked briskly homeward from the depot, her arms filled with packages, she was overtaken by Mrs. Hall.

"Why, lands sakes, Miss Betty! You don't mean to say as you've been to the city, do you? I didn't know as you was calculatin' on goin'."

"Well, I have been there," Miss Dane answered, a little defiantly.

"What'd you go for? You've got a new hat already, and your cloak was new last winter."

"I went to do some shopping."

"Land sakes! What'd you buy?"

Miss Betty threw back her head, her brown eyes staring straight ahead of her.

"I bought Christmas gifts. Good-by, Mrs. Hall," and, turning a corner, the half-frightened spinster hurried down a street that led directly to her own door.

Mrs. Hall looked after the plump little figure, baffled curiosity depicted on her face.

"Miss Betty is altogether too close-mouthed. It ain't becomin' to a woman as lives alone."

Miss Dane soon reached her own home. It was fast growing dark, and as she entered the sitting-room the gleam of the coal stove seemed like a welcome.

"I'm glad to be back, but I am not sorry I went," she thought as she carefully laid her parcels on the bed. "It is going to be a cold night. I'll start the fires in the dining-room and kitchen before I put these things away."

A little later she stood by the dresser, the shades lowered, and her purchases set out before her. After her usual fashion Miss Betty communed with herself:

"You were foolish, Betty Dane, to pay a dollar and a half for a china cup and saucer when you have more than two dozen of them now. But it is a beauty," touching the fragile porcelain with a caressing finger, "and there's nothing nicer to give a woman than china. There are two handkerchiefs. They are the sheerest, softest linen, and the embroidery is beautiful. I am not so sure about the book. The girl at the store said 'The Blue Flower' was one of the best-selling books of the season. But I did something worse than buying these things."

Miss Betty paused. Her eyes sparkled, and she trembled with excitement.

"You ordered two dozen red carnations sent up to yourself on Christmas eve. Yes, you did, Betty Dane. Well, I suppose you had a right to, only it's too bad there is no one else."

With a sigh she commenced her preparations for supper. The momentary depression passed as her mind dwelt upon her day's outing. When she sat down to her supper Miss Betty was at peace with all the world.

The table was spread with snowy linen, glistening silver and pretty china. There was a quaint, old-fashioned silver teapot of fragrant hyson, bread, a pat of yellow butter, creamed potatoes, thin slices of pink ham, a dish of blackberry jam, and a plate of rich dark fruit cake.

The windows of the dining-room faced the side street. In her abstraction Miss Betty had forgotten to lower the shades. She glanced that way nervously when the door bell rang.

When she opened the hall door the light from the lamp in her hand fell upon a fair girlish face framed round with sunny hair. Miss Betty recognized her caller as one of the teachers from the village school.

"Good evening, Miss Nesbit. Will you walk in?"

Florence Nesbit followed the mistress of the house to the sitting-room. As soon as she was within the room the girl began speaking:

"Oh, Miss Dane, my errand is a strange one! You know I am a stranger here, and I have been so homesick! I haven't any home—my mother went away from me a year ago. I looked in your window as I walked by. You looked so cozy and homelike, I just came in to ask you if would board me."

"Board you! Why, I never thought of taking boarders. What put it into your head?"

Florence's lips quivered. "Just because you were alone, like myself. I wouldn't be any trouble and—oh, Miss Dane, I could be so happy here with you?"

"Where do you board?"

"With Mrs. Elmer. There is to be a vacation of two weeks at the holidays, and I must stay there."

Miss Dane recalled what she knew of Mrs. Elmer's housekeeping and shuddered.

"You poor child! Of course you can come here. There is the other bedroom downstairs, always warm, and the place opposite me at table. Why, Miss Nesbit, I believe they have been waiting for you."

Florence threw both arms round the other's neck. "I can't thank you; there are no words to tell you what it means to me. I walked by your window three times before I could get courage enough to knock! Oh, you don't know how glad I am! It is like a beautiful Christmas present."

Miss Betty started, remembering her own longing for Christmas remembrances. Would not this girl's presence in the house be to her, in her loneliness, a gift that would partake of the Christmas spirit?

The days went by quickly. Much to Miss Betty's surprise she found herself busy with preparations for the coming holiday season.

There were the children in Florence's room. Miss Betty became almost as enthusiastic regarding the surprise planned for them as was the girl teacher. Then Miss Betty not only gave her usual contribution of money for the Sunday school tree, but she promised to go with Florence and help trim it. The basket for the church poor was filled to overflowing. To the one for Mrs. Carpenter Miss Betty added one of the handkerchiefs she had purchased for herself.

"I suppose it is foolish to send a woman in her circumstances such a nice one," she said, in a shame-faced way to Florence, "but women like—well, they like pretty gifts on Christmas."

Florence bent her sunny head and kissed Miss Betty. "It is dear instead of foolish. Why, Miss Betty, that is the Christmas spirit, giving the best."

The day before Christmas was clear and cold. There was no snow, but the earth lay brown and bare in the grasp of the frost king. Just as the shades of evening were beginning to fall Miss Betty emerged from the church where she had been all the afternoon.

"Come home to supper in an hour, dear," she called back to Florence, who stood in the doorway, her sunny head outlined against a mass of dusky evergreens. Florence nodded a smiling assent, and Miss Betty hurried on. She stopped for the mail and found a card from the express office. Calling there she received the package from the florist.

"I am so glad I ordered the carnations," Miss Dane said to herself. "Florence will be delighted with them. In the morning she shall take a few over to Miss Bliss, who is sick. I know Florence will be pleased with the cup and saucer. It seems almost Providential that I bought it, for she does love pretty china. And I'm glad I have that other handkerchief for our minister's wife. Mrs. Perry is a real lady, and she don't have any too many of the pretty things women like."

Miss Betty was home by that time. In a trice she had the stoves open and the kettle on. As she took the scarlet carnations from the box and inhaled their spicy fragrance, a gurgling laugh broke from her lips.

"What a dunce you were, Betty Dane, to go and buy yourself Christmas presents! Why, I have given them all away but the book, and I wish there were some one to whom I could give that. I have learned that the blessedness of Christmas in is giving, not in getting."

She soon had the coffee and the water for the oysters on the stove. As she brought a dish of salad from the pantry she heard the door bell ring.

Miss Dane went forward and opened the door. A man's voice asked:

"Is Miss Florence Nesbit in?"

"Miss Nesbit will be here in a few minutes. Will you walk in and wait for her?"

"Indeed I will, ma'am. I am the child's uncle, and I have just come home from a long stay abroad to find that my poor sister lost all her money before her death. The idea of Florence teaching school when I've more money than—Eh! Why, you are Betty Dane!"

Miss Betty looked up into the bronzed bearded face.

"Yes, Jack; I am Betty Dane!"

The man came a step nearer. "Betty, I was a hot-headed fool in the old days. You were right to throw me over and not to answer my letter, but it hurt. It hurts yet. Betty, for I have never ldveo any other woman."

The little spinster had grown very pale. Should she speak? It cost her a great effort to put aside her fatal shyness, but she did it.

"I never knew there was a letter, Jack; it did not reach me. I have been true to your memory all these years."

Florence came five minutes later. She found Miss Betty in the arms of her uncle, Jack Patterson. It took some time to explain matters. The delight of the girl almost equaled that of the elderly lovers.

It was while they were at supper that Miss Betty looked up to say:

"Oh! I am so glad I bought that book! You don't understand, Jack, but I've a Christmas present ready for you."

Mr. Patterson's eyes twinkled.

"That is fine. I am sorry, Betty, that I have nothing to offer you, nothing but love."

Glad tears dimmed Miss Betty's sight. Her heart's hunger was satisfied. The perfect human gift—the image of the Gift that brought Christmas to the world—was hers.—Washington Home Magazine.

Save Us from Our Friends.

Once upon a time a man who had experienced a prosperous year in business thought it would be a gracious thing to share his good fortune with his wife, so at Christmas he presented her with the finest diamond necklace he could purchase. When the neighbors saw it they set their heads together and decided that the man had made the gift for the purpose of keeping peace in the family. They wondered what his wife had caught him at, and each invented a bit of scandal to fit the case.

Moral—The easiest thing in this world is to be misunderstood.—J. J. O'Connell, in Town Topics.

A Christmas Nuisance.

Felice and I, we never meet
From one year's end unto another;
I seldom think of her, and she
Has precious little use for me,
Yet every Christmas we repeat
That awful gift-exchanging bother;
We're fettered to it, wrist and wrist,
Each has the other on her "list,"
And 'though we're both heart-sick of it,
We neither one would dare to quit.
—By Susie M. Best, in Town Topics.

Hard on Brown.

"Jones has it in for Brown and is planning an awful revenge upon him at Christmas."

"Going to send him an infernal machine?"

"No. He's going to give Brown's children a graphophone."—Denver Times.

Thoughtful.

"How kind of papa!"

"What's he sent?"

"A quantity of presents for baby, and on each are directions what to do if he makes himself sick with it! And here are the medicines, too!"—Brooklyn Life.

HIS CHRISTMAS "NIXIE."

The Experience of a Post Office Clerk at the Holiday Season.

The "Nixie" clerk—the one to whom goes all mail with insufficient or illegible addresses—took from his desk in a quiet corner of the post office a tiny, rumpled envelope.

"I never came across a Nixie that was addressed to anyone I knew except this one. Last Christmas the letters began to pile in as usual, addressed to Santa Claus. I reckon I get a hundred every year. On Christmas eve I was working late, and was very sad and lonely here in my corner. There was a great rush at the other windows of the office, and the mails were loaded with Christmas gifts and greetings. A merry crowd rushed through the corridors and laughter sounded all around, but a great shadow of sorrow rested over me, and my eyes burned as I bent over my work. Finally the messenger brought me the last few Nixies of the day, and laid them on my desk. I took up the first one mechanically. Attached to it was a note from Carrier No. 34:

"'This was given me by a little girl at 302 Walnut street.'

"My blood tingled when I read it, for that was my own home. The envelope was a small one, addressed to 'Santa Claus, North Pole.' I recognized my own little girl's cramped writing. I thought I had a right to open it, as I was her Santa Claus, although she did not know it. This is the letter."

He carefully spread it out, and held it up so it could be read.

"Dear Santa Claus: We are very sad at our home this year, and I don't want you to bring me anything. Little Charlie, my brother, went up to Heaven last week, and all I want you to do when you come to my house is to take his toys to him. I will leave them in the corner by the chimney, his hobby-horse, and train, and everything. He will be lost up in Heaven without them, specially his horse. He always enjoys riding it so much. So you just take them to him, and you needn't mind leaving anything to me. If you could give papa something that would make him stop crying all the time, it would be the best you could do for me. I hear him tell mamma that only eternity could cure him. Could you give him some of that? Be sure to take the things to Charlie, and I will be your good little girl. MARIAN."

In the silence that followed the reading of the letter the Nixie clerk put the tiny envelope back in his desk, says the Youth's Companion. When he did speak there was no sadness in his voice.

"Well, Santa Claus came and took the hobby-horse and the train and everything. If he did not take them to Charlie, he did the next best thing; he left them with a little fellow with a twisted leg at the Children's hospital. Whether old Santa Claus had any 'eternity' to give away or not, I do not know; but I do know that a little child gave me some faith that answered just as well."

USUAL MISFITS.

Fat Lady—Going to hang up your stocking, are you? What do you want in it?

Midget—I'm lookin' for an automobile. What are you?

Fat Lady—Oh, I'm hoping for a diamond ring.—Chicago Daily News.

FIXING CHRISTMAS DAY.

Why the Holiday Is Always Celebrated on the Twenty-Fifth of December.

There are no definite allusions in the writings of any of the disciples of Christ as to the date of His birth, nor has there ever been produced proof of any character as to the exact period in the year when Christ was born. There are, very true, occasional references to the event in the Scriptures, indicating that the nativity occurred in the winter season.

The institution of the anniversary dates back to the second century of Christendom, and it has been since uniformly celebrated by nearly all branches of the Christian church with appropriate rejoicings and ceremonies. The frequent, and somewhat heated, controversies, however, relative to the date of Christ's birth early in the fourth century led Pope Julius I. to order a thorough investigation of the subject by the learned theologians and historians of that period, which resulted in an agreement upon December 25, and that decision seemed to have so settled all disputes that that date was universally accepted except by the Greek church, says the American Queen. While this date was never changed, the reckoning of it is made according to the Gregorian calendar, which was adopted in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and upon which computations of time in nearly all civilized nations have since rested.

Christmas Adam.

Mamma—You have addressed your letter "Mr. Santa Claus Adam." Why did you put the Adam there, dear? That isn't Santa Claus' name.

Bobbie—Well, who is the Christmas Adam, then?

"What Christmas Adam? I never heard of one."

"There's a Christmas Eve, and there ought to be a Christmas Adam, I should think."—Kansas City Journal.

(Reprinted from the Woman's Home Companion, by Permission.)

The New Year raised her slender hand
For all the months to pass.
The prettiest little schoolma'am she
That ever looked into a glass,
Or waited, frowning anxiously,
To hear a little class.

"My dears," she said, "good Father Time,
Our well-beloved trustee,
Has come to visit us to-day,
And much would like to hear you say
Your lessons, just to see
If you have well-instructed been,
As little Months should be."
March nudged September; August sighed,
And April hid her face and cried,
The timid little creature!
"I'm sure you'll do your very best.
Come, January; then the rest
May follow," said the teacher.

Then out spoke Jan., a forward lad,
Wrapped in his muffler's scarlet plaid;
A perfect lesson, too, he had,
Correct from A to izzard;
How many snowballs to a pound?
Where best and longest slides are found?
How skating may be easiest learned?
And when a new leaf should be turned?
And how to make a blizzard?
Then, very proud, he took his place,

NOVEMBER AND FEBRUARY.

And August came, with glowing face,
And such a pretty dress on!

She, blushing, tried to tell how high
The mountains are that touch the sky;
How wide the fields, how deep the sea,
The lineage of every bumblebee;
Where four-leaved clovers—deary me!
She yawned until she could not see;
So warm, and, oh, so sleepy she!
How could she say her lesson?
Back, nodding to her seat she crept,
And drooped her curly head and slept.

Then, with a little bashful pause,
Sweet April came, and cried because
She couldn't quite remember
How many days to her belong,
Or where the bluebird learned his song!
December prompted, which was wrong;
But he was grieved, the gentle lad,
To see his little playmate sad;

And in her place, quite trim and neat,
With braided hair and slippered feet,
Came studious young September.
She knew her lesson like a book,
And said it off with serious look.
'Twas all of sunshine, cloud and haze,
And golden hours and shortening days,
And sheaves of gathered knowledge;
She spoke in French, of course, with ease,
In Hebrew and in Japanese,
In Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese;

MAY AND JUNE.

And "ologies" and "ographies"—
As much as any college
She seemed to know; but, bold and spry,
Ere she had done, with flashing eye
And martial air, out stepped July,
And pompously began to try
To say the "Declaration."
Before the opening words were out
He stopped and gave a sudden shout,
Flung up his cap into the air,
And yelled till 'twas enough to scare
Old Time himself; and from her chair
The teacher sprang with startled stare
And frown of consternation.

The little Months, delighted, clapped;
The Year for order sternly rapped,
And when the room was still once more,
Called out the children as before.

Alas, their wits were scattered!
They quite forgot they were at school;
They could not say a single rule,
Nor seemed to think it mattered.

October tore his book till, brown
And thick, the leaves came fluttering down;
And March chewed gum, I grieve to say,
And whistled in the rudest way;
And little rosy June and May
Just laughed and dimpled and looked sweet,
And danced about on airy feet,
And could not tell where daisies grew,
Or why the violets' eyes are blue!

AUGUST.

November bit an apple red,
And vowed, although he cocked his head
With manner brisk and perky
(You'll scarce believe me, but 'tis so),
What pie might be he did not know,
And never heard of turkey!
Then little Feb. began to jeer,
But though behind his rosy ear
A nice quill pen he carried,
He could not make a rhyme for "dove,"
Or spell a little word like "love;"
And while perplexed he tarried,
Last in the line December came,
And could not tell Kriss Kringle's name,
Or even—really 'twas a shame!—
The mission of a stocking!
The teacher turned away, a tear
Upon her cheek; did ever Year
Know anything so shocking!
"Alas, dear Father Time!" she cried,
"I fear you're scarcely satisfied!
But, as I hope you've noted,
The children are so young! And then
I must remind you once again,
They've all just been promoted,
And are not used as yet, you see,
In this new century class to be.
I'm sure they'll study harder now!"
"And if they don't"—upon his brow
A frown—"why, I can tell them,"
Said Father Time, "they'll have to go!
We cannot be disgraced, you know.
And though, of course, 'twill sadly mar
The beauty of our Calendar

SEPTEMBER.

So many Months to skip, if they
Can't learn their lessons, welladay,
We simply must expel them!"

At this the little Months, amazed,
Wide-eyed upon the teacher gazed;
Then to their places flying;
Picked up their books and went to work,
With not a pause for quip or quirk;
Their fingers in their ears, that so
No sound might reach them, to and fro
They rocked and buzzed until the room
Was like an orchard full of bloom
And thick with bees. The teacher smiled,
And Father Time was much beguiled—
He laughed instead of sighing;
And off they went and shut the door,
And left the little Months once more
To learn their tasks unruly;
And there they rocked and buzzed until,
For aught I know, they're buzzing still.
I hope they are, for, truly,
If they should fail again I fear
It would so grieve the little Year;
She'd be a very blue Year;
And as for us—for you and me—
With half the little Months in doubt
Just as to what they were about,
And all the holidays left out,
As you can very plainly see,
My little dears, 'twould hardly be
A very Happy New Year!

Christmas Charm.

The chief charm of Christmas is its simplicity. It is a festival that appeals to everyone, because everyone can understand it. A genuine fellowship pervades our common life—a fellowship whose source is our common share in the gift of the world's greatest life, which was given to the whole world.—A. R. Kimball.

SANTA CLAUS'

HEADQUARTERS AT

HARRY S. LLOYD'S.

Santa Claus Workshop

This is where I shall make my Headquarters every year

and Christmas Greeting.

Headquarters in the H. S. Lloyd Store, Holiday Season, 1904.

MY DEAR CHILD:—

I am glad to have you call at the Santa Claus Bazaar in H. S. LLOYD'S Store and have you enjoy the toys, dolls, games and other things that I am getting ready to take to good boys and girls for Christmas.

You will delight in seeing the many new toys that I have been able to make since last year. It has been hard work for me to get ready for all the children, there are so many of them, but I am sure that I have not missed a single one. Your names are all in my big book and you will find something from me when you awake Christmas morning.

I am going to make my headquarters in H. S. LLOYD'S Store every year and start from there when I hitch my reindeer to call at the home of every good boy and girl. I always find the best toys at LLOYD'S Store, and this year I have more presents than ever before.

I must now be getting ready for my Christmas trip, so good bye, and love to my little friends. From

Santa Claus.

OUR FANCY GOODS COUNTER.

ON THIS COUNTER WILL BE FOUND BOXES FOR THE BOUDOIR, MADE OF THE FINEST WOODS AND LEATHER, INCLUDING TOILETTE CASES, CIGAR AND COLLAR AND CUFF BOXES, HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE BOXES, JEWELRY BOXES, SHAVING SETS AND MILITARY BRUSH SETS, IN A VARIETY OF PRICES; ALSO MEN'S BILL ROLLS AND CARD CASES.

PICTURES

Framed and unframed, in many shapes and sizes. Our new line of Burnt wood, framed pictures are pretty and unique.

SUITABLE SPORTING GOODS.

including skates, guns, boxing gloves, foot-balls and striking bags.

CHINA.

Many styles of vaces, cups and saucers, fancy dishes and novelties such as mustard cups, ash receivers, match and tooth-pick receivers, pin trays, brush and comb trays, images, etc.

Gillette' Safety Razors, $5.00.

1905 DIARIES NOW READY.

Do You Know that You Don't Know

half what you ought to know about OUR BOOK DEPARTMENT? It comprises all the late novels of the year. Gift books for young and old in a variety of bindings. For boys—Henty, Alger, Optic and Cooper series. For girls—Meade, Carey and Sunny Corner series. Little Folks' books ranging in price from 5c to $1.00, including Buster Brown, Foxy Grandpa, Baby Ballads and Fairy Tales.

Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymnals.

STATIONERY.

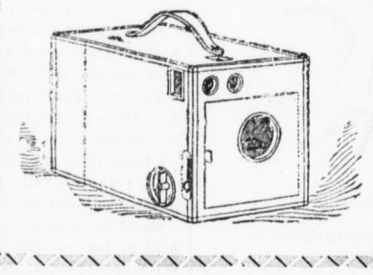
Box papers in immense assortment; attractive articles in holly and other pretty designs; these make ideal Christmas gifts, and prices range from 25c to $1.25.

Women's and Children's hand and wrist bags, the latest Persian and American designs, from 25c to $3.00.

A variety of music rolls, traveling cases and cigar cases.

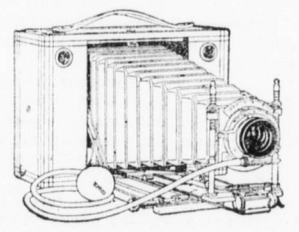
CHRISTMAS CANDY.

A large assortment of novelties in Holiday Confectionery in Foot Balls, Suit Cases, Kodaks and fancy boxes, all at low prices. Just a fresh lot of LOWNEY'S Chocolates and Bon Bons in ½lb and 1lb boxes. Also Daggett's and Headley's, in mixed candies, the famous Xmas Hand Candy and Clear Toys, all flavers 15c, 20c and 25c per pound.



Holidays are Kodak Days.

EASTMAN KODAKS $1.00, $2.00, $5.00, to $97.00



The Kodaker has all the delights that others have—and has pictures besides. And there's pleasure in the making as well as in the possessing of Kodak pictures.

Every step is simple now. No dark-room at any stage of the work, and better results than ever.

FINE LINE OF

Roig's Holiday Boxes of Cigars, $1.00 per Box.

ALSO NEW LINE OF FINE PIPES FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

...is ...stmas ...ick

...ere be any Christmas ...e?"
...man who spoke these ...ing along over a coun... he shivered as the ... the snowflakes about

... up my stocking on ...s in the days of yore," ... bent his head to the ... I try to forget that I ...nd happy and had a ...bout me? Tens of thou... ...ings will hang in the ...'s, and tens of thou... ... will be made happy.

...ered in his throat and ...s, and the toes peeping ...s shoes took on a deep... ...s only three days to ...e farmers were mark... ...fattest turkeys, geese ...e killed for the festive ... farmers' wives were ...in pies and cranberry ...ling as they thought of ...had hidden away.
...as and its happiness are ... sighed the man as he ...k to the storm for a mo... ...s breath. "It is my busi... ...d and suffer, to be hun... ...ed, to remember all the ...st and not to think of the ...ts sorrows, and I will be ...end. Perhaps when they ... frozen body on the high... ...rve the pitiful expression ... face they may smooth ...zled locks and wish they ...nd to me, and perhaps ...y use me for a Yule log in ... and joke about me as ...nd toasting their feet. It ... difference to me, howev...

...S YOUR NAME WILLIE?"

...e is no fat goose with sage ...for me, no pumpkin pie and ...es, no Santa Claus to drop a ...ch in my stock"—
...ur name Willie?" asked a ... his elbow.
... replied the wayfarer as he ...nd saw a man with a silver ... his breast and a club in his

...y Willie?"
...ame."
... come with me. Santa Claus ... something for you after all."
... followed the silver star to ...ge and was lodged in a house ...ll the windows were barred ... doors locked to keep burglars ...d early the next morning he ...ten before a benign looking old ...ho benignly asked:
... dear man, are you expecting ...g for Christmas?"
... a thing," was W. W.'s sad and ...ful reply.
... I have a little surprise for you. ...oing to give you three months in ...nd if that doesn't cure your ... I'll make it six next time. Re... ...he prisoner and see that he gets ... of ice water to drink."
... the man who thought the world ...gainst him did not get left after
A. B. LEWIS.

...oherds In Modern Bethlehem.

...n the greatest height in Bethle... ...a distant glimpse of even the ...erranean sea may be perceived ... clear, bright day. The strange ...w of the surroundings of Bethle... ...viewed from the town itself, as ...as from all the neighboring ...s, may have inspired in the ... shepherd King David some of ... inspiring psalms which have ... the comfort of the afflicted ...ghout all ages.
...a beautiful valley near Bethle... ...are the "fields of the shepherds" ...ered memory. These fields are ...used as pasture lands, and many ...ng David may be seen tending ...ock with the same care as the ...erds of yore. When he rests in a ... place during the sultry hours of ...ay the sheep gather around him ...chew the cud. If there happens ... a wounded one or a little weak ...e carries it on his shoulder or in ...ide bosom of his long white shirt.

FURNITURE!

5th ANNIVERSARY SALE

For Several Months We Have Been

PLANNING

To Make this Sale Greater Than our Past Sales.

We are now the

SOLE OCCUPANTS

Of the first floor of the Olmsted Block and have plenty of room to

Display our Great Stock

We will not resort to

Blow and Bluster,

but respectfully invite the people of this Town and County to

Visit Our Store

and compare prices and goods both in quantity and quality.

This year we omit quoting prices. Our goods are all marked in

PLAIN FIGURES

Something VERY UNUSUAL in this locality.

Thanking our friends who have stood so nobly by us during the past

Five Years

and again renewing our promise to endeavor to merit your FUTURE PATRONAGE.

We wish you all a

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

EMPORIUM FURNITURE COMPANY,
BERNARD EGAN, Mgr.

UNDERTAKING.

DURER AND LEONARDO.

Explanation of the Differences Between Their Work as Painters.

Durer was born a German, Leonardo an Italian. This sums up much of the difference between their work as painters. The Italian race, under its sunny skies, has an inborn love of beauty. The German, in a sterner climate—"How I shall freeze after this sun!" wrote Durer, during his stay in Italy, to a friend in Nuremberg—retains to this day the energy that carved its way through the vast forests of his country and some of the gloomy romance that haunted their dark shadows. The German spirit is characterized by a "combination of the wild and rugged with the homely and tender, by meditative depth, enigmatic gloom, sincerity and energy, by iron diligence and discipline." Very remarkable qualities these, and to be found in Durer's work, which is the reason that we describe him as being so representative of the Teutonic race.

But it was not only the difference of race that helped to mold the genius of these two men differently. Each was a manifestation of the "new birth" of art and learning that was spreading over Europe—Leonardo of the form of it which appeared in Italy and Durer of that which prevailed in Germany.—St. Nicholas.

SHAVING IS ANCIENT.

The Custom Was Probably Followed In Prehistoric Times.

It is not improbable that prehistoric man shaved, for curiously shaped shells and flint flakes have been discovered which have been supposed to be very ancient razors. In remote parts of China men have their chins scraped, without water or soap, by instruments very similar to these, and the men of the stone age would most likely find out at a very early stage that to leave hair upon their face was to give a useful handle to their enemies.

That, indeed, was the reason why Alexander the Great compelled his soldiers to shave, and his order is among the earliest definite instances of shaving upon record, although there can be no question that the practice existed long before his day.

The oldest Egyptian sculptures show some men clean shaven, and others partially so, with curled beards. It is recorded in Genesis that Joseph, when he went from prison to the presence of Pharaoh, about 1500 B. C., "shaved himself and changed his raiment."

Alexander's Palace.

The palace of Alexander the Great was an imposing structure in its time, and the wonder is that any vestige of it stands today. It was built in a manner much more substantial than that of today, though advocates of steel construction claim that the modern structure will defy time as long as any of those built by the ancients. Time alone will determine how much truth there is in this contention. On the Asiatic plain are the massive remnants of an ancient gateway fringed with weeds, and, vaguely knowing who he was, the natives tell that this is all that is left of the palace of Alexander.

The Patient's Idea.

Dr. Price-Price (diplomatically)—I don't know whether I sent you a statement of what—er—you owe me. Mr. Knox—Neither do I. Dr. Price-Price—Ah, you didn't get it then? I guess I didn't send you a statement. Mr. Knox—Oh, yes, but it looked more like a statement of what you think I possess.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Burning Mistake.

Bilkins—I never knew Cockshure to acknowledge that he had made a mistake. Pilkins—I did once. Bilkins—How did it happen? Pilkins—He put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Old Ocean's Joke.

"There's another bunch of bridal couples on that ship," remarked Father Neptune.

"Yes," replied the Atlantic ocean. "I'm being crossed in love pretty regularly these days."—Philadelphia Press.

Of the best society it used to be said its conversation affords instruction, while its silence imparts culture.—Goethe.

A Friendship Christmas.

Eustacia—What shall we do this Christmas?

Edmonia—You give me back all the things I've given you that you didn't like, and I'll give you all the things you gave me that I didn't like.—Detroit Free Press.

The Foresighted Shopper.

With Christmas near I'm not distressed
With thoughts of what to buy;
No gifts to seek, my soul's at rest—
I bought them last July.

Their Christmas Presents.

Papa—I am afraid that I shall not be able to get the children any Christmas presents this year.

Mamma—Oh, John!

Papa—Well, it isn't my fault. I have tried my very best to open their banks.—Brooklyn Life.

His Plaint.

The Christmas cynic's here again
To irritate the soul.
He says that he gets neckties when
He needs a ton of coal.

An Insuperable Objection.

"I would like to give myself to you as a Christmas present," said young Poore to Miss Rocks.

"Papa does not allow me to receive expensive presents from young men," replied the maiden.—Town Topics.

Vanishing Pomp.

How worldly pride kin pass away,
I's takin' foh my tex'.
What is a Christmas tree one day
Is kindlin' wood de nex'.
—Washington Star.

Let Her Pass.

The mistletoe above the door
Expectant swains were viewing.
A maid passed through, but she was more
Than thirty. Nothin' doing!
—Philadelphia Press.

PILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE Suppository

D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES CONSTIPATION.

We promptly obtain U. S. and For...

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to

C.A. SNOW & CO.
OPPOSITE U.S. PATENT OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

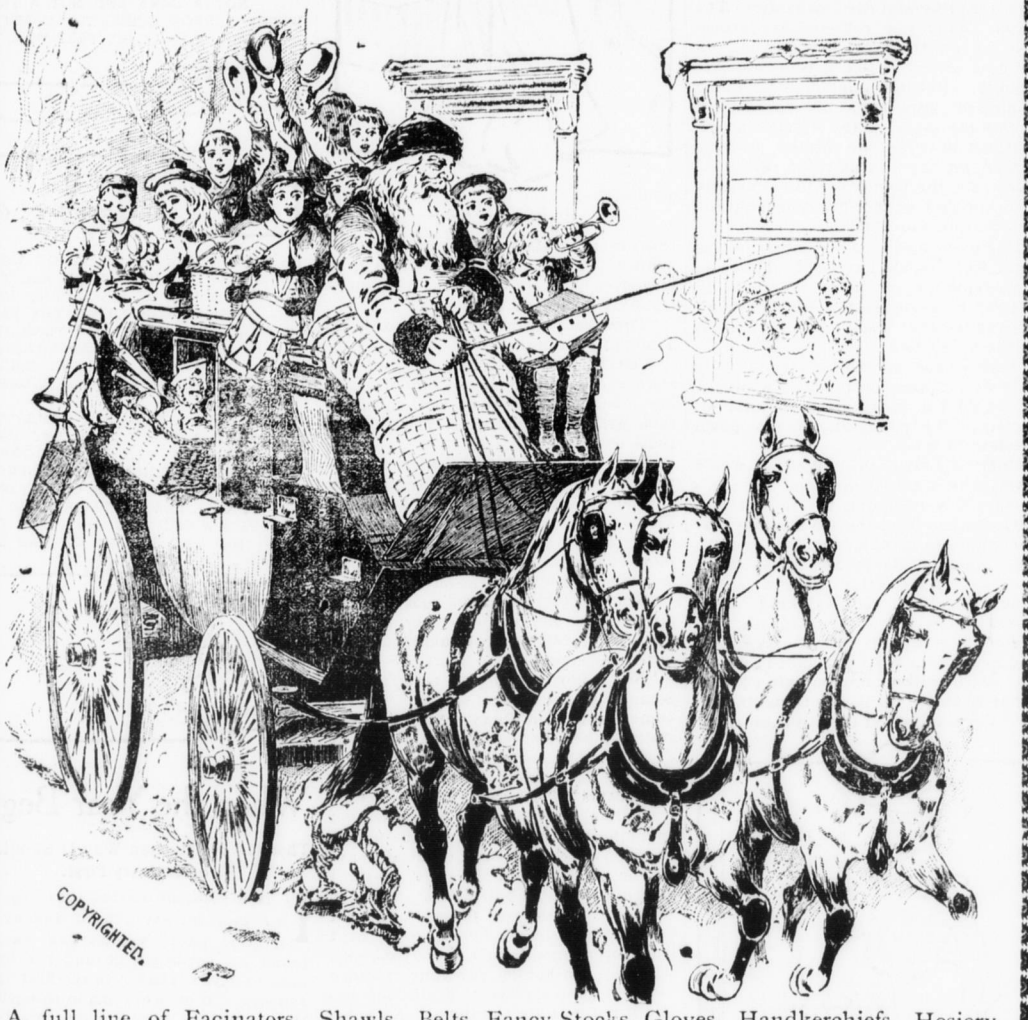
Our Gold Fish Offer.

This Globe, Two lovely Gold Fish, water plant and Pebbles—a complete Aquariam—usually sold for 75c is given away by the grocer with each and every pound of International Baking Powder, sold at 50c per pound by

E. M. EBERSOLE,
STERLING RUN, PA.

GO TO THE FAIR

FOR LADIES COATS, ALL STYLES, FURS, SUITS, SHIRT WAISTS AND SKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES AND COATS



A full line of Facinators, Shawls, Belts Fancy Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Sacques and Toques, Fancy Lamps, Gold Clocks, Gold Picture Frames, Gold Framed Mirrors and small Gold Novelties. Fine line of Cut-Glass, Silverware, Jewelry, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Toilet Articles. Fancy Goods of all descriptions in Baskets, Birch Bark, Celluloid and Stag Articles, Vases, Picture Books, Jardineres and Umbrella Stands. Umbrellas, all styles from 48c to $12.

The Largest Display of China Ever Shown in the County

THE FAIR STORE, H. A. Zarps & Co. Proprietors.

REMEMBER the store room next to JOHNSON & McNARNEY'S Law Office has been rented and stocked with a large assortment of goods.

Kodol DYSPEPSIA CURE

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT

The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.

PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF

E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Sold by R. C. Dodson, Druggist.

Laughlin Fountain Pen

IS THE PEER OF ALL PENS AND HAS NO EQUAL ANYWHERE.

FINEST GRADE 14K. GOLD PEN

YOUR CHOICE OF THESE TWO POPULAR STYLES FOR ONLY

$1.00

SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES AT $3

The Laughlin Fountain Pen Holder is made of finest quality hard rubber, is fitted with highest grade, large size, 14k. gold pen, of any desired flexibility, and has the only perfect feeding device known. Either style, richly gold mounted, for presentation purposes, $1.50. If not to be able to secure anything at three times the price that will give such continuous pleasure and service.

For Sale by

Harry S. Lloyd, Emporium, Pa.

A New Year's Call

By Manda L. Crocker.

"THINGS are seldom, if ever, just what they seem," modified Belle Farnsworth after her favorite author, "and people, never!"

Turning slowly around before the long mirror she noted the faultless reflection of the new tailor-made suit, but her thoughts were otherwise occupied.

"One must be positively hypocritical sometimes, I find," she continued, more leniently. "Now, for instance, I am to circulate, as the politician says, among the people of Hanover Square this afternoon, wishing them the joys of the New Year as if life was simply reflected Paradise. But the truth is, the cobwebs are thick in my sky and I have not the ambition to emulate the example of the old woman who went heavenward with her broom.

"O, if it were only cobwebs," she added, bitterly, "that obscured my sun, I would not hesitate to try the sweeping process; but—it's more!"

Miss Farnsworth had been delegated by her society to make New Year calls in her neighborhood and she had consented.

Anything was preferable to mope at home with Aunt Roxy on this especial day; the day she died—not the prosaic old auntie, but she, Miss Isabelle Farnsworth—for ever since she and Allan Druer had broken faith three years ago, she had considered herself "dead."

And he might as well be, for had he not left Cliff Point that very day, "forever," he vowed? And so far he had grimly kept his word.

With a sympathetic glance at the suspiciously solemn face in the glass, Miss Farnsworth adjusted the badge of the King's Daughters on the gray lappel and went thoughtfully downstairs. The blithe young year reflected his joyousness on all the faces she met and, in spite of herself Belle began to speculate happily. But the anniversary which "followed" came suddenly abreast of her as she mounted the steps of a pretentious brown stone cottage on the corner, for the fifth and last call.

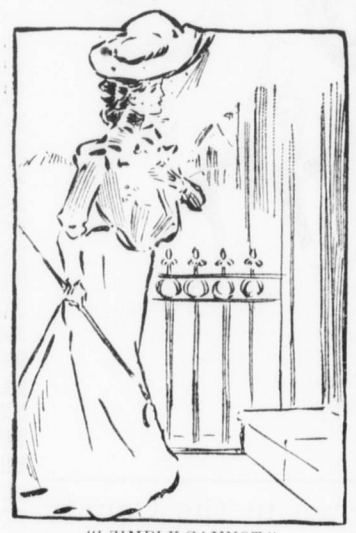
Lost for the moment in the unusually pleasant musing, her fingers sought the bell-pull unconsciously.

Her first call had been on "snobs," as Aunt Roxy would have said. They had bowed her in and bowed her out in dressed-up-icicle fashion, with a patronizing smirk that would have done credit to the king's fool.

Another call revealed a fat roly-poly lady who giggled continuously while she displayed her cheap diamonds and entertained the plain tailor-made gown condescendingly.

But the fourth call: Well! it would always be a bright spot on the anniversary. A little old lady in soft, velvety costume drew her to a sunny corner where an invalid daughter lay smiling a genuine "Happy New Year" in her welcome. As the thin fingers closed over the caller's hand a long silent chord somewhere in the dead heart vibrated in harmony with the greeting; and Miss Farnsworth concluded that she was not a walking mummy after all.

Far from it; the King's Daughter felt like shutting herself in with these other



"I SIMPLY CANNOT."

daughters of the king for the rest of the day. But she meant to go back, for they had most cordially invited her.

Yes; and her fingers closed mechanically over the silver knob of the brown stone cottage, but—she did not ring!

A painful awakening ran over her, bringing up at her "dead" (?) heart with a desperate grip.

"I cannot do it," she said, staring hard at the handsomely-lettered plate; "I simply cannot; it is impossible!"

She could have manufactured a dozen plausible reasons for the omission, but she could not go beyond that gold and blue lettered plate gleaming above the bell handle. Putting her hands out blindly she turned back to the seven broad stone steps, the way of escape.

Had she followed him, or had he followed her to North Adams?

If he had followed her was it because he still cared? Or was he married to another and she stumbling on to the fact in this cruel manner? She could settle the whole matter by turning back; but that were impossible to-day, at least.

Across the clear sunny air of the New Year's day came the old familiar words: "I shall always carry your image in my heart, Belle; no matter what has come between us." Like a mysterious revelation came a response from the inner sanctuary and she knew that Allan Druer had hidden more than the "image;" it was her very life, and that was why she was "dead."

For a moment it came to her that he was still true to the "image" and that there might be a blessed resurrection in North Adams.

An answering impulse went to her heart like old wine and she hurried homeward dazed with the possible outcome of the call she did not make.

Some one looked from an upper window in the brown stone cottage as Miss Farnsworth fairly flew out into the street; carelessly glancing at first, then scrutinizing the supple figure in gray.

The next minute he was out on the pavement, but the tailor-made gown had vanished around the corner.

Quickening his pace he saw the girl ascending the steps of a humble cottage, third from the angle.

"Making New Year calls?" he cogitated, "but she did not ring at the Druers'. No wonder; poor little girl!"

Instead of waiting to be received, however, he noticed that she went right in and closed the door behind her unceremoniously. Miss Farnsworth was at home.

Aunt Roxy was snoozing in her easy chair near the fire, when Belle peeped into the parlor, so retreating on tiptoe she went upstairs with a far-away look in her shining eyes.

"I believe I am alive!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, to the dimples in the mirror, "and I am sure he has the image still intact."

Removing her wraps the new old Miss Farnsworth settled herself before

TURNING SLOWLY BEFORE THE LONG MIRROR.

the cheery grate in a contented little heap to dream over again those first treasured chapters before the misunderstanding folded them in.

"Turn backward, turn backward, O, Time, in your flight!"

Writing material and a heap of unanswered greetings lay on the desk at her elbow, and the pen bristled in its rack with impatient waiting; still Miss Belle dreamed on.

"Here's a letter for you, Niece Farnsworth." Aunt Roxy had toiled upstairs and pushed open the door as she spoke. There were no preliminaries with the blunt old lady and she omitted the common courtesy of tapping on the panel, as useless, "seeing it was only Belle."

"Not by the postman," queried the girl, a rose color suffusing her anxious face; but luckily the old auntie did not notice the signal of the heart.

"No; a boy brought it a moment ago. Some business of the society, I presume," and Aunt Roxy waddled downstairs to her cozy corner again without even a suspicion of the purport of the message that could not wait to put in its appearance in the conventional way.

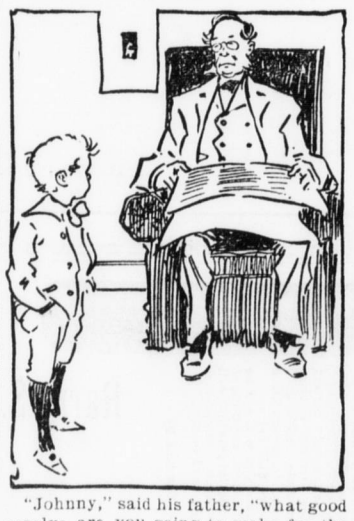
Hurriedly opening the cream-tinted envelope with its gold and blue monogram on the corner, Belle thanked Heaven for once that her aunt's eyesight was none of the best; then she read: "Dearest, I saw you to-day. The old love is warm in my heart; and I want your forgiveness, and the old-time confidence. Am hungry for your presence—would have starved to death long ago had it not been for the image. Am coming to see you this evening; going to make a New Year's call. Allan."

"Things are better than they have seemed for a long time," again modified Miss Farnsworth, folding the gold and blue monogram over her delighted heart, "and people aren't so bad after all!"

That night as the happy stars looked down over the rim of the new cycle and winked at some millions of crisp resolutions going up to the Recording Angel, Belle Farnsworth, very much alive, watched her lover out of sight around the corner, humming softly in her old-fashionel way.

"One is not obliged to be hypocritical after all, I find," she whispered to the beaming cupid hovering near, "and my New Year calls turned out lovely in spite of everything."

THE WISDOM OF JOHNNY.

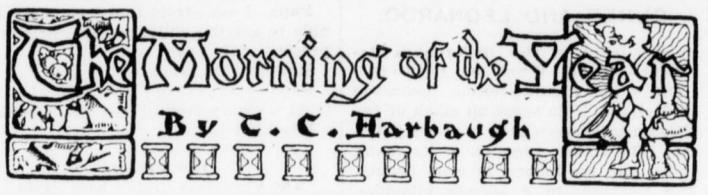


"Johnny," said his father, "what good resolve are you going to make for the new year?"

"Well, I'm not goin' to fight with Tommy Jones any more," replied Johnny.

"I'm glad to hear that," said the father; "but how did you come to make that resolve?"

"'Cause I always get licked," was the answer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

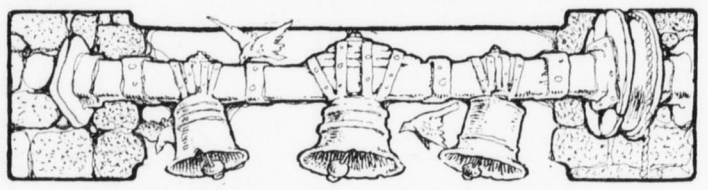


TO THE EAGER, WAITING NATIONS COMES THE MORNING OF THE YEAR
FROM THE GLORY OF THE ORIENT AFAR,
WITH GLAD BELLS ALL A-RINGING OUT THE SORROW AND THE TEAR,
AND IN THE HALLOWED LIKENESS OF A STAR;
WITH ONE-HALF THE OLD WORLD SLEEPING 'NEATH ITS COVERING OF WHITE,
IN THE STARLIGHT OF THE MORNING ON THE MOOR.
HIS LITTLE HANDS HAVE BACKWARD ROLLED THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT
AND HE STANDS, A CHILD OF WELCOME, AT THE DOOR.

YOU CAN HEAR THE BELLS A-RINGING IN EARTH'S NEWEST JUBILEE
WHERE THE ORANGE TREES ARE WAVING IN THE SUN,
FOR THE NEW YEAR THROWS HIS SMILES UPON THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SEA
AND UPON THE GOLDEN RIVERS AS THEY RUN;
THE LILY BLOOMS IN BEAUTY IN THE EVER SHADELESS CLIME,
BY THE NEW YEAR'S HANDS UNFOLDED IN THE MORN,
AND ACROSS THE TOSSING OCEAN YOU CAN HEAR THE SWEET BELLS CHIME
AS FOR EVERY HEART AN ERA NEW IS BORN.

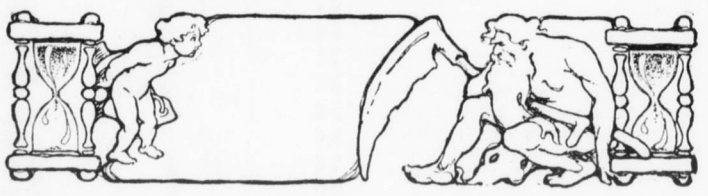
HAIL THE GUEST THAT COMES A-SMILING DOWN THE PATHWAY OF THE STARS,
IN THE HEAVEN-GIRDLED BEAUTY OF HIS BIRTH,
NOT A JOY AMONG THE PEOPLE NOW HIS HAPPY COMING MARS,
FOR HE BRINGETH LOVE AND PEACE TO ALL THE EARTH:
THE OLD YEAR, BENT AND HOARY, SLOWLY FLITS ACROSS THE SNOW,
WITH A WISTFUL LOOK BEHIND HIM EVEN NOW;
AND HE SIGHS TO SEE THE NEW YEAR IN HIS BEAUTY AND HIS GLOW
WITH THE HOLY BEAMS OF MORNING ON HIS BROW.

OPEN THROWN BE EVERY PORTAL TO THE YEAR'S INITIAL GUEST,
FOR TO US HE GENTLY COMES TO BIDE A-WEE;
WELCOME HIM AMONG THE VALLEYS, GREET HIM ON THE MOUNTAIN CREST,
RING THE FAIR BELLS FOR HIS COMING ON THE SEA:
HIS HANDS ARE FILLED WITH BLESSINGS FOR THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH
NOT A CARE AND NOT A TROUBLE YET HE KNOWS,
WHERE SORROW SEEMS TO LINGER HE WILL SET THE SEAL OF MIRTH,
AND 'NEATH HIS FEET WILL BLOOM A FAIRER ROSE.



LOUDER SOUND THE BELLS OF WELCOME, LET THE ANTHEMS FLOAT AFAR
TILL THE HEARTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE LIFT THE STRAIN,
LET THE MUSIC OF HIS COMING REACH THE LOVE-LAND OF THE STAR
AND BE ECHOED ON THE FAR CELESTIAL PLAIN;
HE COMES, THE BABY NEW YEAR, IN HABILIMENTS OF WHITE,
FAIR AND FRESH AS NATURE'S EVER DEWY MORN,
WITH THE WORLD'S BELLS RINGING CLEARLY IN THE SOFT AND SACRED NIGHT
THAT USHERS IN TIME'S NEWEST, FAIREST BORN.

BIDE WITH US, O DAINTY COMER, TILL THE SNOW IS ON THY HAIR
AND A STAFF IS IN THY HAND FOR JOURNEY FAR—
TILL AGAIN WE WAIT TO WELCOME FROM THE EAST ANOTHER YEAR
AND NO LONGER GLOWS FOR THEE THE MORNING STAR;
COME INTO THE HEARTS OF GLADNESS THAT HAVE WAITED FOR THEE LONG,
BRING THE HAPPINESS AND PEACE THAT ALL SHOULD KNOW,
AND THE WORLD WILL HAIL THY COMING WITH A GRAND, IMMORTAL SONG
'MID THE FALLING OF THE SOFT AND FLEECY SNOW.



When the Year Begins

There Is No Reason Why It Should Be on January First.

IT is a common saying that "there is a reason for everything, and usually a good one;" yet no one has yet found any sensible ground for beginning the New Year with the first day of January. If it were made to occur in March, as the old Romans placed it, there might be sense in it. It would be the more reasonable if it began March 22, the vernal equinox, or at the autumno-vernal equinox (September 22); or June 22, or December 22. Excellent astronomical reasons could be assigned for such a reckoning.

Higher civilization is in the northern hemisphere; yet January in this part of the world is a season of cold and snow or chill and rain. It is a season when moving is not only inconvenient, but next to impossible. It is a time of the beginning of nothing, coming ten days after the winter solstice and 70 days before the spring equinox.

The day was chosen, probably, upon the assumption that any time is good enough for a general starting point, provided everybody agrees to it, and it will probably have to go at that. It is queer, though, that in setting back the beginning of the year two months, the names September, October, November and December should have been suffered to remain. These were, as their origin implies, the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months when the year began with March, but now that January is first, they are the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth months, respectively. Consequently they are decided misnomers.

Yet there is no use of finding fault, where no amount of it will correct the blunder complained of. It has been made and stuck down a mile-post of time by all the civilized nations, and no profane hand will be suffered to pull it up and set it forward. It has been hallowed by usage, and must be and abide until the coming of another civilization.

Whatever its origin or causes, the day brings in with it thoughts and associations that should prove serious to the reflective mind. Unerringly as the clock records the passing minutes and hours, the New Year writes down the passage of the years as they come and go. The birth of the new is the death of the old year. It proclaims that the past is gone and cannot be resurrected. That time which was lost in it can never be regained; that follies committed, that sins indulged, that vices practiced, while past, have left their impress upon mind and character. It tells of good deeds that will never die, of manly actions, of heroic suffering for the right. All of these are in the dead past, irrevocable, and useful only as the good done has made better and stronger the character, and evil done has made one less fitted to meet the duties and responsibilities of the hour.

The New Year suggests the beginning of things. It is a time of good remorse or sorrow for the past, and of good resolutions for the future. The trouble is that too many good resolutions are made in this first day of the year and too many of them are broken. It may be well to purpose to do; but it is far better to do and to hold fast. Broken promises, whether made to self or to others, tend to lower character and render one more fertile in pledges to do, because of the very ease of breaking them.

The New Year is a time with business men for casting up accounts. They figure out losses and gains for the year that is past, and upon the result lay plans for the year just begun. Here is serious work in which there can be no self-deception, no false hopes and no false pledges. Business is made up of fact, of work, of energy, of will. It will stand no false estimates and will not delude itself with idle fancies.

"The king is dead; live the king." The year is dead; live the year. The old year is gone; the new year is on. And so go on our lives, made up of years, or many or few, as the case may be, each one bringing us nearer to the shores of that sea which is shoreless and that country in which time is not reckoned.

With the saddening and subduing reflections come those of cheer and good feeling, and we greet our friends with a "Happy New Year"—happy, it may prove, if past errors and follies are corrected and each one lives, with brave heart, in the light that is given him.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Sure of a Call.

Newitt—It seems the old custom of making New Year's calls has died out altogether.

Borroughs—Not altogether. Our friend Markley will surely make one on me this year. A three months' note I gave him will fall due on that day.—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Ready.

"It seems to me," remarked the frank friend, "that you are hitting a pace that is a little too swift."

"Not at all, not at all," replied the youth. "I am merely arranging for a suitable case of remorse to strengthen me in my usual New Year's resolution."—Chicago Post.

A New Year's Prospectus.

We'll make good resolutions
Just as in seasons past,
With the usual understanding—
"Not guaranteed to last."
—Washington Star.

One New Year's Day

By Elisa Armstrong Bengough.

"GOOD morning, Mrs. Smithson. Did you have a pleasant New Year's day?"

"Well, No, Mrs. Nayber, to tell the truth, I didn't. You see, Mr. Smithson and I concluded we would not spend the day with his family, as usual. We thought we would remain cozily at home and have a nice long talk. Since he has been kept so close at the office and I have been out so much, we don't seem to see nearly as much of each other as we used, and New Year's day seemed just the time to get acquainted all over again.

"Well, after breakfast, we sat cozily by the fire to have a nice long talk about our plans for the coming year. I just took up the paper to glance at the advertisements for the next day, and he went looking for his pipe—you know he is miserable without it—and he couldn't remember where he had left it the night before. Suddenly an idea came to me. New Year's day is the time to give up bad habits; now, isn't it? At any rate, I felt it ought to be, and I told Mr. Smithson he smoked too much; he admitted that he did. 'It is a bad habit,' I told him, 'dirty, expensive and injurious to health.' He admitted that it was. 'Then, why not give it up, to-day, and

GAVE ME TWENTY DOLLARS.

make a good beginning for the year?' He refused at first to listen, but finally said he'd do it. It would be a good chance, he said, to show his strength of will, and, anyhow, it was only an ideal!"

"Of course, you applauded that!"

"I did, and he went off, delighted to count up how much he would save during the year by not smoking. As for me, I improved the time by making notes of the bargains advertised in the papers and mapping out a shopping tour for the next day which would keep me until six o'clock and bring me home exhausted. Mr. Smithson didn't come back for two hours and when he did, he was cross. I tried to interest him in the advertisements, when he suddenly turned on me, saying that I spent more time and money, as well as wasting more health, on bargain hunting than he did on tobacco, and if he could give up the one, he thought I could give up the other!"

"Oh, but that was different!"

"Indeed it was, and so I told him, but he wouldn't listen. He said I was in the habit of spending five dollars' worth of time to save five cents in money. He reminded me that I had a quantity of things put away upstairs which I had bought because they were cheap and which I could never use; he proved that many bargains had shown themselves dear and said I could save more money by remaining at home and seeing to the house. When I demurred, he quoted my own arguments in regard to smoking, until I got mad, said I had as much strength of mind as he had and I wouldn't buy a bargain for a year!"

"Oh, gracious, but how can you—"

"Well, everything went wrong that day. Mr. Smithson was cross and criticised the dinner until the girl got mad. Mrs. Trotter came in and told me that Blank was to have a bargain sale in curtains—I needed curtains for the bedrooms. My sister came in with a new boa, bought at a bargain, and told me I could get its mate. Going into the parlor for one more peep at Blank's advertisement I found Mr. Smithson chewing the stem of his empty pipe!"

"It's too bad; I'm on my way to a ribbon sale now, and I thought you—"

"Wait till I get my wraps. You see, the next morning I thought I'd just run downtown to merely look at the sales, and I went into the parlor before breakfast to tell Mr. Smithson. I found him smoking. He looked foolish for a moment, then gave me $20 and asked me if I didn't want to go shopping. Where did you say the ribbon sale is?"

ITS FINISH.

Pilltop—Did that affair of old Gotrox and Miss Gushie's end with a tie?

Miss Smart—Yes, with the speckled red tie she gave him for a Christmas present.—Chicago News.

Two Su

By Eliza B.

"THE last day makes a fel reminiscent, the man at the roll top case of homesickness brought on by encoura

"I lived in Chicago some reason or other I old farm for five years folks made an annual made them enjoy it. clock announced the was sitting in a hotel of traveling men. Ev had been a farmer's bo telling stories. We spol swimming, forgetting chores, and the intervie we came home late for felt our hair to see if i lived over orchard ralc ring to the painful mer waited in the dark, whe at the window. We r sweetness of stolen melo what happened when complained of us next d we were all homesick.

"Then a fellow from spoke of the holidays on thought of the old folks my throat the size of a Why, I hadn't written hor and hadn't spent New Y since I came to the city. solved to go home and The man from North D. two cents he'd go with know my mother, but he and he'd risk his welcon him two cents.

"We could make it if we o'clock train in the morn would bring us home wh were lit and the smell of su at the back door. The ma Dakota hoped they'd have s apple sauce and hot biscu it cured his dyspepsia to th

"Before I slept I wired Jim, who lived three miles place, to meet us at the sta ting the old folks know.

"It was snowing when we that only made it seem mo Year's. It snowed all day a kept losing time; but I onl waiting at the station. the home supper and ate ir car. It was nine when we the station master, a strai seen Jim! There was no traveling man offered us a cross roads. The man from kota hoped the old folks ha bed; I knew they had. It from the cross roads than I th stopped talking, as we through the snow. But, any going home for New Year's!

"There was no light when in, and I hoped pa had not c fire too carefully. I meant a few things next day, but was at home! I knocked and the window to go up and to voice when I shouted, but came. I knocked again; the turns knocking.

"It seemed an hour before voice above told us its owner w

SAID I WASN'T ED.

also that the dog was loose. T arrived just then; he was a st and seemed to have a double set o The man was a new hired han said I wasn't Ed, because the old had gone to Chicago to spend Year's with him. He backed opinion with a gun which looked as a howitzer in the starlight.

"The man from North Dakota gested we go to Jim's. It was the est three miles I ever walked. was at home; he hadn't got my gram. His wife had gone with th folks to surprise me. There was no to eat in the house except some potatoes and a jug of molasses, an fire was out.

"The next time I go home for Year's I'll wait till pa writes; he'll me at the station!"

A New Tack.

"Do you intend to swear off this ye

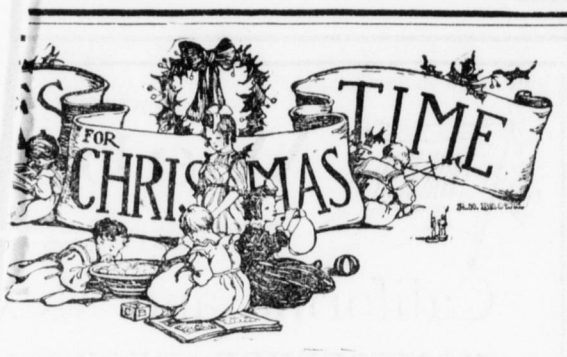
"No. I'm going to try a new sch I'm going to see if by attending a more strictly to business I can't enough to afford the things I've been ing to swear off on in the past."—cago Record-Herald.

Make New Resolves.

Because resolves of other years
Have fallen by the way
And for the new leaf you have fears
It won't keep white till May,
Don't hesitate new paths to seek
Lest you should take a fall,
For if you're only good a week,
Why, that beats none at all.
—Chicago Daily News.

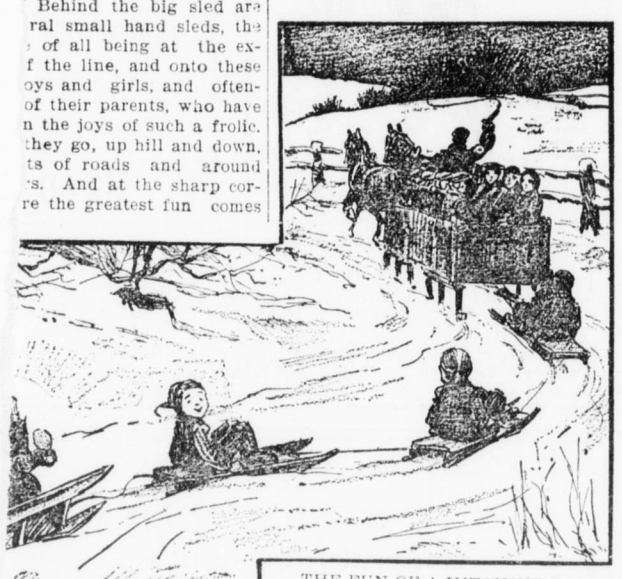
Might Avert Trouble.

Jaggs (returning home)—Wish wash Shanta Claus, an' could get down the chimney.—Brooklyn Life.



old farm home rush
nd grandchildren for
nas time. Truly it is
.son of all the year,
nd sisters and cousins
ma's for the holidays.
a city and village and
andfather meets the
s each party as it ar-
farm in the great bob-
best team, and that is
re of the Christmas
ier, the second, as the
s been the first.

many of them, are
practically so, to each
ake the family party a
ust be entertained in a
et them thoroughly ac-
grandmother and grand-
ess and host, must pro-
nent of a sort that will
s. At the same time the
must recall the old
the elders, so what is
iate than the old farm
ever new. There must
for every minute of the
to prevent the forma-
that would breed antag-
the various sets of cou-
e must be enough of
p all interested.
takes hold of the ar-
or the out-door games.
hings, there must be a
y, for the children from
v none of its pleasures
ig bob-sled comes into
o its commodious box are
e wee mites of the party,
ndance of hay and warm
Behind the big sled are
ral small hand sleds, the
of all being at the ex-
f the line, and onto these
oys and girls, and often-
of their parents, who have
n the joys of such a frolic.
they go, up hill and down,
ts of roads and around
's. And at the sharp cor-
re the greatest fun comes



THE FUN OF A HITCHING PARTY.

with the horses going at a good
he small sled at the end of the
almost sure to upset and spill
ants into the drifts beside the
o be sure, all will want the
id excitement of riding on that
, and to avoid controversy
ther must have arranged a
so as to give each one a
at it, and must try to be im-
n the spilling of them into the
ifts.

er amusement that grandfath-
take charge of might be called
unt, only there is no fox, and
il must be marked by bits of pa-
ttered along. If the snow is
is not practical to make the
o long, or into the deep drifts,
ould follow marked paths, but
he snow is not deep it may go
ere about the farm. The hunt-
st follow the trail by the bits of
ed paper, and at the goal there
be a little prize for the winner,
not one of sufficient value to
he less fortunate ones feel badly
having won.

ourse grandfather and grand-
will have little presents for all
ildren, and it adds to the interest
e a Christmas tree for them, but
ne of the ordinary sort that is
in the parlor. Instead, if the
er is not too severe, it should be
doors, and any orchard or shade
hat is not too high may serve as
egulation evergreen. If night is
n as the time for the Christmas
estivities, a few lanterns may
the purpose of candles, and the
en should climb the ladder in
of their own presents. Of
e the boys, as the better climbers,
d be made to climb the higher
for their presents.

grandmother's part, inside the
there are many games in which
n engage. The games should be
le, so that they may be readily
stood. The old-fashioned coun-
ames are by far the best for such
casion.

ndman's buff needs no explana-
and is a jolly way in which to
an hour's time, but cannot be
inued too long, or the children will tire of it. Another game that is less noisy is blindman's wand, in which the parties playing form a circle about the one who is blindfolded. The blindfolded one has a cane or small stick, and after the others have circled about him to the accompaniment of any well known song, he points his wand at one in the circle and imitates the noise made by some animal. The one pointed to must repeat the noise, disguising his voice so that he may not be known. Three times may the test be repeated, imitating a different animal each time. If at the end of the three tests the blindfolded one is still undecided as to who he is pointing to he may run his wand over him and find out in that way, if possible. If he guesses who it is places are exchanged and the game begins over again.

Christmas candles sound Christmasy, and will be remembered by the elders as one of the pleasures of long ago. A lighted candle is placed upon a small table, when one person is blindfolded and stationed with his back to the candle, and close to it. He is then to take four steps forward, turn around three times and return and blow out the candle. Simple as the game is, it will afford amusement for an hour on Christmas eve.

If grandfather wishes to provide something especially for the boys, and has a big barn, he can get up a series of races, at which the girls will be interested spectators. A three legged race, in which the legs of two contestants are tied together, will be exceedingly funny, especially to the onlookers. Another is a sack race, in which the contestants are encased from the waist down, or, if the sacks are long enough, from the neck down. Thus prepared, they are given a certain distance to go, and are prepared to cover the distance in any way they can quickest, as, for example, jumping or rolling. A potato race, or an egg race, is yet another game which will furnish great amusement. In these there is laid out on the barn floor a row of potatoes or eggs for each contestant, and these must b carried one at a time and deposited in a basket or box. In case of eggs being used the breaking of one of them loses the race. The boys will also enjoy a pig race. For the purpose a pig for each boy should be released in a room in the barn, and the boys be given each a designated pig to catch. It may be hard on the pigs, but it will be great sport for the boys and the audience.

Christmas night in the house is the gayest time of all the holiday season. Grandmother has prepared for it, and the last trace of embarrassment has worn away from the shyest of the youngsters. "Bob apple" is a good beginning for the evening. Place a number of apples in a bowl of water and let each have a try at catching one of them by the stem with their teeth. Wet faces and soiled dresses will be fully compensated for in the amount of fun that is had. Later, a hunt through grandomther's garret will provide the necessaries for Christmas mummers, in which old Father Christmas leads the revellers, composed of such characters as Dame Plum Pudding, Sir Loin of Beef, Miss Pumpkin Pie, etc. Charades and shadow shows follow in rapid succession, and then, as a climax, comes a Virginia reel, in which old and young participate. Then the singing of a Christmas carol, and the happy guests are off to bed and pleasant dreams.

When grandfather's big sled carries them back to the trains that are to distribute them to their far-away homes they will vote this the merriest Christmas of all they have had, and grandfather and grandmother will wish that Christmas might last throughout all the year.

A Costly Experiment.

Crawford—Instead of buying you a Christmas present, why don't you have your wife make you something with her own hands?

Crabshaw—Can't afford it. She once made me a one-dollar-forty-nine-cent smoking jacket, and the materials she bought cost me the least part of a ten-spot.—Judge.

THE SPIDER'S WEB

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE

The Christmas tree has by no means passed the day of its usefulness, and let us hope that it never may do so, but a variety is sometimes desirable at Christmas time, as well as at other times, and to get it the spider's web may be substituted for the tree. The way of arranging it is to have a large spider made of wire and other material suspended from the ceiling, or attached to the wall. To this are brought a number of reels, or spindles, one or more for each person to be remembered. Each spindle should contain a different colored string or ribbon, and these are then threaded in a bewildering maze through the furniture, from room to room, up and down stairs, and then at the far end of the ribbon is the present. To secure the present the child must follow the windings of the ribbon wherever it may lead until the gift is arrived at and claimed. Such a plan is productive of much innocent amusement, and the surprise at the end of the ribbon is all the more appreciated for the search it has taken to find it. For Christmas house parties, either for children or for "grown ups," the scheme will add much to the pleasure of the occasion, and will serve as a means of getting all present better acquainted. When the sons and daughters and grandchildren return to the old home for the holiday season a spider's web will add to the merriment of the season.

Christmas for the Sunday School

By WILLIS S. EDSON
Superintendent Covenant Baptist Sunday School, Chicago.

THERE is no Sunday school but should have and does have its Christmas celebration. It is not a question, then, of "Shall we celebrate?" but "How shall we celebrate?" Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes, it does not always bring good cheer to the Sunday school superintendent and his helpers, who along in the fall after the trials of picnic time have passed, become haunted by this question which comes up and must be settled. It is an important question. The matter should not be carelessly considered. Those having the arrangements in charge should not forget that something more essential than sweetmeats and gifts, and a jolly good time, with Santa Claus and Christmas tree, to make the celebration an abiding joy and blessed memory. The Christmas celebration should not be the end in itself, but should be the means to the end of honoring the Christ, in memory of whose birth the celebration is held. It is so easy in the burden and rush of planning for the event—the greatest event in the whole year for the Sunday school—to forget the spirit and purpose which should lie behind the preparations, and give inspiration and direction to all the plans. It is the birthday party of the Christ child, if you please, and He should not be forgotten; all thought and all plans should center about Him. I know of one school that in a pretty little prayer service a few weeks previous to Christ was formally invited Jesus to be present at His birthday party, and asked Him to help them in making the plans. And Jesus was there in the person of 20 or 30 of His little ones from a neighboring orphanage, and the boys and girls of at least one Sunday school realized the beauty and force of the words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me." The spirit and purpose of the celebration must not be forgotten.

But what shall the celebration be? There are four divisions into which this subject naturally falls: Decorations, which includes the Christmas tree, if one is used; the entertainment, the gifts and the offerings. The decorations comprise a very important and beautiful part of the celebration. They create the atmosphere, and give the first impressions, which go far towards the success of what follows. Scripture texts should be liberally used, selecting such as are appropriate to the occasion. The lettering can be done in evergreen, or gilt or colored letters may be used. The star should be conspicuous. The extent of the decorations depends, of course, largely upon the amount of money to be spent, but with a resourceful and tasty person in charge it is surprising how far a few dollars can be made to go. The colored paper decorating, which can be obtained at all Sunday school and denominational supply houses very cheaply, makes a good substitute for the more expensive evergreen and holly. If the entertainment is held after Christmas, it is easy to secure tree and trimmings from those who have used them in their homes, and in this way considerable expense may be saved. The work of the decorations committee may be lightened by enlisting the interest of the individual classes and getting a few of the older ones to furnish some feature of the decorations or some text in evergreen or paper lettering. Utilize all the latent talent and ability in your school.

The possibilities of the entertainment feature of the celebration are almost infinite. First determine the kind of entertainment, that is, whether it shall be a cantata, a part programme in which the boys and girls sing and speak, or an entertainment furnished by some outside talent. The latter is desirable with schools of over 500 membership, but in smaller schools it is undoubtedly better to have the programme furnished by the talent in the school, as it appeals to the sympathy, pride and loyalty of its members, and parents love to see their children sharing in the exercises. Space will not permit our going into details, but we may be able to make some suggestions that will prove helpful to those having the matter of entertainment in charge. Don't have the programme too long. Have it full of bright, sweet Christmas fun and frolic, but do not forget to have a strong undercurrent of the true purpose and spirit of the blessed Christmas time. You do not need to give the children a Christmas sermon or lecture, but you do need to be careful that the dear Jesus, in whose name the celebration is held, has opportunity to make his presence felt. The entertainment committee ought to pray earnestly over the plans, and seek Divine guidance. At some specially favorable and appropriate part of the programme let the thought of the claims of Christ be sweetly and briefly pressed home to the heart of the child. I remember one entertainment where, after a very touching piece, sweetly spoken, entitled "No Room for Jesus," the pastor in a few well-chosen words drove the thought home to the hearts of the boys and girls, and the influence of which was noted in the weeks following by many making open confession of the Christ whom they made room for at the Christmas entertainment. One school I know of planned a "Surprise Christmas." Each class provided a surprise for the school. Some arranged the entertainment, some looked after the decorations, while the older classes provided treats and little souvenirs for the younger classes. The work was so divided that no one specially felt the burden and every one was made blessedly happy in planning for the happiness of some one else. I have not said anything about a Santa Claus, because I feel that there are so many other and more attractive features which can be provided. Have your Santa Claus if you must, but pray over the matter and let Jesus "show you a more excellent way."

Now as to the gifts and offerings. It is right and proper that the school should provide something for its boys and girls, but whether it is wise and best to put so much money in cheap candy, nuts, etc., is a question which each school must decide for itself. One thing is becoming more and more recognized among the schools of the land, especially of the larger cities, and that is that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The school that overlooks this means of joy and blessing misses the very heart and spirit of Christmas. Give to the children by all means, but be sure that carefully laid plans are made to enlist their sympathies and to encourage them to give. Provide a definite object for the children's beneficence. Be sure they understand exactly what is wanted and that it is within their easy means of giving. Present the matter in such attractive way that there will be uniqueness and charm in the giving. Announce that the classes are to make their offerings in stockings made of bright colored cambric; that these stockings are to be hung up before the school and the classes are to see which class will have the largest stocking. In one school where this was tried some of the stockings were so big and heavy that they could not be hung up, but had to be stood against the wall at the back of the pulpit. And such fun and laughter as there was, with the deep joy underlying it all of giving to those in need. One stocking, knit by an old lady when she was a little girl for her doll, was filled with silver coin. The school contributed an express wagon load of provisions, fruit, nuts and candy, toys, and dolls, and clothing, besides nearly $20 in money, and that by a school of only 300, a majority of whom came from homes of working people. Another year this same school adopted 20 to 30 orphans from a neighboring institution. Each class had a particular boy or girl who was present at the entertainment and was right royally entertained by the class and then sent back to the institute laden with various bundles of wearing apparel and toys. The individual need of each adopted orphan was intelligently consulted through the matron of the institution and those things for which it had special need provided. It was the happiest, busiest Christmas which I ever saw a school spend. And no school should miss the blessedness which comes from giving. In all of the Lord's work, whether it is Christmas, Easter, Children's day, picnic, scholars' social, or what not, there is need of prayer in planning and planning in prayer; there is need of purpose and method and ingenuity, and underlying it all there should be the earnest desire to give true expression to the spirit and purpose of the day, and in all that is done to honor Him in Whose name the celebration is held.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

Mamma — What is troubling you, Toddy?

Toddy (new to steam-heated flats) —I was wonderin' how on earth Santa was ever going to get through that thing!—Brooklyn Life.

Sordid.

Now merry Christmas comes again,
And Santa Claus doth fret the soul.
He gives you diamond scarfpins when
You'd rather have a ton of coal.
—Washington Star.

To Thaw Frozen Greens.

It often happens that Christmas greens are frozen in transit. In such cases put them at once into a very cool, dark cellar where they can thaw out very gradually. The temperature should not be allowed to exceed 45 degrees Fahrenheit. Frozen holly is very little damaged if intelligently treated, but a single night in a warm express car may cause it to turn black. Mistletoe and wild smilax are much more susceptible to frost injury. The California holly is not a member of the holly, but of the rose family. It is not hardy in New England, but is worth cultivating in all parts of the south.

A Reminiscence.

"Well, Johnnie, what are you going to give your little brother for Christmas?"

"I dunno. I give him the measles last year."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

FOUND IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

In Many of Them the Farm Animals Play an Important Part in the Observances of the Day.

In different nations one finds many odd ideas regarding the Christmas season. Among the observances that grew up by degrees all over Europe, many of them grotesque and absurd, and some with profuse and unseemly accompaniments, were also not a few of more pleasing and humanizing kind, and among the rural population the brute creation was included as interested parties.

Among the fancies of this kind that longest survived in Europe, and even became naturalized in our own prosaic land, was one that the cattle, at one o'clock on Christmas morning, whenever they were free to do so, would turn their heads to the eastward and get down upon their knees to worship the King that was born in a stable; and still another, which continued to comparatively recent times, that during the Christmas season the barnyard cocks were accustomed to crow with unusual force and frequency by day and by night.

The early inhabitants of the great Scandinavian peninsula were accustomed to celebrate, at this season, the great festival of their gods. When the people of the peninsula became Christians, although no less zealous for their Christmas observances, they retained some of the old practices, and are to this day careful to associate with themselves in its festivities every living thing about them. The author of "The Land of the Midnight Sun" tells us in his account of a Christmas in Norway:

"The Christmas feeding of the birds is prevalent in many of the provinces of Norway and Sweden. Bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of houses, on trees and fences, for them to feed upon. Two or three days before cartloads of sheaves are brought into the towns for this purpose, and both rich and poor buy and place them everywhere. Every poorman and every head of a family had saved a penny or two, or even one farthing, to buy a bunch of oats for the birds to have their Christmas. On this day, on many farms, the dear old horse, the young colt, the cattle, the sheep, the goats, and even the pig receive double their usual amount of food. It is a beautiful custom, and speaks well for the goodness of heart of the Scandinavian."

A singular custom prevails in Servia and Bulgaria among the orthodox. If it can possibly be avoided no one crosses a strange threshold on Christmas day. In the same countries an early ceremony has to be performed by the head of each household. Before breakfast is served corn is placed in a stocking, and the chief of the family sprinkles a little of it before the door, saying: "Christ is born;" to which each of the inmates replies: "He is born indeed." Then the house father has to wish, and advancing to the hearth where logs are burning in readiness, strikes them till sparks fly out, with a good wish for the horses, another for the cows, another for the goats, and so on through the whole farming stock, winding up with an extra blow for a plenteous harvest. Then the ashes are collected, a coin is placed among them and the whole is hidden or, in some districts, burned. As for the Yule logs, they are not permitted to smolder quite away, but are carefully garnered, and the burnt ends placed in clefts in fruit trees, so as to insure a bountiful crop.

ennsylvania
RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 10 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 6 00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 30 P. M.—daily, to Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.23 A. M., New York 7.13 A. M, Baltimore, 2:20 A. M. Washington, 3:30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

10 30 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7.17 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.38 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore 7.15 A. M., Washington 8.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 A. M. (Emporium Junction), daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:38 Sundays); Baltimore, 7:25 a. m.; Washington, 8:46 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	9 00	4 02	....Renovo....	.....	5 00	11 45
.....	9 50	4 41	...Driftwood...	.....	4 00	11 05
.....	10 25	5 10	Emporium Junc	.....	3 23	10 35
.....	11 13	5 53	...St. Marys...	.....	2 35	9 53
3 20	11 05	5 55	..... Kane.....	12 25	3 00	8 25
3 36	11 23	6 19	....Wilcox.....	12 02	2 40	8 04
3 48	11 38	6 25	..Johnsonburg..	11 47	2 28	7 49
4 05	12 01	6 50	...Ridgway,....	9 20	2 10	7 30
4 15	12 09	7 01	..Mill Haven...	9 09	.....	7 20
4 25	12 17	7 10	.. Croyland....	9 00	1 49	7 09
.....	12 22	7 15	..Shorts Mills..	8 55	.....	7 05
4 31	12 26	7 19	...Blue Rock...	8 51	1 40	7 01
4 38	12 30	7 23	.....Carrier.....	8 47	1 37	6 57
4 48	12 40	7 32	.Brockwayville.	8 37	1 27	6 47
4 53	12 45	7 37	...Lanes Mills..	8 31	1 23	6 43
4 57		7 41	.McMinns Sm't.	8 30		6 38
5 01	12 54	7 45	.Harveys Run..	8 25	1 15	6 35
5 05	1 00	7 50	..Falls Creek...	8 20	1 10	6 30
5 20	1 25	8 03	.... DuBois.....	8 08	12 55	6 10
5 10	1 15	7 55	..Falls Creek...	6 53	1 15	6 30
5 27	1 29	8 08	.Reynoldsville..	6 39	12 52	6 15
6 00	1 56	8 35	...Brookville...	6 05	12 24	5 39
6 45	2 38	9 20	New Bethlehem	5 20	11 44	4 50
7 25	3 20	10 03	....Red Bank....	.....	11 05	4 05
10 00	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg....	.....	9 00	1 30
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 107, daily,.....4:05 A. M.

Train No. 115, daily,.....4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 101, week days,.....8:25 A. M.

Train No. 103, week days.....1:35 P. M.

Train No. 103 will connect at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca, Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	109	113	101	105	107	951
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg,..Lv.	.....	†6 22	†9 00	†130	*505	‡ 9 00
Red Bank,.....	.....	9 30	11 05	4 05	7 55	10 55
Lawsonham,..	.....	9 47	†1118	4 18	8 07	11 08
New Bethle'm.	5 20	10 20	11 44	4 50	8 37	11 40
Brookville,....	†6 05	11 10	12 24	5 39	9 22	12 26
Reynoldsville,	6 39	11 42	12 52	6 15	9 50	12 59
Falls Creek....	6 53	11 57	1 15	6 30	1005	1 14
DuBois,.....	7 00	†12 05	1 25	6 40	1015	‡ 1 20
Sabula,.....	7 12	.....	1 37	6 53		
Pennfield,.....	7 30	.....	1 55	7 15		
Bennezette,....	8 04	.....	2 29	7 47		
Driftwood,.....	†8 40	.....	†3 05	8 20		
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood,.. Lv.	*9 50	.....	†3 45			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 30	.....	†4 10			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M	P. M.

WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	108	106	102	114	110	952
Via P. & E. Div	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†8 10	.....	†3 20	.....
Driftwood, Ar.	.....	.....	†9 01	.....	†4 00	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†5 50	†1110	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette,....		6 25	11 45	.....	6 25	.....
Pennfield,.....	.....	7 00	12 20	.....	7 04	.....
Sabula,.....	.....	7 18	12 39	.....	7 23	.....
DuBois,.....	*6 05	7 30	12 55	†5 00	7 35	†4 00
Falls Creek,....	6 12	7 55	1 15	5 10	7 42	4 07
Reynoldsville,..	6 30	8 08	1 29	5 27	7 58	4 20
Brookville,....	7 05	8 35	1 56	6 00	†8 30	4 50
New Bethle'm.	7 51	9 20	2 38	6 45	9 20	5 35
Lawsonham,..	8 21	9 47	†3 06	7 14	.....	6 08
Red Bank,Ar..	8 35	10 00	3 20	7 25	.....	6 20
Pittsburg, Ar...	*11 15	†1235	†5 30	†1010	.....	†9 30
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only. §Flag Stop.

On Sunday only train leaves Driftwood 8:20 a. m., arrives at DuBois, 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves DuBois, 2:00 p. m.; arrives at Driftwood, 3:40 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.

J. R. WOOD, Pass'gr Traffic Mgr.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

THE PITTSBURG, SHAWMUT & NORTHERN R. R.

Through Passenger Service Between St. Marys, Brockwayville, Shawmut, Smethport, Olean, Friendship, Angelica, Hornellsville, Wayland, Buffalo, and New York.

Effective Sunday, May 29, 1904.
Eastern Standard Time.
Time of Trains at St. Marys.

DEPART.

7.35 A. M.—For Kersey (Arr. 8.14 a. m.), Byrnedale (Arr. 8.56 a. m.,) Weedville (Arr. 9.03 a. m.;) Elbon (Arr. 8.46 a. m.) Shawmut (Arr. 9.08 a. m.,) Brockwayville (Arr. 9.42 a. m.)

12.33 P. M.—For Clermont (Arr. 1.37 p. m.,) Smethport (Arr. 2.20 p. m.,) connecting for Bradford (Arr. 3.30 p. m.,) Eldred (Arr. 2.49 p. m.,) Olean (Arr. 3.40 p. m.,) connecting for Buffalo (Arr. 6.10 p. m.,) Bolivar (Arr. 3.33 p. m.,) Friendship (Arr. 4.08 p. m.,) Angelica (Arr. 4.34 p. m.,) Hornellsville (Arr. 6.10 p. m., Wayland (Arr. 7.23 p. m.,) connecting at Wayland with D. L. & W. R. R., and at Hornellsville with Erie R. R., for all points East and West.

2.45 P. M.—For Kersey (Arr. 3.26 p. m.,) Elbon (Arr. 4.00 p. m.,) Shawmut (Arr. 4.22 p. m.,) Brockwayville (Arr. 4.47 p. m.,) connecting with P. R. R., for Falls Creek (Arr. 5.10 p. m.,) DuBois (Arr. 5.25 p. m.,) Brookville (Arr. 6.00 p. m.,) and Pittsburg (Arr. 9.30 p. m.)

ARRIVE.

11.05 A. M. } From Brockwayville, Shawmut
6.50 P. M. } Elbon, Kersey and Byrnedale.

1.45 P. M.—From Wayland, Hornellsville, Canaseraga, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar, Buffalo, Bradford, Olean Eldred, Smethport and Clermont.

All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, Vice President,
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agent,
St. Marys, Penna.

Foley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right.

Adam,
Meldrum &
Anderson Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
396-408 Main Street,

THE
Christmas Store

Buffalo's leading department store is now a great bzaar of fancy goods and Christmas novelties. Articles of exquisite beauty and practicle gifts abound, and the price range is great enough to meet any pocketbook. The magnificent display is the largest we have ever made.

If You Cannot come in Person

SHOP BY MAIL.

We have a most efficient mail order department which supplies your wants the same day your order is received- We issue Helpful Hints to Christmas Shoppers" which will be sent free for the asking. Our advice is at your command and all letters receive the personal attention of an ex-

WE PREPAY EXPRESS

on all goods to a reasonable amount and deliver goods to the depots without charge.

LOCKPORT AND NIAGARA FALLS

Cars arrive and depart from corner of Court and Main St., one hundred feet north of our entrance.

Adam,
Meldrum &
Anderson Co.
The American Block,
BUFFALO, N. Y

THE BROAD STREET
Reliable Home Store.

NEVER DO MUCH
"BLOWING"
TO SELL OUR GOODS.

We merely desire to call attention to the fact that our "handy by Broad Street Depot Store" continues to serve THE PUBLIC with the choicest line of Groceries, Provisions, Smoked Meats, Fruits and Confectioneries.

WE HAVE THE GOODS.

Our Prices
YOU
WILL
LIKE.

JOS. KINSLER.

Our Delivery Wagon is Always Ready to Serve You.

IT was the dawn of Christmas day, 1812, and over the blue Atlantic, under the warm skies of the Tropic of Cancer, was slipping lazily along, with scarce steerage way, the privateer schooner Governor Tompkins, fourteen guns, of New York. Officers and crew were happy. Fortune had been favoring them. Since leaving port early in July, some three weeks after the declaration of war against England, they had taken a number of British vessels and had suffered but slight injury. The crew, save those on watch, were asleep, dreaming of sweethearts ashore and plum duff at sea, when from the lookout at the masthead the cry of "Sail, ho!" roused man and vessel to action. Up from the cabin bolted the officers, up from the forecastle tumbled the sailors, and at the same moment up from the horizon popped the sun (which is the way he has of rising in the tropics), disclosing plain ahead three ships. This might have been a day of "peace on earth," but it was not a day of peace on the ocean, not for the Governor Tompkins! She shook out all her canvas, and with the English flag flying as a bit of deception she started in pursuit.

The wind was very light. The chase was a tedious one. It lasted from dawn until 3 in the afternoon. Slowly nearer and nearer drew the Governor Tompkins, but so slowly that plum duff appetites must have been spoiled by exasperation and impatience. The largest of the ships appeared to be a good sized transport vessel, and vision of the specie perhaps aboard her filled the minds of the folk upon the privateer. The two other craft were merchantmen. The three vessels would make a fine Christmas gift, and, added to prizes gone before, would enable the Governor Tompkins to speed home rejoicing.

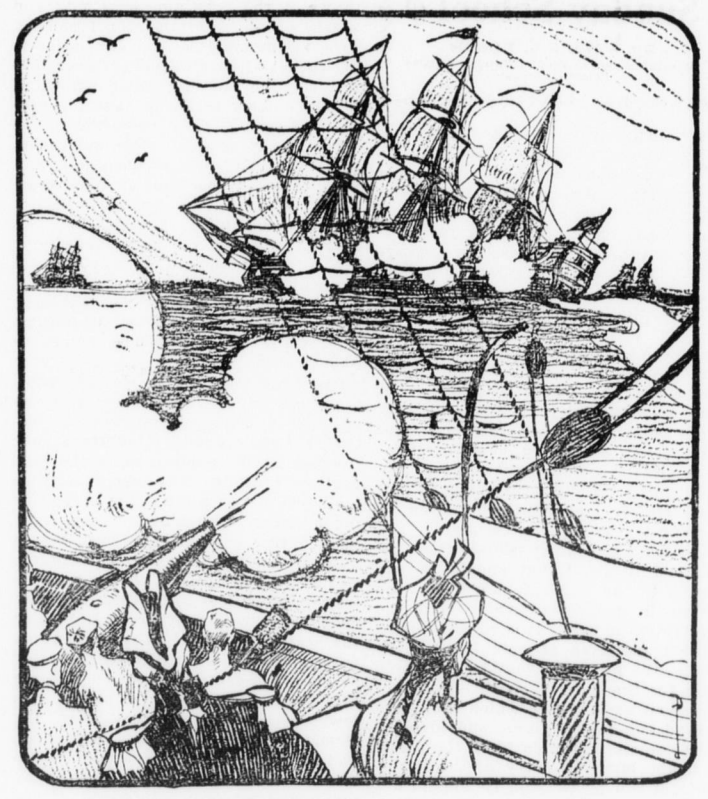
Still, as the privateer little by little cut down the distance, her people began to be not so confident. The transport looked so much bigger than they had pictured her at first. Captain Nathaniel Shaler held his long brass telescope trained upon her, and there was that in her which puzzled him. Her ports seemed to be painted like those of a merchantman, and on her deck was what might be a merchantman's boat, but nettings to repel boarders extended from her sides up almost to her topmasts, and this was a suspicious feature.

"I'm afraid she's a bit too heavy for us," announced Captain Shaler doubtfully to his officers. "Mr. Farnum, go for'd and see what you make of her."

So Mr. Farnum, first lieutenant, went toward the bows to take a squint at her, and then, even before he had his glass to his eye, like a dose of magic, down swept a furious squall!

The squall struck the schooner first, and ere her light sail could be taken in—aye, in Captain Shaler's own words, "Almost before I could turn round"—she had been rushed onward, faster than to her liking, and found herself under the guns not of a transport, but of a frigate, waiting for her!

Captain Shaler was a Yankee skipper, and he did the best he could. The



REPLIED WITH THE VERY WORST INTENTIONS.

squall gave him and his all that they could attend to for a few minutes. To attempt to tack in such a blow was hazardous. If it did not wreck the schooner it would at least expose her to fire that would rake her from stem to stern; therefore he trimmed his sails, discarded the English flag and hoisted three American ensigns, and, standing right on parallel with the frigate, gallantly opened with his broadside. The Britisher, having, as he thought, the Yankee privateer in a box, replied with the very worst intentions in the world. His first round was a scorcher! A twenty-four pound ball struck John Johnson, a negro seaman, in the hip and cut away all the lower part of his body. But as he lay dying on the deck he exclaimed several times to his shipmates: "Fire away, my boy! No haul color down!"

Another twenty-four pounder similarly mangled John Davis, also a negro. He fell near Captain Shaler and, deeming himself now useless and in the way, begged to be thrown overboard. Other shot from the same broadside wounded First Lieutenant John Farnum and Seamen James Dougherty, John Parker and John Sunaholm slightly, Thomas Loveland severely and Thomas Davis so badly that he soon afterward died. This same broadside exploded an ammunition box containing two powder cartridges for a nine pounder gun. The cartridge ignited three other boxes holding a quantity of the quill-like cannon primers, and these promptly flashed up so viciously that they forced sparks through a crack in the wooden cap which fitted over the stairway to close it.

Luckily for the Governor Tompkins the cabin floor had been drenched and a fire screen in the shape of a wet blanket had been hung before the magazine hatch so as to serve in just such an emergency as this. The sparks sizzled in vain and expired. Half an hour had passed since the squall had arisen so inopportunely for the Governor Tompkins, but so opportunely for the frigate. The two vessels were running side by side, the privateer spitting with her lighter guns and the man-of-war hammering away with heavier. The Governor Tompkins was swift, and Captain Shaler had hoped that in the course of a few broadsides she would draw ahead and out of the center of danger. But this time the Governor Tompkins had almost met her match at sailing. The frigate was nearly as fast as she.

Instead of spurting ahead the good schooner only gradually—ah, how gradually—progressed from a little abaft the frigate's beam to opposite her bows, and during all this process the solid shot from the frigate's guns were being pelted at her round after round. The British tars were not reliable marksmen. They did not live up to the reputation of their first broadside. Not a ball after that touched the schooner's hull. She dashed on practically unscathed. Farther and farther she forged beyond the frigate's bows. Fewer guns could be brought to bear upon her. A long half hour and the British shot began to fall short. The Governor Tompkins' men breathed easier. Then the fickle wind dropped, leaving them well nigh becalmed, while the frigate kept coming on.

Her shot again reached their vicinity. The privateersmen hastily put out their sweeps, and in desperation all hands pushed and tugged at the great, unwieldy oars. A detail was ordered to throw overboard whatever stuff could be spared from the deck, and, passing up shot from the hold, they hurled that, too, over the rail. Plunk, plunk, it went into the sea until 2,000 pounds had thus been disposed of. The schooner began to gain on her pursuer; another half hour and the enemy's missiles once more fell short. Twenty-five minutes and he hove about and abandoned the chase.

The privateer proceeded to bury her dead and to clean decks. She was a sorrier but, let us believe, a wiser schooner. Thereafter she kept her weather eye, in addition to her fighting eye, pealed and was wary of "transports" innocently painted, but with boarding nettings stretched.

"Follow the Flag".

WABASH

WRITE THE

Waba

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION C
PERSONALLY CONDUCTED T

California and Mex

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSI

TO THE WEST, NORTHWEST AND SO
ON THE FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS OF EACH

Pullman Sleepers and Free Reclini Chair Cars on Through

LOWEST RATES and detailed information concernin cheerfully furnished on application to

F. H. TRISTEAM,
Assistant General Passenger Agent
320 Fifth Avenue. PITTSB

Fall and Winter Cloth

YOU thus have a sortment to s and you get l for the same o the added satisfactio among the first to ap to-date apparel.

The four button S shown in the picture w to good dressers who w just a little in advanc "merchant tailor's style

They have broad sho chest effect which gives stantial appearance to t without that stuffed ar look so common in othe ready made Clothing.

Think of buying a suit in any of the popula fabrics.

At so little a Price as

$12.00

THIS is an ideal suit for business men who know the value of "looking pr It is the product of the art-tailors of Schloss Bros. & Co., whose cloth ing Before you buy your Spring Suit, "drop in and let us talk it over." New line of Summer Hats, Caps and Neckwear.

R. Seger & Son, Outfitters to Pa People.

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY,
General Merchandise.
STORE ON THE RIALTO.

DRY GOODS

We have just received a new lot of black satin skirts, the best we have ever had for the money. They are made of good quality satin, with adjustable band, with double rows of ruffles and with accordian pleats, Prices 50c to $2.70 each.

CORSETS

A new lot of Coronet Corsets. Our line is complete, having filled in recently. They are made up of the best quality of material for the price, 50c and $1.00 each. Also a lot of corsets, odd sizes, $1.00 corsets for 50c, and 50c corsets 25c.

DRESS GOODS

We have never had a better line of Dress Goods than we are showing this fall and winter. Do not fail to see them before the best are picked out, and we also have a lot of dress goods that we are selling very cheap and they are going rapidly. There are plaids, cashimeres, mixed suitings and wool goods, some of them at half price. From 10c to 25c per yard.

GINGHAMS

We keep constantly in stock a full line of Lancaster Ginghams. This brand is the best that we can get that will hold the color in washing.

Ladies and Misses Sweaters

A lot of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Sweaters, several colors, all wool, prices $1.00 to $2.90.

The Tam-O'Shanters are selling rapidly in brown, red, blue, white and grey. All wool, and have both square and round. Just the thing for the young people to wear to school.

Try Our Williamsport Sausage.

McCALL PATTERNS 10¢ 15

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

In Buying Groceries

The Caretul Housewife Makes every cent count. But she can't make the pennies count by trading at every store in town, spending half her time looking for the cent cheaper article. She can save money only by searching out a reliable grocer and sticking to him. The money is saved by trading with the groceryman who

Sells Dependable Goods.

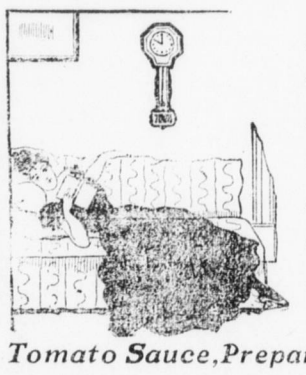
Dependable are not to be obtained in every store. Goodness and cheapness appeal to every condition of humanity. There are no fancy prices here and everybody is treated alike. Our goods are cheap because they are good.

It's Not The Prices

that make them cheap. Goods bought so cheap that they have to be thrown away on account of poor quality are the most dearly bought goods. Better pay a fair price in the first place and get the dependable kinds. You can't buy any other kinds here. We do not keep them.

WE ARE
HEADQUARTERS
FOR

Holiday Supplies.



Pickles, sweet and sour, Preserved Fresh Fruits, Pure Fruit Jellies, Select Queen Olives, Tomato Ketchup, Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce, Prepared Mustard, 20c qt.

NUMEROUS OTHER SEASONABLE DELICACIES COMPRISED IN THE

Heinz' :57: Varieties

Of Good Things.

WE ALSO CARRY A FULL LINE OF FANCY BISCUITS, and TINNED MEATS, FRESH MEATS, CHICKEN, SARDINES, FRESH BREAD,

Print Butter, Fancy Cheese, Lemons, Oranges, Bananas.

G. H. Gross & Co.

Her Case Is Hopeless.

A little girl became so accustomed to exaggeration and misstatement that nobody could believe her, and her parents were greatly annoyed by the unfortunate reputation that she was acquiring.

One afternoon her mother said to her: "Now, listen, Lillian, and heed my words. What has happened to one sinner may easily happen to another. You know what happened to Ananias and Sapphira, don't you?"

"Yes'm, I do. They fell dead on the street corner, and I saw 'em carried into a drug store."

Loyal to the Last.

"Weren't you slightly annoyed by the manner in which your wife played when she was your partner at whist?" "No," answered Mr. Meekton stoutly; "I wasn't annoyed. I was puzzled. I couldn't help wondering who made that fool assertion about its being wrong to trump your partner's ace."—Washington Star.

They Were Orphans.

"What a mendacious duffer you are, Phibbs," said Dibbs. "You said this was an orphan asylum, instead of which it is an old men's home."

"Well, you go in and look for an old man who isn't an orphan. You won't find him."

If you wish to please people you must begin by understanding them.—Reade.

Rockwell's Drug Store.

The Cold Cream that we make is unsurpassed for face and hands and will make the skin soft and white. We have Nail, Tooth and Hair Brushes, Wist Brooms. Chamois Skin and Sponges. No better goods on the market. When you want your favorite recipes filled Bring them to us. Our stationery leads. Also our toilet cream, toilet water, toilet soaps, perfumes and sashet powder. All the latest.

Our Botanic Dry Kidney Cure is an exoellent tonic. A specific for all diseases of the kidneys.

M. A. ROCKWELL.

Holiday Annex
H. A. ZARPS & CO.

IN order to meet the increased demands of our numerous customers we have rented and stocked the store room, next door to JOHNSON & McNARNEY'S office, with a beautiful line of goods, especially selected for the Holiday Trade. During the rush incident to Xmas trade this new departure will afford the ladies an excellent opportunity to make their purchases. One of the features of the Annex will be several bargain counters. We can't fail to meet your wants at either store. Call early.

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

NEXT DOOR TO JOHNSON & McNARNEY'S OFFICE

When Christmas Comes on Sunday

By LOUIS E. THAYER

[Copyright, 1904, by Louis E. Thayer.]

TO us little fellers Sunday's mighty different
From all the other days that's in the week,
'Cause you've kind o' got to creep around on tiptoe
And you've sort o' got to whisper when you speak;
If you don't, your pa or ma is sure to scold you
And call you bad and sacrilegious boys,
For Sunday days were made for thought and worship,
But they wasn't made for romping and for noise.

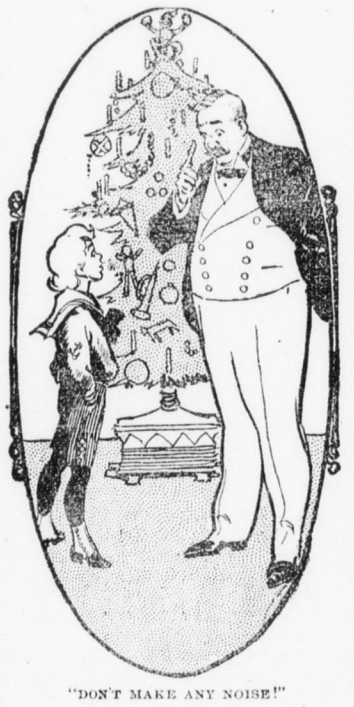
AND to think that Christmas day's to come on Sunday!
Why, somehow, seems it hadn't orter be,
'Cause where's the good when you can't laugh and holler?
Say, it's pretty hard on little chaps like me.
And if a feller jes' forgets the quiet,
And bubbles out a little, who's to blame?
It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sunday,
For I know the day will never seem the same.

"WHAT GOOD'S A TRUMPET THAT YOU DASSEN'T BLOW?"

I KNOW jes' how 'twill be when, in the morning,
I find my stocking filled brimful of toys.
I seem to hear my father say, "Well, Johnny,
You may look at them, but don't make any noise."
And ma, perhaps, will bring me out a trumpet
And say, "Well, Johnny, it is Sunday now, you know."
Say, it's pretty hard a-waiting for tomorrow.
What good's a trumpet that you dassen't blow?

I WISH they'd print the calendars all over
And make our Christmas come some other day,
Jes' so us little chaps can have some freedom
And romp and shout and whistle at our play.
There's lots of things that ain't jes' as they should be,
And 'cause they ain't it seems to me a shame.
It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sunday,
For I know the day will never seem the same.

I TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over,
And we won't hardly know that it's been here.
Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas
That we will have a chance to know this year.
Another thing that makes the whole thing harder
Is that we have a Sunday every week,
While we have to go and have our only Christmas
When we almost have to whisper as we speak.



"DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!"

NOW, if a little feller don't remember
And laughs out loud and hollers jes' a bit,
And if his feet get running as they oughtn't,
Say, who should scold and threaten him for it?
Jes' make believe that you are young and little—
Say, have you got the heart for words of blame?
It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sunday,
For I know the day will never seem the same.

Christmas Twice a Year.

Madagascar is probably the only place in the world where Christmas is celebrated twice a year and where there are also two New Year's days. Since the influx of missionaries the queen issued an edict that the Christian year should be followed. But in commencing the year the date of the first day was set some time in October or November. Since the natives have been converted to the Christian religion they observe Christmas on the 25th of their own December, but also have made a holiday out of the day in their year which corresponds to our Christmas.

A GOOD WIDE YAWN.

It Is a Splendid Reviver For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy, but this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair, and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired and see what it will do for you.

Holiday Goods

BY THE WAGON LOAD AT

Old Reliable Drug Store.

It would be impossible to enumerate the goods in stock, suffice it to say I have everything to please both the old and young, and at prices positively lower than you will find elsewhere. Why? Because I have no clerk-hire or rent to pay, and

Discount All My Bills.

Every article in the store is marked in plain figures which you will not find in any other store. I invite everybody to

Call and Examine.

Yours truly,

L. TAGGART

10 cents a copy $1.00 a year

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

is "the cleanest, most stimulating, meatiest general magazine for the family," says one of the million who read it every month. It is without question

"The Best at Any Price"

Great features are promised for next year—six or more wholesome interesting short stories in every number, continued stories, beautiful pictures in colors, and articles by such famous writers as Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, John La Farge, William Allen White, and Charles Wagner. Get all of it right into your home by taking advantage of this

Special Offer

Send $1.00 before January 31, 1905, for a subscription for the year 1905 and we will send you free the November and December numbers of 1904—fourteen months for $1.00 or the price of twelve. Address McCLURE'S, 48-59 East 33d Street, New York City. Write for agents' terms.

LADIES' BLACK SATEEN UNDER SKIRTS, THE GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED FOR THE MONEY, FROM $1.00 TO $2.00. A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. IT WILL PAY YOU TO CALL AND EXAMINE THEM. NO SHAM BUT A GARMENT OF HIGH QUALITY.

The Store That Wins. The Goods That Talk.

Glad Tidings

AND GOOD WILL TO ALL.

The way to

MAKE MERRY WITH YOUR FRIENDS

is to give the best and most attractive presents your money will buy, and no matter whether your purse is large or small, we've got the article you're looking for. Sure to please you.

OUR FANCY DISHES

Surpass all former displays for beauty, quality, qurntity and our usual low price to all.

We have the largest display of

FANCY DRY GOODS

Ever before offered in Emporium.

Table Linens, Doilies, Handkerchiefs (for men, women and children), Golf Gloves, Tamoshanters, Fascinators, Fancy Dress Goods, Fancy Cushion Covers, Fancy Neckwear, Fancy Side and Back Combs for the hair, a large and elegant line of Bar and Handy Pins, Belts and Belt-Pins, etc.

OUR SPECIALTY IS

FAIR DEALING

TO ONE AND ALL.

We will sustain our past reputation for dealing justly with our customers, always remembering to give you the

Right Goods and Right Price

We've got the goods and if you want to share in the profit of dealing with us, come early, as we always close out our Holiday Stock, never having any old goods to offer.

We Purchased Early for the Holiday Trade, thereby obtaining the Choicest on the Market.

BALCOM & LLOYD

UNIQUE METHODS OF COURTSHIP.

CURIOUS CUSTOM OF AN ARIZONA INDIAN TRIBE.

Young People Noted for Their Strength and Beauty—Woman Respected and the Wife Head of the Family—The Betrothal Ceremony and Marriage.

Out on the "Painted Desert," on the border line of northwestern Arizona, and extending down into Mexico, there lives a race of the most seclusive and clannish people on the face of the earth.

The Hopis are now Uncle Sam's own people, for they have their homes on his reservations; and yet few besides the Government officials who look after their welfare have even a reading acquaintance with this interesting tribe of red men, if red men they are.

It is pretty generally conceded, says the Los Angeles Times, that all the pueblo peoples of the great Painted Desert are descendants of the race or races which dotted these territories and southern Colorado with strange ledge houses and who are known as cliff dwellers; but beyond that very little is known of them, even by their next door neighbors. Dr. Elizabeth Snyder of Philadelphia is the first woman to penetrate into the heart life of the people. Recently returning from a lengthy visit among the Hopis, she brought with her a romantic love story, the enacting of which gives a clear idea of the ancient customs still strictly adhered to by these people living right in our midst.

The young people on these reservations are noted for their strength and beauty, and courtship among the Hopis is just as ardent as in civilized circles. Marriage is a sacred institution, and although separation is countenanced there can be no remarriage once a child is born to the couple. The marriageable age is 13, and it is seldom a girl marries after 17. Although a virgin is treated with perfect courtesy she does not receive the same respect as a wife.

Among the Hopis the women are held in high esteem—they are treated with a gallantry remarkable among Indians. Unlike the women of other tribes, they perform only the lightest duties and are consulted on all transactions of note. The men farm and barter; they also make the clothing and household utensils. The dressmaking is done in the kivas or underground ceremonial chambers, where stone shelves run around the room, upon which the leather, cloth, &c., are placed for cutting.

It was from young Gonorilliez, a famous Hopi beau, that Dr. Snyder gained an insight into the courtship and marriage custom of this strange race of people.

Gonorilliez loved and was loved in turn by a popular belle known as Mashong-ce, or Butterfly Wings. He had also won the affection of another young beauty, Alaxie, or Fleetfoot, and like the young gallant in song, he sighed, "How happy could I be with either were t'other dear charmer away."

Both these young girls were in high favor with the parents of Gonorilliez, while the handsome fellow himself was thought well of by the respective mothers and fathers of Mashong-ce and Alaxie. They each pulled at his heart strings, and he found it impossible to decide between them. Finally, however, it was arranged that the matter should be decided by a corn grinding, bread making contest.

This reveals the curious proposal custom among the Hopis. When a maiden, usually between 13 and 15, has selected the young man she wishes to marry, she signifies the fact by calling upon his mother and sisters, if he has any. As the Hopis are a very sociable race and visit each other continually she is obliged to call day after day, in order that her intentions may be known, for she speaks no word of love either to members of her own family or those of her choice.

The maiden during her calls never addresses the young man nor does she mention his name, in fact he frequently does not know of her visits, being occupied afield.

When, however, the mother or sisters feel convinced of the purpose of their visitor's numerous calls, and if they are well pleased with the maiden, the young man is notified, and then commences his part of the courtship.

If the girl is agreeable to him he proceeds to hang around the vicinity of her home saluting her as she passes, and possibly carrying her jug when she goes for water. Not until she encourages him to do so does he call upon her, however, and a careful maiden usually holds her lover at a distance for three or four weeks.

The parents of both being content, the marriage is soon arranged. There is no ceremony except the making of bread for the family table in the home of the young man. This is really the betrothal rite. Beyond the wedding feast there is no marriage. The chosen scion merely gathers together his belongings, which must consist of at least three blankets, one bronco, beads and material for several pairs of moccasins and a small amount of money. He then takes up his abode in the bride's home, and thereby becomes her husband.

Mashong-ce and Alaxie arrived at the home of their beloved early in the morning, bringing with them the corn which they were to grind and prepare for the wedding feast. It was decided that the one completing her task first and most successfully should become the bride of Gonorilliez.

In the homes of the Hopis the chief family room serves as kitchen, dining room, corn grinding room, bedroom, parlor and reception hall. Here gathered the parents and friends of Mashong-ce and Alaxie to watch the contest. In one corner of this room, in which the two Hopi beauties strove for the man of their heart, is a quaint hooded fireplace, and here the successful maiden would cook the meal after it was ground.

The corn grinding trough is never absent in the house of the Hopis. Sometimes it is on a little raised platform, and is large or small as the family demands. The trough is composed either of wooden or stone slabs, cemented into the floor, and securely fastened at the corners with rawhide thongs. This trough is then divided into two, three or four compartments, and in each compartment a sloping slab of basalt rock is placed.

Kneeling behind this trough Mashong-ce and Alaxie, with their hair done up in virgin whorls, commenced side by side to grind the corn. They seized in both hands a narrow, flat piece of rock, and with the motion of rubbing clothes on a wash-board moved up and down over the corn, throwing a handful of grain at every few strokes on the upper side of the grinder.

Steadily the girls kept at their task all through the long morning and well into the afternoon, until Alaxie, feeling that her rival was gaining on her, and furthermore that she was being favored by Gonorilliez, threw down her grinder and sorrowfully departed to her own home, leaving Mashong-ce a free field.

Mashong-ce then let down her hair, which had previously been fixed in the customary two large whorls which represent the squash blossom, an emblem of purity and maidenhood to the Hopis.

The grinding or betrothal ceremony continued until nightfall, when a small fire was made of cobs over which an earthen olla was placed. When this was sufficiently heated the meal was stirred about in it by means of a round wicker beater, to keep it from burning. Then the feast cakes were made and refreshments were served. The festival continued three days amid much merriment, the guests coming and going at will, and always partaking of refreshment, which was kept in waiting.

When the ceremony was completed Mashong-ce bade farewell to her mother-in-law very early in the morning and returned to her old home, followed in about two hours by Gonorilliez, as was the custom.

Two weeks later Alaxie died of a broken heart; her name will never again be mentioned among her people.

On the second morning after the betrothal ceremony, Gonorilliez and Mashong-ce travelled to a hillside, carrying a pinch of ground corn in their hands. Facing the sun they awaited its rising, and when it appeared they scattered their corn and prostrated themselves in prayer.

When a child is born to them they will start housekeeping in a home of their own. Until then the wife belongs to her mother; she owes the mother work and obedience as before her marriage. The husband remains around as he did during his courtship and makes himself generally useful.

The christening ceremony is a solemn one. For nine days the mother and child are kept in the underground ceremonial chamber, where no ray of sunshine is permitted to penetrate. Beofre dawn on the tenth day the mother takes the little one, and accompanied by all her female relatives goes to the very edge of the precipitous mesa, the plain lying 600 feet below.

Before the sun appears a high priest in full regalia marches toward the waiting group. Priest and relatives have selected a name for the little one, and just as the sun appears the mother raises the baby high above her head with a shout. The priest calls aloud, "I devote thee to the God of Life." All the women shout aloud the names they have chosen, and the mother selects the one which pleases her best. Thus the child is named and taken into the tribe of Hopis.

The Hopi women stand above the women of the aboriginal tribes, inasmuch as they own their houses and all that they contain. They are the heads of the family, and all property is handed down to the females. The race is entirely pure. Alliance with any other tribe or with the white race is unknown in their history. The greatest care is taken in rearing the children, and large families are prayed for.

Every clan has its kiva, or ceremonial chamber, where the boys are instructed in literature, history and legends. The priests of the tribe act as instructors. They have no books, neither do they write, but they have an extensive literature, which is transmitted orally.

The costume of the women consists of a home woven robe, made by husband or father, and dyed in indigo. When made, it looks more like an Indian blanket than a dress, but when the woman throws it over her right shoulder, sews the two sides together, leaving an opening for the right arm, and then wraps one of the highly colored, finely woven sashes about her waist, the robe is picturesque and graceful indeed.

The legs and feet are generally left bare, but on ceremonial occasions buckskins, cut obliquely in two, are wrapped around the legs and fastened above the knees with thongs. Her feet are then incased in embroidered moccasins.

Although Gonorilliez, Mashong-ce and Alaxie were educated at Keams Canon Schools, one of Uncle Sam's boarding schools, established in this Painted Desert, they proved that once a Hopi means always a Hopi, for they conformed strictly to their own betrothal and marriage rites. Despite all Uncle Sam's efforts to educate them in the ways of civilization, the Hopis remain a primitive people, but there is no land where women are held in more respect, where marriage is held more sacred or where social and political laws are adhered to more closely than among this little known tribe of Indians dwelling so close to the paleface, and yet so remote from him in every respect that even the nearest neighbors know nothing of the life of these children of the Painted Desert.

SOON FORGOTTEN.

"How soon we are forgotten when we are gone," says Rip Van Winkle. This is shown by the fact that very few can give the members of the last three President's cabinets, and some have to study to name President Roosevelt's. This was tested not long ago by the members of a ladies' club in a nearby city. After an hour's study only three or four of the Cabinet officers could be called to mind and the ladies were compelled to seek some one better posted. "My husband will know," said the wife of a doctor, but the doctor replied that he was too busy to answer the question. An appeal to a lawyer resulted in an evasive answer and no enlightenment on the subject. "Well, my husband can tell us, I know," ejaculated the wife of an editor as she gave the lever of the 'phone a run of half a minute. "Say, Adolphus, who are the members of President Roosevelt's cabinet?" The supposed wise man at the other end of the 'phone studied a minute and replied: "Well, there's Hay, Root, Gage—oh, I'll be blanked if I know." Now there may be some exaggeration in this story, but in the main it is truthful and illustrates a point of some importance. Of course, a man is not necessarily wise who can name all the Popes, Kings of England, Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States, and so on, still, not to know the names of those who comprise the cabinet of a living President indicates a carelessness about public affairs of any intelligent people, which should not be the case. Liberty is soon lost when people either refrain from voting or do not even know the names of those officials professional politicians do elect.—Lancaster Examiner.

SEVEN THOUSAND GOOD FARMS

The biggest bunch of farms that Uncle Sam will ever have to present, in a single batch, to his sons and daughters, is to be parceled out the middle of next summer. Seven thousand farms of 160 acres each in the Big Horn and Yellowstone valleys of Montana, with irrigation ditches prepared in advance by the government, will constitute this prize distribution. It will be the first distribution of irrigated lands, and the plan is to apportion among those who take the lands the cost of the irrigation works. The exact date for opening these lands, which are now part of the great 4,000,000-acre tract constituting the Crow Indian reservation, has not yet been fixed by Presidential proclamation. A number of details including the upset price on the lands, are to be settled. But it is determined that the opening will be made as soon as the irrigation works are carried to a point near completion.

This tract of ceded lands extends over 150 miles along the Big Horn and Yellowstone rivers, and is to be turned into an irrigated paradise. It has been declared by engineers that here is the most nearly ideal piece of territory for irrigation purposes that investigation has yet discovered. There is plenty of water, its supply is sure, the grades are just right for its distribution; and the land is of great fertility. People who secure farms will have the advantage of settling, not in a new and unbroken country, but amongst the best neighbors in the West. They are the Crow Indians, it is true; but they are the most civilized tribe in the country, and the richest community, of its numbers, in America. Once a warlike tribe, for two generations they have been the friends of the white man, and have tried earnestly to become civilized. An interesting fact about the new opening is that the lands include as a national park the historic last battlefield of General Custer. The Crow is now the largest reservation in the country, and Commissioner Richards of the general land office does not anticipate that there will ever be another land opening at which so large an area of land will be offered. The lands in this case will be offered by the lottery plan, which has been, on the whole, very satisfactory in recent experiments; but a number of changes will be made in the methods. Among these, it is expected, will be a stronger guarantee of good faith than the $5 registration fee charged for the Rosebud and Devil's Lake openings. This is to be done because so large a proportion of those who drew lands at those openings did not take their prizes. In the present case it is the wish to assure that, so far as possible, every person who draws a quarter section shall without delay become an actual settler. This problem is a hard one, and not yet worked out. No less than 160,000 people registered for the Rosebud drawing, though only 1,940 farms were offered. Out of that great total of 160,000 there were doubtless five times as many people anxious to become bona fide settlers, as there were farms offered. The rest were speculators, gambling on the chance of drawing a townsite and making a fortune. Yet today not nearly half the Rosebud lands are occupied or claimed. It is proposed to give the good-faith settlers all the chance of winning possible in the Crow drawing.—Yankton (S. D.) cor. Boston Transcript.

An Economist.

Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston millionaire, believes that it is rather thru enterprise and originality than through economy that financial success may be attained.

"The time is past," he said the other day, "for such economy as used to be practiced by an old Boston restaurateur who recently died.

"This old fellow was economical to excess, but while he pottered about his kitchen trying to make one egg do the work of two, his neighbor across the way was introducing a roof garden and a mandolin orchestra, and the economist, I understand, hardly left enough on his demise to pay his debts.

"He was, beyond any doubt, an economist. A couple of plumbers were working one day in his cellar. It was too dark down there to see, and the men asked for some light.

"'Well,' said the old fellow, 'here's a candle. Make it go as far as you can.'

"'One candle wont do,' said the plumbers. 'It won't give us sufficient light. We must have two.'

"The old man knit his brows and thought.

"'How long, boys, will you be working down there?' he said.

"'About fifteen minutes,' said the plumbers.

"'Then,' said the restaurateur, 'cut the candle in two.'"

Want a Sure Cure.

Butcher—"I tell you, ma'am, that bacon's as right as you are."

Customer—"I tell you it's bad."

Butcher—"How can that be? Why, it was only cured last week."

Customer—"Then it must have had a relapse, that's all."

Of the four young women who received the doctor's degree at the University of Berlin last year, two were Americans, one Australian and one German.

A Hacking Cough

Irritates the throat and racks the lungs. A remedy that will instantly relieve and quickly cure Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Throat and Lung troubles generally is invaluable. Gray's Balsam is absolutely guaranteed to cure these diseases. Used for years in Bellevue Hospital, New York, it is thoroughly reliable, will not dry up a cough, and is a safe children's medicine. Price 25cts.

Stanley R. Pierson, LeRoy, N. Y.

ON THE ISTHMUS.

CONGRESSMAN RYAN TELLS OF INTERESTING CONDITIONS PREVAILING THERE.

WORK TO BE DONE.

The United States Government Already is Busy Making Radical and Important Reforms.

Congressman W. H. Ryan, who returned to Buffalo recently for a brief stay, after a month's absence from the city, has some interesting things to tell about the conditions on the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. Ryan made a trip to Panama with the members of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce The object of the trip was to gather information which would be useful in formulating legislation, and in this respect the committee's visit was very successful.

Mr. Ryan declares that the United States government got a bargain when it paid $40,000,000 for the Panama canal concession and the rights and properties of the French company, otherwise known as the De Lesseps ompany. Among the things acquired by the United States in this deal were a railroad property worth 12,000,000, a steamboat line, fine piers and other property in the shape of dredges, rolling stock, etc. Mr. Ryan says the De Lesseps Company had a fine plant in operation. It appears, however, that executive ability was sadly lacking in the administration of the company's affairs. For instance, at one point on the canal, the United States authorities found a $600,000 Belgian dredge entirely hidden by vegetation. Furthermore, the French company had a machine and blacksmith shop worth $500,000, and this was found to be in good condition when the United States acquired the property. The railroad property is said to be in good shape, and it includes 3,500 dumping cars, besides thousands of drills and other tools.

If it wasn't for the United States government, the present government in Panama wouldn't last 24 hours, according to Mr. Ryan. The standing army of the Panama republic consists of 25 negroes.

Sanitary conditions on the isthmus are in frightful shape. Drinking water is rain water which is caught in big tanks. There are no wells and no waterworks. Nearly every store, be it a department store or jeweler's shop, has a saloon for an annex. And in that country it is almost as good as fatal to drink liquor. The United States engineers are now constructing a waterworks system at Colon and at Panama. The swamps are being drained. The saloons will be cleared out. City streets will be paved.

The unpaved condition of the streets tends to bad sanitary conditions. The average rainfall is 120 inches a year. During the rainy season the streets are rivers of mud. Then comes the dry season when there is no rain, and street traffic must work its way through rivers of dust.

The work to be done by the United States on the isthmus is stupendous. A single cut through a mountain that lies in the route of the proposed canal will necessitate the removal of enough earth to cover five square miles to a depth of twenty feet. The United States has just shipped one powerful dredge to Panama, and thirteen more dredges are to be shipped there at the rate of one a month. These dredges will be turned over to the contractors at their appraised value when the contracts are left.

Mr. Ryan says an arbitrary form of government will have to be established in the so-called canal zone. He says that there are about 9,000 persons living in the zone, most of them being negroes, Indians, Spaniards and halfbreeds. As a general thing they are of a low order of intelligence, shiftless and do not care who governs them. It is hinted that Gen. Davis, who has had much experience in tropical countries as governor of Porto Rico, may be the first governor general of the canal zone and that if he is selected he will have large powers.

ARE WHALES COMING BACK.

A whale eighty feet long was blown ashore on the Maine coast in the storm of Sunday, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A whale seventy feet long was washed ashore on the Atlantic coast three weeks ago. A whale of large size cruised along the Massachusetts coast last summer. Whalers from the North have just returned to San Francisco with more blubber and bone than have been brought in for several years.

These facts raise the question, Are whales as scarce in their old habitats as whalers have supposed? It is known that when the whalers of the seventeenth century raided the Nortnern haunts of the whale in Spitzbergen waters the whales disappeared, but were found on the coast of Greenland.

From 1690 to 1740 whales were so numerous off the New England coast and in the bays that whale fishery was prosecuted in boats from the shore. After 1740 the whales began to leave the New England coast, going north and south to waters unfrequented by man. Later, the whalers followed them to the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, and for sixty years the colder seas have been the hunting grounds of the whalers, the supply decreasing so rapidly as to cause many to believe that the species would become extinct in the next fifty years.

Possibly the whales, having been pursued from their old haunts to the Arctic Ocean, and having been driven from that, have been returned to the New England coast and to other waters frequented by them 100 and 200 years ago. There is not one whaling vessel in commission now where there were fifty a hundred years ago, and there is less inducement to activity in whale fishery.

Ten whales are killed now where a thousand were slaughtered in the eighteenth century, simply because the whalers cannot find the whales. But while our small whaling fleet has been cruising this summer in the frozen seas three whales have been washed ashore on the New England coast, and the presumption is that they were not the only ones on the coast.

This is a small showing compared with the old time abundance when whales 100 feet long and yielding thirty tons of oil were frequently caught. As late as 1832 ninety-eight whales were driven into the harbor of Stornowa, Lewis Island, by men in small boats, and all captured in a single day. Neither in American nor European waters will whales ever be abundant, but it is possible that having been driven from the Arctic seas they are again seeking their old haunts.

ORIGIN OF KISSING.

Why do we kiss?

More correctly, the question should read, "Why do we kiss nowadays?" For the kiss as an expression of love and affection is in all likelihood a relatively new "invention." Neither Homer nor Hesiod knew of the kiss in our sense. Hector, on biding farewell to Andromache, does not kiss her, nor does Paris his Helen. Odysseus, the much travelled and much beloved, did not learn kissing from either the fair Calypso or the magician Circe, and on his return he greets his wife, Penelope, with a simple embrace, but not with a kiss. Neither Sanscrit nor the hieroglyphics have a name for the kiss. Cesare Lombrosc, the famous Italian physiologist, traces the origin of kissing to the natives of Terra del Fuego (Pesheras), with whom it is a kind of motherly nursing of the little ones. They do not know the use of drinking vessels, but drink directly from the spring, and when they cannot reach the water with their lips they imbibe it by means of a stalk or tube. With this method of drinking water the little one would have to perish for thirst; the mother therefore recurs to the expedient of filling her own mouth with water and by pressing her lips upon her child's gives it the refreshing draught. From this motherly "mouth to mouth" drinking the practice of kissing is said to have evolved. According to others, the very first kiss had its origin in the observation and imitation of the way the bird feed and caress their young. The great naturalist Darwin, however, thinks that kissing is inborn to the white race, and we kiss for the simple reason that we want to come in contact with the beloved person. The pleasure derived from such contact is also manifested by some nationalities, such as Lapps and New Zealanders, by rubbing their noses against one another; while other people obey the same instinct by rubbing each other's chest or arms, or stroking the own faces with the hands and feet of others.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Newspaper Publishers and Job Printers!

Bran new 8-point Roman newspaper body type, cast from standard formula type metal, at twenty-five cents per pound.

Eleven-point lawbrief at 25c per pound.

All unit or point set, (self-spacing.) Liberal discount for cash.

Five hundred pounds up twenty-four cents. Immediate shipments.

Empire Type Foundry,
Delevan, N. Y.

RPtf

Columbia Graphophones

Best Talking Machines Made

CYLINDER MACHINES $5 to $100

DISC MACHINES $12 to $65

The Graphophone pleases young and old alike
It is an ideal entertainer
Reproduces perfectly Band and Orchestral selections
Vocal and Instrumental Solos, Quartettes
Monologues, etc.

25c **COLUMBIA GOLD-MOULDED CYLINDER RECORDS** 25c

COLUMBIA DISC RECORDS
7-INCH, 50 cents each — $5 per dozen
10-INCH, $1 each — $10 per dozen

GRAND OPERA RECORDS
(made in 10-inch discs only)
$2 each

SEND FOR LATEST CATALOGUES

Columbia Phonograph Company Gen'l
353 Broadway, NEW YORK

GRAND PRIZE PARIS, 1900 — GRAND PRIZE PARIS, 1900

THE WORLD'S WORK

The magazine which tells of the progress of the world through wonderful pictures and terse articles.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
New York

N. B.—ANDREW CARNEGIE says: "I think THE WORLD'S WORK remarkable."

OHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR

REACHES THE GOSPEL OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

ich Man's Son Devoted to His Sunday School Work.

It was shortly before 10 in the morng. Fifth avenue was comparatively serted for three reasons, namely—it as the Sabbath day, it was too early some hours for an ease-and-luxuryving residential section to be visibly tir, and it was raining—raining as hen gray and ragged skies are being eadily unraveled upon an outwardly serted city.

Standing—had there been any sun—the shadow of the modest Fifth avee Baptist Church spire in West Fortyxth street, just off the mansioned enue, an observer might have counted me hundred and fifty exceptions to the evailing rule of metropolitan deser-on. An observer also might have noted modest coupe, devoid of any crest or mily insignia, just as the driver was inus a cockade and livery, draw up at e church entrance and deposit a young an and a young woman upon the pave-ent.

Stepping first from the vehicle and sing his umbrella with such agility as experienced teller may some times exit in handling specie, the young man orted his companion to a small side trance of the church and with her disppeared into the plain brick and stone ifice.

Had it not been raining, the couple—e young man and his wife—would have lked from their handsome Fifth avee residence to the West Forty-sixth eet church, instead of riding even in ch an unpretentious conveyance as ey used on this occasion. For the nger John D. Rockefeller is endeavorg to live—as he preaches to his rkable Bible class in the Fifth Avenue ptist Church—the simple life.

As founder, patron and leader of what s come to be known generally as the ckefeller Bible Class, which incidentalis of more numerical importance than e entire remaining Fifth Avenue Bapt Sunday-school, the younger Rockeler occupies a position at once comnding and unique in the public gaze. ny and striking passages from his ekly addresses to his class—addresses t are half-confidential discussions and lf-sermons—wander regularly into nt. But of the manner in which he ducts his class, this young heir to the hundred or more Rockefeller milis, of its personnel and attitude tod him, comparatively few glimpses e been obtained.

Publicity, as he frankly declared, has n discouraged by himself and his class, t as it had been avoided whenever ssible by the Rockefeller family.

Having accompanied his wife, a daughof Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of de Island, to the small waiting room joining the church proper, the young lti-millionaire leader having been deed a few minutes on account of the a, hurried into the main body of the rch, where some hundred and fifty ss members and visitors were congreed. They had been about the only lestrians on the neighboring streets ween the hours of 9 and 10—a time en all roads in that part of the city l to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.

Smile Never Reaches His Eyes.

Evidently the leader and the led were roughly en rapport. For his genial de of greeting was vividly reflected n nearly every face present. His le had in it a searching warmth and fidelity that had the same thawing ct upon the beneficiaries as might a ch of sunlight upon the outside world. a facial expression it was in many rets remarkable, beginning at the cors of the mouth, gradually taking in whole mouth in its progress, extendto the shorn upper lip, and then as ftly enveloping the entire lower porof the face.

veral times the smile was repeated, time with the same revivifying efupon the recipients, as the leader le his way to his appointed place in t of the congregated class. But it er quite reached nor included the steel eyes which possessed the extraorry characteristic of never blinking, ar as could be casually observed.

is garb was a well-fitting semi-busisuit of iron rather than steel gray—dor almost matching the color of his . If the wearer, as is known, did not any special interest in athletics e in college, he must have found time had the inclination to perfect himself sically. For one need look no furthan the broad, firmly bracketed lders and creditable chest expansion iscover why the Rockefeller tailor acquitted himself so well.

rhaps the breadth of shoulder was ntuated by the bare tan feet seven inches of the young man. His limited inches served also to accentuate the size of his head. Yet the most important feature about that member, if the eyes and their immovable lids be excepted, was the nose.

Recently in discussing faces as indexes of character, a great industrial captain and student of physiognomy declared that he attributed no small part of his commercial success to his ability to estimate character by noses. He jocularly remarked that he won each of his greatest successes by a nose. Young John D. Rockefeller, judging by the same standard, has character to spare. His nose betokens both a Roman and Greek ancestry. As a feature, it completely dominates his face.

Smiling his sixth, or maybe his seventh consecutive smile, the young leader reached and ascended the slightly elevated platform. Although, in doing so, he had his back to his audience for a fraction of a minute, he conveyed a curious impression of not having taken his eyes from the assemblage. Choosing an ample chair of Tiffan plush the young man sat down, folded his arms, and clamly proceeded to survey the faces turned toward him with their varying degrees of age and experience. Simultaneously with this movement, and as suddenly as the genial expression had appeared in his face on his entrance, it was eclipsed as though by a transitory cloud of some impenetrable texture.

Jeffersonian Simplicity.

Meanwhile, the room was rapidly filing with tardy arrivals, the regular class members proceeding to their accustomed places, and the visitors, of whom there were a score, receiving a welcoming hand from whichever usher met them at the door. Had it been a political meeting this Sunday morning gathering of the Rockefeller Bible class might be characterized as having a Jeffersonian simplicity. Several minutes thus went by.

Occasionally the young multimillionaire exchanged nods with those nearest him. Once again he smiled with his lower face—a fac simile of the much-caricatured Roosevelt ian smile, in which the teeth were prominent even in the dim religious light prevailing. His eyes were, or seemed to be, watching and weighing the newer arrivals with a combined kindness and keenness of gaze which left no unexplored corners in the well-filled room.

Something about the silent, thoughtful figure on the platform bespoke the leader. Whether he were a born or self-made one was yet to be disclosed. But his dominancy over the class was never for a moment weakened or lost. Did any one present permit his voice to touch an upper register or his foot to fall with a disturbing echo the transgressor immediately directed an apologetic glance toward the platform, as though to excuse the dereliction. Yet there was a home-like quality in the atmosphere which even the bleak and bare interior could not quite dispel.

Glancing at his watch and noting that it was time to begin, young Rockefeller arose and announced a hymn. Everybody stood up, and, led by a male quartet of exceptionally good voices recruited from the class members, joined in the song. Vocally the leader could be distinguished by his manner of prolonging the final notes after the other voices were lowered or hushed.

Parable of the Hidden Treasure.

With the conclusion of the hymn he remained standing while the class was seated. There was no suggestion of a smile now, as, locking his hands behind him and squarely facing his auditors while he swept them with his eyes, he announced that the text for the lesson would be the parable of the hidden treasure.

Whether it was a coincident or whether the Bible class has a weakness for texts dealing with strictly material subjects remained unexplained. In a conversational tone young Rockefeller added that the text for the following week would be based upon the parable of the pearl. On the preceding Sunday, as he said, the parables of the mustard seed and the leaven had been respectively under consideration.

Raising his voice so as to reach every corner in the audience room, and with a clear-cut, incisive tone, he repeated Matthew, xiv:44: "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

If any of his auditors considered the purely commercial aspect of the parable or were impressed the more by the financial standing of the speaker, it was admirably concealed. Nobody smiled. Every eye was focused upon the speaker.

Dropping his voice to a conversational tone and fingering a slip in his hand, the class leader continued: "What is the meaning of the parable you have just heard? It says that the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field. Does it mean that the kingdom is a personal one—one that is intended not only for humanity in the aggregate, but for you and me as individuals? Yes, I think that is what is meant.

"But our text to-day suggests something else that some, if not all, of us must have thought of at some time or other. And that is the necessity of conscious effort in finding the treasures of this life. Conscious effort! Just as the air is all about us in vast and unlimited quantities and yet cannot be breathed without conscious effort, so it is with this parable which teaches that when a certain man found the kingdom of heaven he hid it and joyfully went and sold all else that he had in order to possess the field and treasure more fully.

"In those days of war and trouble, of dissimulation and intrigue, when no man knew at what hour he might fall a victim to some more powerful neighbor or king, men were accustomed to burying their treasures for safer keeping. We read frequently of those who divided their fortunes into three parts. One part was invested in jewels, which having less bulk, could the more easily be concealed as well as worn. Another portion was frequently buried, and a third portion was invested in trade or business.

The Act and the Treasure.

"So it was natural that a parable would be suggested by treasure, buried in a field. The man who found it on that occasion was perhaps a laborer in the vineyard, who was unaccustomed to material or spiritual riches. So he, after making his discovery, put the treasure back for fear of losing it. Did he do right? Maybe some of you have opinions on the subject."

Mr. Rockefeller paused and glanced from face to face in search of an answer. Finally an elderly man in the rear of the room ventured that the finder of the treasure had done right because of his exceeding joy and his righteous caution in husbanding it. Another believed that a joy which could not abide the sunlight, one that had to be hidden for fear of loss, was not such a joy as is founded upon a rock.

"Yes," agreed the leader, "that is a very pertinent definition, and it opens up a new vista. Some of us think that we can keep good company and by carefully choosing model companions can slide along with them into heaven. Such of us are apt to be very much disappointed. But, returning to the parable, the intrinsic value of the treasure, otherwise that which it symbolizes, is what?"

Somebody near the interrogator thought that the treasure was to be found in the church and nowhere else, according to Scriptural light. Having patiently listened to the chorus of opinions as to what was actually symbolized by the treasure, the multimillionaire leader enrolled himself as a preacher and avowed believer in the simple life. He grew very earnest, and spoke with emphasis as he said:

"There is only one way that the hidden treasure can be found, and that is by building up character in order to possess all that is really worth having in this world. Times are different now from what they were in former ages, when men lived more simply, when life was not such a complex affair as it is to-day.

"If you have harbored the belief that you can have and hold any worthy and substantial treasure without obtaining and possessing it by means of character, go and try it awhile. You will be very much mistaken. You will find that worldly pleasures and possessions are not worth having—not worth having at all when they are gained through moral and spiritual deterioration and the expense of character and self-respect.

"Glance into any walk of life and consider any apparently successful person of you acquaintance, and you may be sure that if such an individual has no pronounced character, no ideals, no clear conscience to take home with him in the evening, we will find that he will have nothing at the end of his life.

Not to Be Bought with Gold.

"This being treasure, then, that we must all possess, where is the best place to find it?"

A prolonged pause ensued before the silence was broken by a young man who arose and quoted:—"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mr. Rockefeller nodded in approval, but he believed that the answer was too vague. Another classman, a young lawyer, judging by his oratorical style of delivery was firm in his opinion that it could only be found and founded upon the rock of truth. Still another was convinced that the human heart was the repository of the treasure. One valiantly championed the Bible.

"Which is right?" smiled the catechist before continuing: "We all know that there have been men who have had no opportunity to become acquainted with the church and yet who have been admirable characters. No. The church, necessary as it is in the premises, is not the only place where men may become possessed of this inestimable treasure. Do not construe me as meaning that it is not necessary to have the religious principle implanted in the seeker after this treasure. But it can be found outside the church. Where?"

"Some men," more gravely, "have thought—have mistakenly believed—that money could buy this great treasure. They have ordered their lives upon the theory that with money they could buy their way into heaven, and they have wasted themselves in striving to get the price. In fact, there are thousands of misled people who think everything in this world can be bought. They are sadly in error This treasure is not of such paramount value that it cannot be bought with gold.

"Again, many men have thought to attain it by intellectual paths. Others have striven toward it by hard work, by making names for themselves in the world. Even that does not suffice. Great and protracted sacrifices must be made to attain it. Now the world says impatiently that it is not worth while to make such sacrifices. The world is wrong in this as in many other things. Do not think of it as being a great sacrifice, but as a great joy, just as the laborer in the parable.

"We may have to part with money," he continued, leaning forward and lifting one hand slightly to give emphasis to his injunction; "we may have to sacrifice pleasure, comfortable surroundings, and selfish desires in order to obtain it, but it is well worthy of every sacrifice.

Missing the Prizes of Life.

"If you surrender yourselves to worldly pleasures and ambitions to the exclusion of those spiritual," declared the youthful multimillionaire, with a rising inflection, "and if you think that happiness depends upon having all that this world affords, you will finally reach a point where you will become disgusted with life as being merely an empty dream, a hollow mockery. Then you will perhaps too late awaken to the fact that your years have been wasted and your life squandered, and that you have missed the only prizes worth possessing.

"Of course it must be acknowledged—it must be admitted—that success is the one desirable thing in life—as a means to an end. It would be foolish to deny that there is a certain gratification in being successful. And it is a commendable ambition. But when you have reached the top rung of success you will find that you are not satisfied with that alone. The mere fact of success does not satisfy. However fortunate one may be, however well off he may be in worldly goods, however clear his conscience may be, if he has not come in contact with and received the saving grace of Jesus Christ nothing else is much worth while.

"So, in conclusion, I beseech you, my friends to look under your feet this morning in your search for this hidden treasure."

"Now let us sing," he concluded somewhat abruptly.

Signaling to the quartet in the choir loft with one hand and reaching for a hymnal with the other, the class leader joined in the hearty response that followed. As the final notes of the deep-toned organ concluded a trailing offertory, the young multimillionaire class leader pronounced a brief benediction.

This done, the secretary made a number of announcements as to the programme for the coming week, and the class adjourned, as customary, to the adjoining reception room, where members and visitors alike were to meet and converse personally with the young magnate.

Family Tradition Against Talking.

His hand clasp was no less cordial than his smile on meeting a press representative, until an interview was broached. His hands swiftly vanished behind his back. He glanced quickly about. Yet the smile remained, as he said quietly: "I would prefer not to discuss the class work. We are always glad to welcome visitors and to show by our actions just what we are doing. But it is a family tradition that we permit our actions to do our talking."

"You do not regard it as a sacrifice to devote so much of your time to this work?" was suggested.

Again the mouth smiled, while the iron-gray eyes remained immovable. "In my talk this morning," he replied, "I said something about the necessity of considering such things as a pleasure rather than as a sacrifice."

Then: "How are you this morning?" turning to a young man at his elbow. A few questions were asked by the newcomer and answered about a class dinner to be given at the Majestic on November 30. To another class attendant the young leader addressed a question about the class club in West Forty-fifth street. He has taken exceptional interest in this club, which occupies an entire house, and is supported by regular annual dues from such members of the class as are enrolled in its membership.

Of the 450 class members, only some two hundred are members of the club. Handsomely furnished and equipped with an excellent library and other accessories of club life, this, besides being a general class rendezvous, is the home of some thirty members of the Rockefeller Bible Class.

As to the attitude of the class toward its multi-millionaire leader, one of the charter members voiced a unanimous sentiment in saying: "A great many persons have taken occasion to express criticisms about ourselves and the work we are accomplishing. If they were better informed they would not be so skeptical. As a man in business, I have never known of greater loyalty and regard than exists between the head of this organization and the members.

"While most of them are young men, a great many regular attendants of the class are well advanced in years. Some of them attend the meetings every Sunday of the class year from October until May without ever directly identifying themselves with the organization.

"As to there being any other than sincere motives underlying the institution, any such suggestion is both unjust and unwarranted. Certainly our leader has nothing to gain from this class save its undivided loyalty and such pleasure and spiritual profit as he may get in the work.

"Few people can know of the far-reaching influence of this organization and the power it has become," continuing. "Besides our regular Sunday morning meetings, we have been at various times addressed by the foremost men in nearly every walk of life. It might even be ventured that no similar organization in existence has been addressed by such an extraordinary array of speakers. Then there are our regular monthly dinners, and also the club, which offers exceptional advantages to the members from every viewpoint.

His Gospel the Simple Life.

"Although," concluded the speaker, dropping his voice as the object of discussion passed near on his way out of the room, "the simple life is now a popular vogue, it is neither more nor less than what Mr. Rockefeller has been preaching, so to say, ever since he organized his class and assumed its leadership four years ago. He works harder than any members of the class to further its success, and nobody knows—not even the beneficiaries—just how much silent assistance he has given and is giving to many of the young men who are following his leadership here."

Meanwhile the room was being gradually vacated, many accompanying the young man whose name is a synonym for millions into the church to attend the regular service, others leaving for their homes in all parts of Greater New York, and others adjourning to the club around the corner. No restrictions are placed upon any of the members of their movements beyond the moral obligations which a membership in the class entails.

An hour later, following the church services, and as the rain was still falling, the young Rockefellers were driven home in a carriage which might have been a public rather than private conveyance of the prospective wealthiest young man in America. He has missed less than a dozen meetings of his Bible class since it was organized.—Wash. Post.

THIS AND THAT.

It has been decided that Chinese women may come to this country if they marry a regularly admitted Chinese man after arrival. Whether this is a scheme to encourage or discourage such immigration is not exactly clear.

* * *

Dr. Amelia Wilkes Limes, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday, is the oldest practicing woman doctor in the world. She was the first woman to receive a diploma in the state of New York and has practiced in New York city since 1854.

* * *

A statistician has gone to the trouble to ascertain that 35 per cent of all the divorced women, 32 per cent of the widowed and 31 per cent of the single women are engaged in gainful pursuits. Only about 6 per cent of the married women are similarly situated.

* * *

"Why do the roses fade slowly away?" she inquired, poetically. "Well," replied the bald-headed young man, "when you think it over, it's all for the best. It's more comfortable to have them fade slowly away than to have them go off all of a sudden like a torpedo."

* * *

Many men in New York city who have been paying alimony to former wives are now much elated over a recent decree of court, that if the former wife takes a second husband the alimony ceases. If a woman really wants a divorced husband to support her she must remain unmarried.

* * *

English women are blessed with the best complexions in all the world. There are two reasons for this happy condition. One is the fact that English women are not afraid of a five or even a fifteen mile tramp, and another is that the foggy atmosphere keeps the skin from drying and becoming parched and lined.

* * *

Fencing has become the vogue among fashionable women in Newport. They are stamping their small feet in the "appel," they are learning to thrust and parry, to engage in quarte, to "cut over," to lunge, daily they are devoting more time to acquiring proficiency in the art and even many of them will fence with all the ability and skill of the old masters and of the men fencers of today.

* * *

Many of the very wealthy society women even clothe the poorer members of their own set, strange as that may seem to the outside public. Numberless women who have inherited a place in the social world but whose families have met with financial reverses not only are willing but anxious to accept the silks, satins, velvets and laces which have adorned their more fortunate sisters, and by a series of turnings, and making over no one is the wiser.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY.

By Louis Wiley of New York, Veteran Journalist.

The day of oratory is passing, but the public taste for newspaper reading is increasing. In years gone by only a limited number of the citizenship read newspapers; now every man and woman, and indeed every child able to read, reads a newspaper.

The expense of conducting newspapers is now greater than at any other time in the history of newspaper making. The average cost of the production of a New York daily newspaper is $20,000 per week.

The business side of newspaper work requires as much ability and as much energy as the editorial department.

Individuality was the predominant factor in newspaper work fifty years ago.

Today there is more impersonality and better service to the people.

MARS AND CUPID.

Although the promulgation of the recommendation made by Gen. Corbin—that the War department should not permit an officer of the army to marry until he has an income sufficient to support a wife and family and is free from debt—was but recently made public, the returns of the opinion of the country have come in and they are largely caustically critical of his suggestion. The young women are writing to the newspapers that Gen. Corbin is transgressing the field of his duty as commander of a single military division and that he ought to find sufficient employment in managing its affairs without seeking to regulate the matrimonial engagements of the whole army establishment.

A look at a few comparative figures may throw some light on the question. The pay of officers ranges from $1,400 a year for a second lieutenant of infantry and $1,500 for a second lieutenant of cavalry or artillery up to $11,000 for the lieutenant general. First lieutenants get $1,500 and $1,600, and captains are paid $2,000 and $2,500. It is only with these grades that we are concerned, as with the slowness of promotion in time of peace it is a fair inference that if a man is not married when he becomes a captain he is safe for the remainder of his life. But the stated pay is not all that is coming to the young officer. He receives 10 per cent. increase after his first five years of service, and as his four years at the West Point academy are counted, the second lieutenant of infantry will only wear his shoulder straps 12 months before he is getting $1,545.96 a year. If he is promoted from the ranks his service there counts in his longevity pay, but if he is appointed from civil life he must have five years age on his commission before he gets the increase. Taking the Sixth regiment of infantry as an example, the roster shows that six of the officers came up from the ranks, 26 from civil life and only 16 are West Pointers. Each officer is paid $12 a month for each room he occupies as quarters when he is not stationed at an army post. A lieutenant is allowed two rooms and a captain three. When they are traveling on orders and not in charge of troops Uncle Sam grants mileage at the rate of seven cents a mile.

Too Many Questions.

The fallacy of asking too many questions is generally followed by much embarrassment.

I was stopping at a large hotel, and one day as I came out and took my hat from the hands of the hatkeeper, I said to him:

"How do you know that is my hat?"

"I don't know it, suh," said the boy.

"Then, why do you give it to me?", I insisted.

"Because," replied the boy, "you gave it to me!"—(Lippincott's.

Scrofula

Is very often acquired, though generally inherited. Bad hygiene, foul air, impure water, are among its causes. It is called "the soil for tubercles," and where it is allowed to remain tuberculosis or consumption is pretty sure to take root.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes every trace of scrofula. Get Hood's.

For testimonials of remarkable cures send for Book on Scrofula, No. 1.
C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

uy Your Whiskey Direct From The Maker

Forst's 7 Year old Rye WHISKEY 4 full quarts for $3.00.

Packed in Plain sealed case expressage prepaid to your nearest station.

Our goods is aged in the wood, and is pure and mellow, better than you have had from s for the price, or your money back.
ny Bank in Pittsburg will tell you that our word is good, and that we are responsible. We do not humbug you like so many advertising so called "Distillers."
y buying from us you get an honest article, made from honest, select grain, by honest peo-

f you will send us the names of 10 good families in your vicinity who use Whiskey nedical purposes, and to whom we may send our pricelist, we will send you, with your order, one quart of Pure Virginia Homemade Blackberry Wine—FREE.

MORRIS FORST & CO.,
Cor. 2d Ave. & Smithfield St.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

Florida and Cuba

Think of the balmy sunshine, of the fragrance of orange blossoms, of the golden fruits of Florida; then recall the snow, the sleet, the biting and continued cold of last winter.

Splendid train service, with every convenience for the comfort and safety of the traveler, has been provided via the ATLANTIC COAST LINE, "The great thoroughfare to the tropics," controlling 1400 miles of standard railway in the State of Florida.

Winter tourist tickets now on sale via this line carry the following privileges, without additonal cost: Stopping off, up to 30 days, enroute to or returning from Jacksonville; Many variable routes south of Jacksonville; Stop over privilege in the State of Florida at any point within life of ticket. For illustrated booklets on Florida, Cuba or "What to say in Spanish and how to say it," or other information, address, W. J. Craig, G. P. A., Wilmington, N. C., or Geo. B. Ecker, Agt. Pass. Dept. 1161 Broadway, New York. RP Nov. 28tf

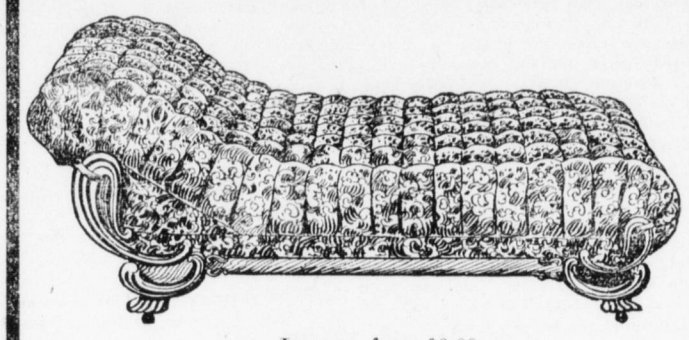
WINCHESTER

Take-Down Repeating Shotguns

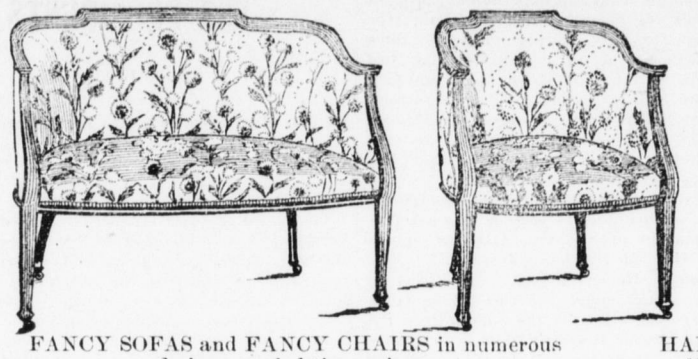
The notion that one must pay from fifty dollars upwards in order to get a good shotgun has been pretty effectively dispelled since the advent of the Winchester Repeating Shotgun. These guns are sold within reach of almost everybody's purse. They are safe, strong, reliable and handy. When it comes to shooting qualities no gun made beats them. They are made in 12 and 16 gauge. Step into a gun store and examine one.

FREE: Send name and address on a postal card for our large illustrated catalogue.

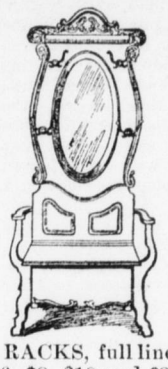
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.



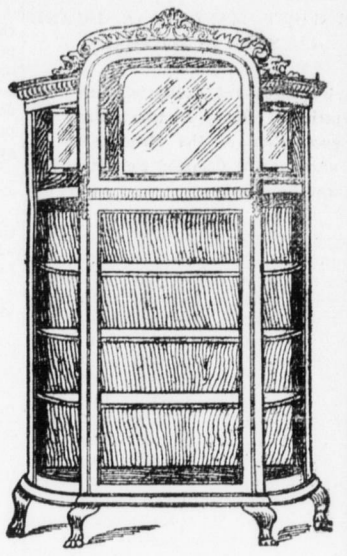
Lounges from $6.00 up



FANCY SOFAS and FANCY CHAIRS in numerous designs at glad time prices.



HALL RACKS, full line, $5, $6, $8, $10 and $20



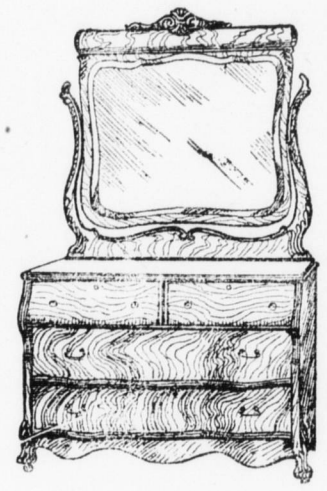
China Closets from $12 up.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR,

GEO. J LaBAR'S

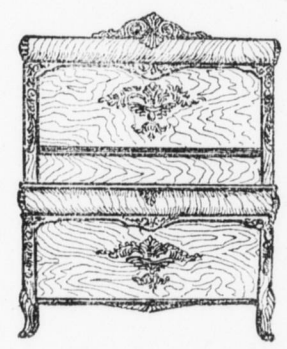
MAMMOTH FURNITURE HOUSE.

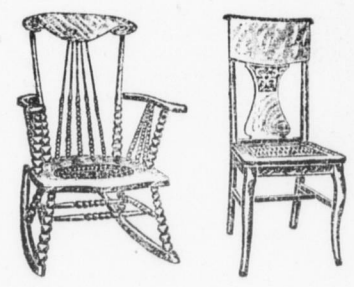


CAPACITY DOUBLED TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF PATRONS.

Never since we commenced business in the furniture line in Emporium has our business so rapidly increased as during 1904 (thanks to the kind patrons of Cameron and adjoining counties,) which has forced us to erect an addition to our already large brick store, giving us almost double the room, thereby giving us a better chance to display our

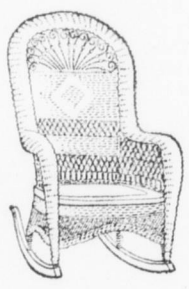
Mammoth Line of Furniture, Carpets, Etc.





Dining Chairs from $1.00 each up.

We aim to meet the requirements of the public and have no kick coming—we will add a third floor if the public demands it. We are here to do business—call and see if we are not.



Beautiful Reed Rochers from $6.00 to $20.

Parlor Tables, all sizes, shapes and prices.

Thousands of Xmas Presents.

All you have to do is to take a trip through our Wondealand of Bargains. You will be astontshed. There is no need of going to Buffalo, Olean or any other old town. We can and will meet them all in both style and prices.

TURKISH CHAIRS Upholstered in Veronica Beautiful designs at low prices.

CHIFFONIEES in new designs and handy as a pocket in a shirt.

MISSION CHAIRS Leather, the popular chair of the day. Large line and more coming. Large, Easy Chairs and Rockers, upholstered in leather. Fine assortment at all prices.

CHINA SETS One hundred pieces, beautiful designs and magnificent decorations, $5.0; $6.50; $8.50; $10.00; $11.50; $15.00; $25.00. The very best and most complete line in the county.

TOILET SETS Four, ten and twelve pieces, $2.50; $3.50; $5.50; $6.50; $8.50, and $10.00. Big bargains.

MATTRESSES. Good, honest Cotton Mattresses, all grade and prices.

CARPET SWEEPERS Don't forget we sell tee Bissell Carpet Sweeper. It always pleases the good wife. Any of these articles will be appreciated and enjoyed as a present.

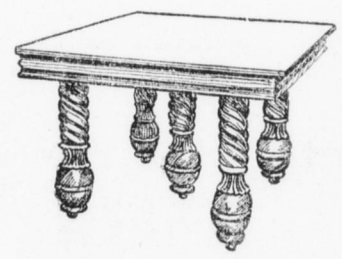
LACE CURTAINS, PORTIERS AND RUGS.

Elegant line at special bargains. The attractiveness of these goods will at once convince you of their value.

In addition to hundreds of appropriate presents we might mention, such as sideboards, dressing chairs, book cases, ladies desks, couches, parlor tables, easels, framed pictures, screens, jardineres, stands, etc. We have many pieces of furniture for the children, such as rockers and high chairs.

Domestic Sewing Machines We are agents for this celebrated machine; also for the Eldredge machine, two of the best. Get a good machine and it will not cost you much. From $20 to $40. All guaranteed. Drop heads.

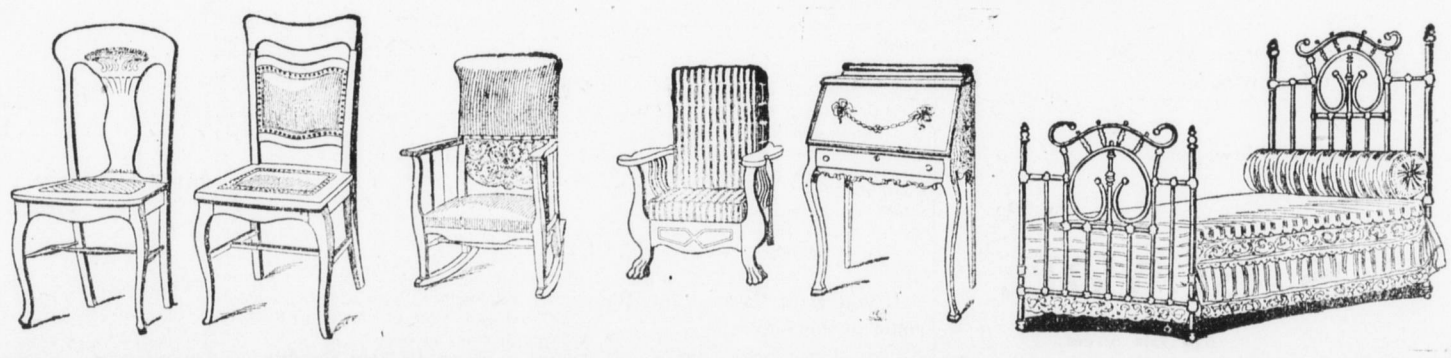
GEO. J. LaBAR.



Extension Tables from $6.00 to $130.

Carpets AND Drapery.

Never in the history of the Carpet and Drapery line have our customers been given such an opportunity to secure such wonderful bargains as we have this Glad Season prepared for them. Our line of Carpets of all grades, Drapry, Art Squares, etc., is the most complete and up-to-date assortment we have ever exhibited.



Dining Chatrs, all prices; Morris Chairs, $6 to $12. Fancy Rockers, all kinns from $1.00 up; Ladies' Desks from $3.50 to $40; Iron and Brass Beds from $3.50 up

OLD TIME INDIAN COUNCIL

THE FIRST MANHATTAN ISLAND HAS SEEN IN 280 YEARS.

Sacred Dances and a Battle With the Spirits of Henry Hudson's Crew by Descendants of the Manhattans—A Union for the Common Benefit of Indians Proposed.

Forty or fifty Indians from various parts of the country met on Thanksgiving evening at the residence of Joseph Keppler of Puck, at Indwood-on-Hudson, and held a council, the first time in 280 years or thereabouts that such a thing had happened on Manhattan Island, says the N. Y. Sun.

They were called together by Chief Longfeather of the Mohawks. They met, if tradition is correct, near the spot where the first Indian fell the victim of a white man's bullet. That happened in 1609, when Henry Hudson and his crew on the Half Moon fired upon the aboriginal Manhattanites gathered on the rocky promontory where Spuyten Duyvil Creek empties into the Hudson.

According to a tradition of the descendants of the Manhattans, a medicine man and prophet of the nation declared that the spot should be forever accursed and no pale invader should find success so far as a gun could fire a bullet from that spot. For those who wish corroboration of this tradition it may be pointed out that this part of the city is still undelevoped. Most of the wealthy people who settled there thirty years ago have abandoned their mansions, which to-day are, many of them, going to ruin.

The council was held in the dining hall in the Keppler home. Here solid oak beams afforded a sound footing for the heavy ceremonial dances.

Arrayed in buckskin clothing, decorated with wampum, beads and savage trinkets, a thin line of Indians stood in the shadowy dimness, and as the sun sank below the trees that fringe the Palisades the whoop of the Iroquois rang out, bidding the Father of Day goodnight. The tom-tom sounded and the evening chant was sung. There was a momentary silence. The Chief Longfeather spoke:

"Alonquins," he said, "you of the Nation of the Morning Light, in your veins runs the blood of the men who once ruled Manhattan. So I give honor to you, Soaring Doves, the descendant of the ancient line, and to your husband, Chief Tahamont, from the line of Tammenund [Tammany]."

With this tribute to the descendants of the old Manhattan stock, the Indian men and women entered the house and seated themselves on the chairs placed around the sides of the room in accord with the old customs. All were arrayed in the costumes handed down by their fathers and mothers

Chief Longfeather, whose ancestors held dominion over the Manhattan 300 years ago, acted as master of ceremonies. In his opening address he spoke English, all the Indians present understanding that tongue, while they could not be expected to understand haphazard any one of the sixty-odd Indian languages other than their own.

Longfeather explained that they had assembled in order to form a closer bond of union between the Indians of various tribes whose callings caused them to live in New York most of the time, or often led them hither. First they should engage in the old time dances and rekindle the old Indian spirit that had slumbered too long in many.

The old women began starting the shuffle dance. This is executed in a peculiar manner by alternately moving one foot slightly forward of the other, but neither at any time leaving the floor. The advance movement is quite rapid and the elderly women make very graceful movements with their hands, arms and heads, keeping the body stiff and erect.

Then, in honor of Mr. Keppler, came the pigeon dance, led by Chief Deer, who had been sent as a delegate by the Indian colony of Philadelphia. After a few other dances the wild music of songs and rattles.

In the ceremony the Indians grouped themselves within a circular area, standing close together. The singers began their songs, beating time upon their drums, and the dancers made the floor resound with agile feet. Each war song lasted about two minutes and was followed by an interval of about the same length.

These war songs are in verses or measured sentences, and interpreted would be something like the following:

I, am brave and intrepid,
I do not fear death nor any kind of torture!
Those who fear them are cowards,
They are less than women!
Life is nothing to them who have courage!
May mine enemies be confounded and despair with rage!

The warwhoop always perceded each song. It was given by the leader and answered by the band.

After the violent exertions of the war dance the Indians removed their heavy skin costumes and donned citizen's clothing. This was in order that the white man's dances might be indulged in as well. An orchestra had been hired, and the music of civilazation gave place to that of the savage.

After the purely social features of the council, business of a more serious nature was considered. A count of names showed that between forty and fifty Indians of various tribes had responded to the council call of Chief Longfeather.

Among those present the Mohawks predominated. Besides those that live in New York, they had delegates from various places. From Boston came Miss May Splicer, from Montreal Louis Saylor and from Philadelphia Louis Deer. Of the local Indians may be mentioned Flower Necklace, Mrs. Dibeux, Longfeather and Red Eagle.

The St. Regis Mohawks were represented by Daniel Lafrance, a progressive young business man of New York. The Senecas of western New York were represented by Star Shaft, the Sioux by Iskahulah, the Hurons by White Fawn and the Abenakis by Soaring Dove, Bright Eyes and Prairie Flower.

These tribes were anciently deadly enemies, but it is interesting to note that White Fawn, the Huron, is the wife of Red Eagle, the Mohawk, and that Prairie Flower, the Abenaki, is the bride of Star Shaft, the Seneca. Ancient animosity has disappeared.

The council proper was held in secret, but it may be said that during its session the Indians took steps to protect their interests, political, commercial and social against certain individuals and corporations that, posing as friends, seek to destroy them. A closer bond of union was formulated and a plan drawn up for mutual encouragement and assistance.

In speeches by Star Shaft, Red Eagle, Deer and Longfeather the good old times were discussed. Star Shaft reviewed the history and migration of the Manhattan Indians, and also spoke about thanksgiving ceremonies among the Indians, saying that while the whites have one, copied after the Indians' harvest festival, the Indians have six thanksgivings a year.

Red Eagle discussed the causes that led to the weakening of the tribes with the era of the white man and pointed out how this must be changed, and that all Indians must forget tribal differences and stand simply as Indians and united.

Chief Deer, interpreted by Louis Saylor, paid a tribute to the life of Mrs. Converse, and praised the efforts of her successor, Mr. Keppler. Longfeather, with his characteristic humor, brought down the house. Each speaker at the close of his address proposed three cheers and a war whoop for the good Chief Gyantwaka, Mr. Keppler, and they were heartily given. Then the assembled Indians in a prolonged cheer lauded Chief Longfeather for his idea in calling the council. His work shall live long and do good, they said.

One of the ceremonies performed while the council was in session was a representation of a battle with the spirits of the old Dutch voyagers and their captain, Henry Hudson. This was to satisy the spirits of the Manhattans who were killed by the bullets from the Half Moon, Hudson's ship. The ceremony was performed by the younger men.

The Indians did not hold their Thanksgiving dinner at the council, but had it before coming, at the home of Longfeather. Here preparations were made for the council at Inwood. At the dinner, Mr. Keppler was presented with an antique basket from the Barbados to enrich his already extensive collection.

The Thanksgiving council marks a new epoch in Indian history, it is hoped. As a result the scattered individuals of the red race will strive to keep together and form a union, as Red Eagle expressed it.

Historically it was of no small interest. A representative of the State Education Department was present to make observations of the ceremonies and will preserve them in the archives of the State.

CROUP

is one of the dangers of childhood. It must be cured quickly and permanently. Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, is pleasant to take and cures thoroughly. Your money back, if it doesn't.

408

25 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00

PIANOS!

Prospective purchasers can find no better makes to choose from than the

Weber, Henry F. Miller, Ivers & Pond, Estey, Shoninger, F. S. Slade, Wheelock, Hobart M. Cable, Stuyvesant.

All Pianos Bought For Spot Cash and Sold At The Lowest Possible Prices

New Uprights as low as $165.00.
Fully Guaranteed.

Ten years of unquestioned business integrity and reliability.

F. S. SLADE,

Write for Catalogues and Prices.

646 Main Street,
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

LARGE FAMILIES.

French Canadian Population Increasing at Astonishing Rate.

The remarkable fecundity of the French Canadian population of the province of Quebec is illustrated in official statistics in the public offices of the provincial government here. It is shown, for instance, that up to the present time no fewer than 3,437 applications have been made for the state reward of free grants of land for fruitfulness in the marriage state. The rewards were provided for by an act adopted by the Legislature of Quebec some 15 years ago, when the late Count Mercier was prime minister of the province. The legislation was prompted by a desire to enlarge the sphere of French Canadian influence in North America by encouraging large families of children, and was largely based upon the law passed in the early years of New France by the great French minister of state, Colbert.

As the law now stands, the government of the province records a grant of 100 acres of land to every father and mother of 12 or more living children, and it is stated more than 3,400 married couples have already applied for the legislative prize.

Some interesting experiences are recorded by the officers to whom these applications are made. In the country districts of French Canada, the cure, or parish priest, is entitled to a tithe of all the farmer's products, which tithe has been fixed at the 1-26th part of the whole. And so in some instances he has had offered to him the 26th child, whose education has not infrequently been provided for at his expense.

One applicant who produced the birth certificate of 13 children, could not obtain the grant because only eight of the number were living. In a few months he returned and successfully renewed the application having in the meantime married a widow with six living children.

Owing to the high death rate among the children of French Canadien families, the figures shown in the public statistics fail to convey any idea of the birth rate in the province of Quebec. But for the heavy infantile mortality in this element of Canada's population, the number of claimants for the government's land prize would probably be three times as many as it actually is.

In the poorer classes of the community the mothers—active, strong and industrious, as they almost invariably are—are so overburdened by maternal cares and the rapidity with which one child succeeds another that the little ones are necessarily deprived of the closer watchfulness and attention which wards off infantile disease, and which is so much more readily forthcoming in the cases of smaller families and of those who can afford to pay for a proper supply of nurses and attendants. The French Canadian mother's responsibilities are not infrequently added to by the birth of twins or triplets.

Large as is the number of applicants for the state bounty of land, it falls far short of that which would be forthcoming provided that all who are entitled thereto duly filed their claims, for only a comparatively small proportion of those who rejoice in a family of a dozen or more children take the trouble to make the fact known to the government, since to dwellers in cities and towns a hundred acres of wild land would be rather an encumbrance than otherwise.

One father of a large family withdrew his application when told that it was necessary to produce a certificate of marriage.

Not infrequently has the demand been made for a double or triple allowance of land on the ground that the applicants have over 24 or 36 living children, as the case may be.—Quebec Letter to N. Y. Sun.

Qualified His Statement.

She—To think that you once declared that you would love me as long as you lived! And now, although we have not been married a year, you care nothing at all about me! He—But, you see when I told you I would love you as long as I lived I wasn't feeling very well, and I really didn't think I should live long!

If you want the best Job Work come to this office.

It pays to advertise in this paper!

OLDEST AND YOUNGEST PRESIDENTS.

BY A. R. HARRING.

William Henry Harrison Has the Former Distinction, Roosevelt the Latter Honor.

The oldest man who was ever elected President was William Henry Harrison of Ohio. Although a great soldier and the son of a signer of the eDclaration, he called himself a farmer. When he was a boy of sixteen, a student at Hampden-Sidney College, in Virginia, which was his native State, Washington was made first President of the country which his devotion had done so much to establish.

It was not until 52 years after that memorable event that Harrison was able to reach a like official eminence. Seven Presidents after Washington intervened, and four of them—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson—served two terms. In 1836 Harrison was nominated as the candidate of the Whigs. He was defeated, but four years later was elected to the Presidency. He died one month after the inauguration. It was Harrison's military fame which made him President.

Next in the order of seniority was James Buchanan of Pennsylvania. He was 65 before he succeeded in landing the coveted prize. He lived to see the successful end of the war which he bequeathed to his successor, Abraham Lincoln. Buchanan was an eminent lawyer.

Zachary Taylor was 65 when he became the tenant of the White House. His father was a Virginia planter. When the boy was very young the family removed to Kentucky, where Zachary was taught whatever was to be learned on a large plantation. He did not go to college, but when he was 24 bade farewell to plantation life and joined the army. In a few years Taylor became celebrated as an Indian fighter. All through the war of 1812 he fought the British Indian allies. In the Mexican War Taylor was most efficient, winning the affectionate sobriquet of "Old Rough and Ready." He was hurrahed into the White House, but lived only 16 months to enjoy the honor.

Of John Adams, "the elder Adams," second President of the United States, it has been said that to have been the father of his distinguished son would have been sufficient to secure fame for himself. It has been declared also of John Quincy Adams, "the younger Adams," sixth President, that to have been the son of so distinguished a sire would have been enough to perpetuate his own memory.

The elder Adams reached the Presidency at the age of 62, as likewise did Andrew Jackson. It is convenient to contrast the latter with the younger Adams, for they were contemporaries, political rivals and born the same year. Adams was a Northerner, a native of the old Bay State. Jackson was a Southerner and claimed South Carolina as his birthplace, though historians insist that he came from the north State. Adams was of aristocratic English lineage; Jackson was of humble Scotch-Irish parentage.

While Andrew was helping his widowed mother till a little farm in the Waxhaw settlement, John Quincy was his father's companion on his special mission to France, and the lad was delighting the French court with his precosity. A few years later, while Andrew was learning the saddler's trade, John was charming the pundits of Harvard with his wit and attainments. With no preparation Andrew began the study of the law in a country lawyer's office. John, a graduate of Harvard, became a lawstudent in the office of the great Theopolus Parsons. Jackson emigrated to Tennessee and hung out his shingle in the wilderness. Adams began at once an official and diplomatic career that progressed steadily upward. The War of 1812 was also Jackson's opportunity. He began as the captain of a troop of raw militia and ended as the hero of New Orleans.

Adams had not been backward in the race. He had developed into the foremost diplomat of the age. He was probably the best known American of the day. In 1824 both men were nominated for the Presidency. Clay and Crawford were also candidates, and the vote was so divided that the choice was left to the house. Adams was chosen, but at the following election Jackson was successful by the largest popular vote of many years.

Besides the younger Adams, two other men were 58 when they were elected President—James Madison and James Monroe. Madison was of English and Monroe of Scotch origin. Both were Virginians, and both were the sons of well-to-do planters. Both also were college bred. Madison studied law, drifted into politics and soon made a national reputation. He was elected to the first House of Representatives, defeating James Monroe. He was elected Chief Magistrate in 1808 and served two terms. Monroe left college to enter the Revolutionary Army and served until the close. At the close of the war he returned home and was sent to the Legislature. After that honors fell rapidly—Senator, Minister to France, Governor, Minister to England and finally, in 1816, President. He was given two terms, and the famous Monroe Doctrine is his pass port to fame.

Two men were President at the age of 57. Both were of English ancestry. One of them was the first Executive of the United States, and the other was Andrew Johnson. Neither was college bred, but the environments of both were vastly dissimilar.

Washington inherited a competency from his father. Johnson's birthright was bitter poverty, his father being a sexton. Washington chose no profession, although he qualified himself as a surveyor.

Johnson had not even learned to read when he was married, and his wife taught him both to read and write. He had acquired the tailor's trade.

Washington's pathway to fame was made rugged by the stress of political upheaval; Johnson's climb to the summit was like the progress of a blinded fate. Washington served seven years, ten months and four days; Johnson completed Abraham Lincoln's second term.

Two men became President at the age of 55—Martin Van Buren and Benjamin Harrison. Van Buren's father was a farmer, as was the father of Benjamin Harrison. Van Buren did not go to college; Harrison was a graduate of Miami University. Both studied law and both rose to great eminence in the profession. Each served a single term.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes was elected at the age of 54. He was of sturdy Scotch ancestry, his father being a prosperous merchant in a thriving Ohio village. The son became a lawyer. He occupied the White House only one term.

One Chief Executive only—William McKinley—was 53 at the time of his election. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He went into the army during the Civil War and served for some time on the staff of Col. Rutherford B. Hayes. He studied law after the close of the war. Mr. McKinley was President four years, six months and ten days, his second term being brought to a close by assassination.

Abraham Lincoln had reached the age of 52 when he was made President. Of English extraction, his father a poor Kentucky farmer, Lincoln was not sent to college. Notwithstanding that drawback he managed to acquire education sufficient to enable him to develop into one of the ablest lawyers of his time. He was President four years, one month and eleven days.

Two men—John Tyler and Chester Alan Arthur—were Presidents at the age of 51. Tyler was a Virginian of English stock, and Arthur, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, was a native of the Green Mountain State. The Tylers, father and son, were lawyers, and John was educated at William and Mary. Arthur, whose father was a clergyman, was educated at Union College. Tyler was elected Vice-President on the ticket with William Henry Harrison. At the latter's death Tyler succeeded. Arthur's succession to the Presidency was due to the assassination of President Garfield.

Millard Fillmore and James Knox Polk were 50 when they were called upon to accept the nation's loftiest gift. Both men were the sons of farmers, Polk being a North Carolinian, of Scotch-Irish extraction, and Fillmore a New Yorker, of English ancestry. Fillmore did not go to college, but Polk was a student at the University of North Carolina. Both were lawyers. Polk served a full term, but Fillmore died in office.

There are two Presidents aged 49 on the list—Franklin Pierce and James Abraham Garfield. Farmers' sons, they were both college men and became lawyers. Pierce was educated at Bowdoin and Garfield at Williams. The former served a full term, but the latter fell by the assassin's bullet.

Grover Cleveland became President at the age of 48. He is of English descent. With one exception, his father was the only clergyman who ever had a son reach the Presidency. In the other case the son—Chester Allan Arthur—was not elected, but succeeded at the death of the President.

Since President Roosevelt came into the office by virtue of his right of succession at the age of 43, he is the youngest man thus far entitled to the honor. Ulysses Simpson Grant was in his 47th year when he was inaugurated. He was the son of a tanner and was of Scotch descent.

Educated at West Point, the only man on the list of Presidents who is accredited to the military school of the nation, Gen. Grant was so dissatisfied with his profession that he abandoned it for seven years. If the Civil War had not broken out there is no evidence that Grant's name would have been added to the list of soldiers who afterward were rewarded with the Presidency.—Buffalo Sunday Times.

TYPE! TYPE! TYPE!

The Empire Type Foundry at Delevan, N. Y. is prepared to sell new type: 8-point Roman and 11-point Roman, at twenty-five cents per pound carefully boxed, f. o. b. Delevan, N. Y. A liberal discount for cash and a lower price in lots of 500 pounds up. It is unit or point set (self spacing so called) and is cast from standard formula metal. Immediate shipments. Sorts always in stock. A first-class type at about one-half old-style foundry prices.

Empire Type Foundry,
Delevan, N. Y.

R P tf

A GOOD MARRIAGE LAW.

If a man who drinks has a sweetheart in Ohio, he should sober up thoroughly before applying to the State courts for a marriage license. If he is in the class known as "habitual drunkards" he should avoid the State entirely when he seeks to wed. The action of Probate Judge A. D. Miller of Lima, Ohio, in refusing a marriage license to an applicant because the man was an habitual drunkard, brings knowledge to the rest of the people that Ohio has a new marriage license law, passed by the last legislature, which is far more stringent than any previous law, in this respect. An exchange says: "In making application for a license in Ohio it is now necessary for the prospective bride and groom to appear before the probate court and swear to their answers to a long list of questions bearing on relationship extending back two generations and to certify to their own moral standing. They must be free from the whisky or drug habit, and this law especially prohibits the marriage of drunkards.

When asked his opinion of the new law the judge stated that in his opinion it is one of the best measures ever passed by any state legislature. If rigidly enforced by probate courts much future misery will be avoided, many women will be saved from the humiliation and shame, poverty and woe incident to marital relations with inebriates, and the streets and bawdy houses of the land will have far fewer recruits.

"Not only this, but the poorhouses, insane asylums, epileptic asylums, prisons and reformatories will have fewer inmates.

"More than all this, the judge believes, the new law will, when its workings are fully understood by the youth of the state, have a very great tendency to elevate the morals, cause less indulgence in drink and the many vices prevalent, the young knowing that if the law is properly enforced they must be clean morally, mentally and physically in order to enter into that state looked forward to by the great majority of youth as the climax of happiness.

"It has been my observation—Judge Miller says—that men seldom change their habits radically, at least for the better, after arriving at maturity, and for the influence of the new law upon the youth of the state I have the greatest anticipations.

"Judge A. D. Miller is fifty years of age and has a large family of children, a daughter, Miss Freda, occupying the position of marriage license clerk in his office. He is serving his second term in the office and is one of the most popular officials in northwestern Ohio.

"K'ck!" chuckled the Old Codger, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper, "I sh'u'd judge that there's a mention of about the peculiarest critter ever born in captivity! A feller is advehtisin' for sale a Jersey cow, giving 'leven quarts of milk a day, a couple of tons of hay, a jump-seat buggy, four hives of bees, and a good, second-hand harrow. Pretty unusual sort of a cow, I sh'u'd surmise. K'ck!"

Now is the time to subscribe.

My Big Catalogue of
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
for all classes of musicians, in the Band, Orchestra, Mandolin Club or Home.
FREE upon request. Being Importer and wholesaler enables me to sell to you at lowest possible prices.
One of the Largest Musical Supply Houses in the United States.
Send for my catalog of Band, Orchestra or Mandolin Music; miniature Cornet and Violin parts to select from.
Write for my latest monthly Bargain List of Second-hand Instruments, made over like new, and priced at about half original price.
I save you money on any instrument you want.
H. E. McMILLIN,
127-A Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

WE CAN SELL YOU THE

SHOLES

VISIBLE

TYPEWRITER

at so very low a price for a short time only that our offer will surprise you. Full particulars on request.

Remember our offer is
LIMITED

Write to-day

A. D. Meiselbach Typewriter Co.,
Manufacturers,

KENOSHA. WISCONSIN

BARB A COW HORSE.

A ROMANCE OF THE BOER WAR.

By Andy Adams.

In the Panhandle of Texas, near where Teepee creek cuts through the foot-hills which border the Staked Plain, the hero of this tale was born. Of his ancestry we know but little. That there still lurked traces of old Spanish blood in his veins there could be no doubt, as at maturity he had a Roman nose, a hairy upper lip and a vicious temperament. In further support of this view was the fact although of a splendid dark bay body color, his legs were black; and where the two colors merged just above the knees there was a distinct black circle. These were the only traces of his mustang progenitors, for, otherwise, he had the short barrel and compactness of build of an ideal cavalry horse. His formation was readily accounted for. Ten years previous to his birth, some impractical men had established a horse ranch on the south fork of Pease river, of which Teepee creek was tributary. Sires from the best strains of blood in Tennessee and Kentucky were puchased and transplanted to the new horse ranch at the foot of the Staked Plain. The promoters of the enterprise deserved success; but it was the old, old story of a fool and his money in the early West; and at the sheriff's sale, a number of the best bands of horses were bid in by a ranchman living on Teepee creek.

Therefore, of the ancestry of Barb we know positively only of his sire and dam. His mother was a chestnut half-breed, belonging to a harem which acknowledged as its lord and master a native born stallion in whose veins coursed the blood of many proud families of his race. Barb's sire was a picture. From his bold brown eye, arched neck, heavy forehoulders and short back, and his mahogany coat, there was to be known the concern of some former master in breeding a perfect saddle horse. Under the law of survival he had fought other stallions on the range, adding to his own seraglio; fought until he carried a score of battle scars. Thus from the paternal relative, Barb inherited a savage, spirited temperament, while from his timid mother he drew by nature those qualities submissive to man's kindness or direction.

Barb was born in the spring of 1891. When he was a month old the first human being whom it was his privilege to look upon one day approached the band. The older horses sighted the vaquero at the distance of a mile, and threatened several times to turn tail and dash away, when the horseman veered from his course just in time to avoid scaring the manada. Barb knew there was something wrong, as his mother was uneasy, but as yet he had not even detected the cause of alarm. When he had been only a week old, he had run ten miles in a straight away dash with the others, in avoiding a band of gray wolves which had come out of the cedar brakes in the foot-hills. His mother had refused to lie down for three days after that first scare, though he had slept soundly after his long run, for he had been very tired for a young colt. Now the fear of this new intruding object was mingled with curiosity, and when the vaquero gained the wind on the band, he rode directly for it. Barb's sire met the man like a sentinel on duty. Several times the mares timorously turned to flee, and as often faced about, until their protector met the intruder, when all plainly scented that he was not an enemy. The horseman did not approach the band closely, but remained at a distance, the stallion keeping ward between his harem and the vaquero, who was only trying to count the young colts. Barb maintained a position in the third line of defense, and only once or twice ventured even to look from under his mother's neck, at the intruder. But as the horseman rode away, he circled around to the windward, when there was wafted to the trembling colt's nostrils the scent of a human being. To the day of his death he never forgot that peculiar smell.

Barb spent his first summer in the foot-hills, in plain sight of Connely Peak. Once for a few weeks, after the June rains, the band wandered as far north as Spindle mountain, but when the bunch grass matured and dried up, they turned back to their own range. It was a monotonous existence. Day after day the sun arose, blistering the sands under their feet, curling every leaf and blade at noontime, and sinking at evening behind a rim of ragged hills which marked the boundary between the upper and lower plain. But when the mesquite beans began to fall, he soon learned to nose about among the leaves for the pods—which no doubt was the reason that his mustang ancestors had a bristly mustache on their upper lip. Barb, however, soon became an expert in foraging, even picking the ripening beans from the lower branches of the bushes. It was autumn then and he took on flesh and grew rapidly on his mother's milk, the nutritive grasses and the wild fruit of the mesquite thickets. When he was five months old, he was a daring fellow, barely keeping in sight of the manada at times, and then again using his heels freely in fighting other colts when they ventured near him while feeding. He was a saucy rascal and felt his feed.

One day, when he had wandered some distance from the band, he detected a peculiar scent, emanating from a thicket-covered motte. The smell was a new one to him, quite distinct from that of the gray wolves which his mother feared, and while he put on a bold front at heart he trembled with fear. Not willing to show cowardice among the other colts, he edged around the chaparral thicket until he caught the wind fair, then he uttered a snort and stamped the ground with one fore foot. A small black bear innocently arose on his haunches, in plain view. The colt turned and ran as if all the fiends afoot were after him. His fear was easily communicated to the older horses, who approached the motte cautiously until they also caught the scent, when they wheeled as a unit and ran nearly to Spindle mountain before they stopped. In this race, Barb led all the other colts, several of whom ruptured blood vessels in their nostrils, though he ran through scathless, fit for survival on the plains.

That fall Barb was branded and the next April further marked. He was a yearling now, and life began to seem serious. The band to which he belonged was corralled several times that spring; on one occasion all the two-year-old fillies were taken away, and on another, ten head of the oldest geldings were cut out. On the latter occurrence, a Mexican roped Barb by the front feet and threw him on his side in a bed of sand, where others held him until the vaquero, with sheep-shears shaved away his soft silky mane and tail. This was humiliating, as Barb had always been proud of his personal appearance; and he had been so humbled only to furnish material for a horse-hair rope! The sole consolation was that all the other colts of his age were made shavetails like himself.

Meanwhile his mother had had another colt, and with all the world turned against him the youngster became cynical and solitary in his habits. Fortunately this mood only lasted a few weeks, for the flowers bloomed about his feet and the birds sang above him as he rested in the shade of the trees. It proved a seasonable year, and with the abundant rainfall in the early summer, he migrated with the band from one range to another, soon forgetting about absent friends among the missing fillies and geldings. Perfectly conscious that he was undergoing a formative period in his life, he rejoiced that by the time the mesquite beans began falling, his mane and tail had grown out again, and he looked back to the days of his colthood with something akin to contempt.

The seasons came and went with relentless regularity until Barb was four years old. In March that spring, a cowman named Lanterman came up from the forks of the Brazos river, on the lookout for a number of saddle horses for his ranch. This ranchero was a thrifty fellow, and the fall before had culled out all his old cow horses, sending them to the cotton regions, where they brought remunerative prices. Lanterman was a practical cattleman, and knew that one of the secrets of success in his business was an abundance of first-class ranch horses. The general reputation of the quality of horses bred on the different branches of Pease river, and especially Teepee creek, was well known for hundreds of miles in every direction. Accordingly, when the Brazos river cowman visited that section, friends of his recommended him to look over the stock of Henry King, owner of the YL brand—the one in which Barb was born. Acting on this advice, Lanterman visited King's place, looked the stock over carefully, and on the third day, closed a trade on two remudas of fifty horses each, all five-year-olds and broken the spring before. But while riding over the ranch the cowman's attention was attracted by a number of unbroken horses, very promising animals. King was anxious to sell, and offered inducements to the buyer, until the latter consented to take ten unbroken geldings extra at twenty dollars apiece. There can be no question that it was Barb's splendid size and color which designated him as one of the extras, and sent him home with the cowman to the latter's ranch at the forks of the Brazos.

It was sixty-five miles to Barb's new home, and two days were consumed in driving that distance. The bell mare of each remuda was thrown in for good measure, and on arriving at the ranch, it was only necessary to hobble her at night to hold the saddle horses. With the geldings, however, no chances were taken, and they were cut separate into a small corral and fed hay, pending their breaking to the saddle. Barb had fully made up his mind that if he could escape the vigilance of the new owner, five or six hours would find him back on Teepee creek, for as yet he was loyal only to the law of self preservation. But the opportunity never came, for the next morning the cowman detailed five of his boys to saddle-break the new-comers. That was a momentous day in Barb's life; for since the hour that his mane and tail had been shaved as a yearling, a rope had never encircled his feet or neck, nor had he felt the hand of man. But now he was admitted alone to a circular corral, and as he dashed madly round it, he was roped by the two front feet and thrown so quickly that the act was over in a flash. He was slightly stunned by the fall, but as he struggled to rise another man clutched him by the mane and his head was pinioned to the ground. A third took his tail between his hind legs, and threw his weight on it across the horse's flank. Poor Barb struggled in vain, but could not overcome the strength and advantage of these three men. A bitless bridle, the nose-band of which fitted just above the nostrils, was slipped over his head, one fore foot was strapped up and he was allowed to arise. During the brief moment since he had been thrown, the sweat had broken out over him, and now dripped from his belly and fetlocks. He was deadly afraid of the men. As he reared and plunged, throwing himself in the struggle to be free, the cowman said to the boy who had been chosen to saddle break him, "Johnny, I want you to be careful with this colt. He promises well, and if he proves to be a good horse, I want him for my own saddle."

These humane words bespoke Barb kind treatment. His handler worked with him for an hour, however, before the colt would accept the saddle. With one foot still strapped up, the gelding tired fast, and several times lay down, but the lad each time clasped Barb by the nostrils, cutting off his breath, so that he instantly struggled to his feet. After accepting the saddle, his foot was unstrapped, when he pitched with all the energy and strength at his command. But the double cinches held firm, and all efforts were in vain. Lanterman now mounted an old horse, and, snubbing to the pommel of his saddle the rope by which the colt was held, he led Barb outside the corrals. Reins were attached to the bitless bridle, a blind drawn over his eyes until the boy had safely secured his seat, when it was withdrawn and the bay gelding probably given his freedom.

Probably not once in a lifetime does a horse voice his fear, but when Barb caught sight of a human being on his back, he threw his head down between his knees and bawled like a little calf, while he bucked with might and main. The cowman herded the struggling horse over soft, sandy ground, and after tiring him out, Lanterman and Johnny galloped away on a circle of several miles, when the colt and old horse were allowed to turn homeward in a walk.

After this first ride, everything depended on the patience of his handler. Johnny McBride was born on a ranch, had broken many horses to the saddle, and hence knew that the first thing was to overcome the colt's fear of a man. This done, the rest would be easy; yet the work must be accomplished so as to preserve the spirit and constitution of the horse. This was why Johnny's employer had cautioned him to be careful with the handsome bay. After a week of daily handling had passed, Barb accepted the kind advances of his young master, allowed himself to be led about, refused longer to "run on the rope," accepted saddle and rider with good grace, and otherwise deported himself with ordinary good horse sense. There was still danger, however, that if given his freedom, memories of Teepee creek would call to him, and some fine morning he would be missing, for men and animals revert easily to the wild. To avoid this, all ten of the new geldings were "necked," with a short hobble, to hold ranch horses. Thus paired off, the regular stand-by held the new gelding in the remuda, the tie which bound being occasionally shifted to others. This band of original ranch horses was corralled every day, the geldings handled and frequently saddled for short rides, until some two weeks had passed. Since the advent of Barb, there had been born to the bell mare of the remuda to which he was allotted, a pretty colt. All the old cow horses were proud of the baby, and within a very short space of time Barb found himself growing very fond of the newcomer. When the ranchman noticed this he gave Barb full freedom. By this time all the old longings of the past were swallowed up in love and friendship for the bell mare and her youngster.

Barb was now looked upon as one of the regular ranch horses. The naming of many of the new mounts at Lanterman's ranch fell to a little Englishman. He was well read on the origin of the horse, and could answer any question in equine history. He had at his command hundreds of appropriate names, and when appealed to by his employer, the bay gelding was called Barb in memory of the famous Yorkshire breed. The colt was allotted to McBride's string for the first year, and was gradually initiated into all the duties of a veteran cow horse. It was fall before he became fully bridle-wise, and during the beef round-ups, he was ridden on the outside circle, drifting together the range cattle, holding the cut and accompanying the beeves to the railroad. He was also given a few first lessons in cutting out cows and calves during the branding season; and the next spring the cowman claimed him as one of his own private mount. It might be added here that the trace of Spanish blood which coursed through Barb's veins was frequently in evidence. For instance, he never allowed anyone to approach him from the righthand side, and while under saddle, if his master wished to shorten or lengthen the stirrups, the off one had to be brought across the saddle seat for that purpose. Barb had been broken that way, and like an old dog, he refused to learn any new tricks. Still, he was the pet of the ranch and the pride of his owner, who, when away in camp, frequently smuggled his favorite lump of sugar. The bay gelding soon learned to love this expected sweetmeat; and this, sad enough to say, was one of the final causes of his undoing.

For the next two years, Barb grew in popularity with his master and the countryside. The second fall his owner won fifty dollars at a round-up on a bet that he could cut more cattle with a single horse, from a given brand, one at a time, than any other cowman present. No wonder the wager was accepted as there were numerous other good cow horses on the Brazos. It fell to Barb to represent Lanterman's ranch in the contest. The time was one hour; every animal cut out counted a point; for every one which beat the rider and re-entered the main herd, three points deducted. McBride rode for Lanterman, and all the other work ceased, except that of holding the cut and round-up. The judges, who also acted as tellers, reported sixty-three for Barb and fifty-nine for the opposition horse, one steer having broken back to the bunch on the latter. The bay gelding was reeking with sweat on conclusion of the test, but he had won his first laurels as a cow horse in the Panhandle. Nor was he allowed to rest on a single victory. The next summer he was entered in several trials at a tournament given at the Forks. The best horses of all the surrounding country came in to attend the tourney, and Barb would have to meet worthy company. One of his best points as a cow horse was his acknowledged strength in pulling on a rope from the pommel of a saddle. With a man on his back, he could hold a bull three hundred pounds heavier than himself. Alone, he could drag an ordinary animal on its side, and could hold a rope taut on a thrown steer for several minutes, or until the latter was safely tied. In the tournament at the Forks, he was entered in the roping and relay contests. McBride again rode him in the former, catching his steer at the first cast, and as the animal went down, Johnny was on the ground, tying the "critter" with a short rope and throwing his hat into the air in thirty-one seconds by the watch—a new record, which stood for a year. But amid the plaudits of the spectators, the bay cow horse came in for his share, throwing his weight on the rope and swaying from side to side, in a fashion which entitled him to the lion's share of the victory. Afterward, he was loaned in a combination relay race, and he helped to win it.

When Barb was seven years old he fell a victim to circumstances. At a "baile," given in an adjoining county, a Mexican sheep-herder, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed a comrade to death and was compelled to flee for his life. The murderer had several times been employed as a vaquero during busy seasons at Lanterman's, and on making his escape upon a miserable mount, he rode direct for the latter's ranch. It was supposed that the Mexican arrived after dark, and knowing the range of the different remudas, located one in the night by the bell. Evidently it was his intention to add theft to murder, as he had come prepared with a pocket full of lump sugar. To this Barb fell an easy victim.

It was an idle season in cattle work, and the saddle stock was not brought in for some three days afterward, so the horse was not even missed. A week passed before the news of the murder reached Lanterman's place; the Mexican's worn-out palfrey was found near the ranch and identified, completing the necessary chain of evidence. Lamentations, oaths and rewards were in vain, for with one week's start and a price upon his head, the thief and murderer was probably five hundred miles away. The horse was traced afterward, through the State Sheriff's Association, up the Salt Fork of the Brazos, thence westward across the Staked Plain, crossing into New Mexico near the Wolf Lakes on the territory line. There the chase was given up by the Texas authorities, and the matter turned over to a similar organization in New Mexico. In the category of crime in the Southwest, horse-stealing is an unpardonable offence, and no rest is allowed the wicked. But no sooner had the second association of sheriffs taken up the case than the unforeseen again happened.

A sheep buyer named Persinger, from western Nebraska, had gone down on the Pecos river in that territory and bought twenty thousand muttons. It was his intention to drive them to his home at Lodge Pole for winter feeding, and he was enroute with his purchases in four flocks of five thousand each, only a few miles apart. The drover used Mexican help. One night just above old Fort Sumner, a strange greaser came to the camp wagon and offered for sale a fine bay horse. Persinger looked at the animal, noticed that he was badly gaunted, but that otherwise he appeared as sound as a dollar. The Mexican gave a very plausible excuse for selling the horse. The sheepman had a great deal of hard riding to do in looking out the route, water and grass for his flocks; so on the insignificant bid of twenty-five dollars, he secured the bay gelding. The next morning Persinger gave his new mount a critical examination, for having bought him so cheap, he was suspicious that the animal must be unsound. On the contrary, he found a seven-year-old horse, fifteen and a half hands high, with clear eyes, Roman nose, solid bay with not a white hair, a distinct black ring around each leg, branded YL on the left hip and 4 on the jaw, the latter being Lanterman's horse brand. It was Barb, all right; but the new sheep man never knew that he had bought a stolen horse. So Barb went down grade, in Panhandle notion, from cows to sheep.

By the time that Persinger arrived at his home, he had fallen in love with the bay gelding. There was no ride in the trip that the new horse was not equal to, and so pleased was the driver with his bargain, that he decided to make a present of the animal to his only daughter on her return from college. But like original sin in the human family, poor Barb was cursed with a taint from his Spanish ancestors, and would have none of the new program. The only daughter clapped her hands in delight over the graduation present, but not all the men on Persinger's ranch could hold that rascal for a woman to mount. He was a cow horse, and he drew the line against skirts.

An unpitying fate had certainly marked Barb as a wanderer on the face of the earth. Shortly after his mutiny against skirts, cavalry buyers for the British army advertised for horses at Sidney, Nebraska. Barb was offered and sold for one hundred dollars. The trouble was then brewing in South Africa between the English and Boers, and the former government was buying Western horses for military purposes, they having proved more hardy and durable than any others obtainable.

Now followed for poor Barb a long trip by train to New Orleans, the train passing within fifty miles of his birthplace. Barb scented the old air, but he was now no longer free. After the weary sea voyage, merely touching at Cape Town, he was finally landed at Durban, in Natal. Nothing but a mule or range-bred horse could have stood the trip and recuperated within a year; but within a month the bay gelding rounded into form. He was assigned to a British Lieutenant of artillery.

The strained relations between the two countries came to open rupture when Oom Paul issued his ultimatum to the English. The proposition of such an insignificant Republic was spurned. Within an hour of the expiration of the ultimatum time the Boer columns were moving towards Natal. A month later, Ladysmith was besieged, victory had crowned the Boer arms in every important engagement, and the loss of prestige to the British army was the talk of the world.

Hope revived in English hearts when it was known that General Buller had at last moved to the relief of Ladysmith and its garrison of twelve thousand men. The mobility of the Boer troops permitted them to cover a wide front. When Buller arrived at the Tugela river, he found General Botha in waiting prepared to dispute his advance.

The battle of Colenso is common history. Among the many blunders on the English side was the advance of General Long with two field batteries, far in advance of his infantry support, and unlimbering within one thousand yards of intrenched riflemen. The English gunners were an easy target for the Boer hunters, each of whom could kill a running antelope at hundreds of yards. Nothing could live in that hell-storm that was hurled against the English guns, neither could the troops withdraw the guns for the artillery teams were killed. The wounded and living sought refuge in the nearest ravine. Among the wounded was Colonel Long.

And then, when the battle was hopelessly lost, anxious to recover his batteries, General Buller called for volunteers to attempt the recovery of the guns. Among many who responded was the young artillery Lieutenant. He was mounted on Barb, the Texas horse, far from home, but full of courage even in this grim work. Taking every advantage of the ground, fresh teams moved forward, and when there was no longer protection, made a mad dash for the abandoned cannon. But when within one hundred yards of the batteries, the automatic quick-firers and the steady riflemen poured a blizzard of lead upon them. Barb's rider reeled from the saddle. The bay gelding, trained before now in battery drill, rushed on with the teams. He passed the line of cannon and only halted when he found himself alone.

The battle was virtually over, and the Boer artillery had concentrated to prevent the recovery of the batteries. But two of the guns were recovered, and as the teams tore away to safety, a fusilade of shells rained down around the scene of action. In the absence of a master's hand, Barb turned to accompany the fleeing teams. A fragment from a bursting shell struck him in the back. He sank down on the veldt.

Only once did Barb attempt to arise, for his hind parts were paralyzed. He sat up like a dog, whinnying and swinging half around in an effort to follow his comrades. A haze, seemingly, dropped from the leaden sky, enveloped him; his head lowered. A halo of memories came trooping back to his poor, unreasoning, obedient mind. Once again, amid the fumes of bursting shrapnel, the scent of prairie flowers was wafted to his nostrils, the gurgling waters of Teepee creek bade him come and slake his thirst, and he could almost taste of the succulent mesquite pods.

In the gray of evening, when the Boers crossed the Tugela and took possession of the batteries, they found Colonel Long, lying in a ravine hard by raving in his delirum and calling for his lost guns. But Barb slept in peace.

The one important qualification for success upon which all others depend is a clear cut ideal. When man was made in the image and likeness of God he was given creative power. Now what is the beginning of all creative work? An idea or mental picture. Whether we want to paint a picture, make a steam engine or a loaf of bread, the first thing to do is to create mentally an image or model. Then in proportion as we are able to keep this model in mind and build our work upon its foundations, will we succeed in our work. To be sure, there must be honesty, industry and perseverance, to execute well, but loyalty and loving fidelity to a clear cut ideal will naturally include all other requisites to success, and no matter how industrious and persevering a man may be he will always fail of success unless his idea is clear as to what he wishes to accomplish and confidently expects to attain the desired goal.

Some of the big life insurance companies are proposing to offer a reduced rate to men who are total abstainers. On this subject the San Antonio (Tex.) Express says that "it may prove to be some inducement to total abstainers to insure against death when the insurance companies make a specially low rate for the teetotalers, and it may be an inducement, also, to total abstainers from strong drink by those who may reap their reward in the lessened cost of life insurance. But above and beyond it all may be the moral effect of disproving by unerring statistics the shallow fallacy that moderate indulgence in intoxicating fluids is conducive to long life."

A furrier makes this novel bid for custom by announcing in a daily paper that "Mr. Blank is willing to make up capes, jackets and coats for ladies out of their own skins."

* * *

Just as Good a Trick.

Myer:—"I saw a conjurer turn water into wine the other evening."

Gyer:—"That's nothing. I know a dairyman who turns water into milk every day."

* * *

Tongue Exercise.

A Russian young girl named Navajokszakancszojivitch,
Who lived in the village of Goloskjexeoksljijvitch,
Got tired of her name
And to better the same
She married a man named Zhskaylehz—and-a-whole-lot-more-of-the-alphabetovitch.

* * *

The Way They do in Russia.

"Petroff!"

"Yes, lieutenant."

"The countersign for to-night is Alenandrovitchykopfostovskydragovitch. Let no man pass without it."

"Yes, lieutenant. But it is a bitter cold night."

"What of that?"

"The man who gives the pass word is likely to freeze to death before he finishes it."

"It is for the glory of the Czar, Petroff."

* * *

Strapped at the Start.

It was his wedding day. Radiant in the newest of outfits, he started for the church, accompained by his best man. But his tight shoes hurt his pet corn and it looked as though he would have to hobble up the aisle. The best man came to the rescue in escorting him to a neighboring boot shop, where a larger pair was bought.

When the happy bride and groom nelt at the alter-rails a general titter passed through the assemblage, for on each of the soles of the new boots, turned up to view, was inscribed:—

"Reduced to 99 cents."

Graham Biscuits
Ontario Biscuit Co.
It Makes You Hungry
Just to Think of
Ontario Graham Crackers
—if you ever ate one. The Lock Seal guarantees their freshness and preserves their crisp and delicious flavor.
Ontario Graham Crackers
Ontario Oatmeal Crackers
Ontario Soda Biscuit
Ontario Jersey Butters

Valuable Premiums given for Wrappers

For The Laundry

Acme SOAP

at your Grocers

Send for Catalogue N. Lautz Bros. & Co., BUFFALO, N.Y.

CELERY KING

NATURE'S CURE

TRADE MARK

A Tonic Laxative.

Cathartics are not tonic-laxatives. Pills and salts and castor-oil are cathartics. They leave the system in an exhausted and depressed condition. Many cathartics contain drugs that produce hemorrhoids and other unfavorable complications.

Celery King is a tonic-laxative. It restores the intestinal tract and digestive organs to their normal condition. It cures constipation and the ills resulting from inactive bowels.

Price, either herb or tablet form, 25c.

W. N. Y. N. U.—2040

865 1904

N. SEGER

Furnishing Goods, Shirts, Neckwear, Trunks, Satchels, Suit Cases, Etc., Etc.

A fine line at bottom prices.

Clothing

FOR ALL.

Men's, Youth's and Boys' Clothing,
A new stock just in.
Give me a call.

THE PIONEER.

Store-Room Enlarged to Double Capacity.

O. B. BARNES'

Family Grocery and Meat Market

EAST EMPORIUM, PA

MEATS.

All Fresh Canned Goods.

Opposite S. D. McDonald's Hotel.

'Phone 81.

Call up; We'll do the rest Promptly.

C. R. HUSTED & CO.,

Opposite M. E. Church, Emporium, Pa.

Will for the next sixty days give

10 PER CENT. OFF

on all goods sold for cash or cash in two weeks and FIVE PER CENT. off all bills paid in full at the end of thirty days.

We make an exception when selling FLOUR and SUGAR accompanied by no other groceries.

Call us up, on phone, No, 74.

Goods Delivered Free and Promptly.

THE FOURTH STREET GROCERY

C. R. HUSTED & CO., Proprietors.

For Piles.

Sample mailed free.

One application gives relief.

The continued use of Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil permanently cures Piles or Hemorrhoids—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching or Burning, Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

Vital Weakness and Prostration from overwork and other causes. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28, in use over 40 years, the only successful remedy. $1 per vial, or special package for serious cases, $5.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Med. Co., William & John Sts., N. Y.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES INDIGESTION.

One Minute Cough Cure For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

BANNER SALVE the most healing salve in the world.

Pleased Customers

Are our best advertisement. We make it a point to satisfy. If we have not just what you want, we'll get it for you. Our stock of

Hardware

—AND—

Supplies

Is extensive, large enough for almost any one; but you may want something special. You are then, the one we want to satisfy particularly. We know we can do it.

Hurteau & Forbes,

HARDWARE, PLUMBING AND TINNING.

R. SEGER & SON

Next to Bank

The Popular Christmas Store.

We have taken extra pains to serve our patrons with the best of the season's offerings. How well we have succeeded you can tell by taking a look at our beautiful display. We invite you all to drop in. While we do not pose as a bargain counter, yet we call upon our patrons who desire to purchase the practical Christmas Gift. We are prepared to satisfy the most critical buyer, with an array of GOOD PRACTICAL THINGS for XMAS that are annually found only in the large city stores. Our prices are right for good goods.

Useful Presents

Coats and Mufflers, 50c, to	$3.00
Silk Suspenders, 50c to -	2.00
Silk and fancy Hosiery, 25c to	3.00
Silk Handkerchiefs, 25c to	1.50
Silk Umbrellas, $1.25 to -	10.00
House Coats, $5.00 to - -	12.00
Bags and Suit Cases, $1.00	15.00
Trunks, $4.00 - -	15.00
Bath Robes - - $4.00 to	8.00
Smoking Jackets, $4.00 up.	

Popular Brands of Shirts and Collars, Exclusive Agents for the most popular Hats.

The largest and best line of **Suits and Overcoats** in the County.

R. Seger & Son,

Call Early. Next to Bank.

America's First Christmas Day

By A. W. FERRIN

[Copyright, 1904, by A. W. Ferrin.]

ON Christmas eve four centuries and twelve years ago the flagship of the great Admiral Christopher Columbus was wrecked off the coast of Haiti after two months of sailing through the beautiful channels of those West Indian islands which the explorer thought the pickets of Cipango, the country of the great khan, of which the travelers of Venice had told the glowing tales which led the little fleet of caravels on its eventful voyage. Only four or five miles away lay the court of King Guacanagari, the Indian potentate whose messengers had welcomed Columbus with priceless gifts and whom the admiral believed could be none other than the khan himself.

Near midnight, weary with watching, Columbus had retired to his cabin, cautioning his men to keep a careful lookout. But the men, too, were tired with constant vigils, and they fell asleep, leaving the helm of the flagship to the charge of a boy. The winds were balmy zephyrs, laden with the sweet odors of the tropical forest, and there was no intimation of impending danger. All at once the treacherous current, which has since wrecked many a gallant ship, forced the Santa Maria upon a reef, and there she stuck, to the terror of the youthful helmsman and the suddenly awakened crew. The admiral, feeling the shock, rushed to the deck, but too late. The damage was done. The Nina, the smallest vessel of the fleet, came to the assistance of the flagship, but could not pull her off.

THE FEAST.

There was nothing left but an appeal to the savage monarch at Guarico. Guacanagari sent out a flotilla of canoes, and so zealous and industrious were his Indian subjects that every article on the ill fated ship was soon carried ashore, the vessel itself dismantled and the wreckage carried to Guarico.

Thus it came about that Columbus, perforce, celebrated the first Christmas ever observed in the new world as the guest of an Indian king. Guacanagari received the Spaniards with the deepest sympathy, even shedding tears over their misfortunes and placing all his possessions at their disposal. He ordered prepared a great feast of native roots, cassava bread, maize, fish from the sea and game from the woods and so graciously entertained them that for the day they forgot they were 2,000 miles from home.

After feeding the castaways with the best they had the willing natives, at their king's command, brought gold and gave it to the Spaniards. A week later, on New Year's day, Columbus gave a return banquet to the Indian king, and then, having built a fort with the aid of the natives and left therein a garrison to hold it against his return, he and the greater part of his men boarded the Nina and sailed away.

What a beautiful idyl of the almost prehistoric past! It is sad that history has not escaped from telling its bloody sequel. When Columbus came back again from Spain he found his fort razed to the ground. His soldiers, who had by their cruelty roused to ferocity even these peaceful children of nature, were slain. Guacanagari, the simple minded king who had in his generosity laid his realm at the Spaniards' feet, was hunted down like a wild beast. He died in some unknown place in the mountains of his wooded island, and his people were put to the sword.

GUACANAGARI RECEIVES COLUMBUS.

YOU HAVE

SECURITY

AT THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, EMPORIUM, PA.

BECAUSE Of It's

Capital - - -	$50,000.00
Surplus - - - -	65,000.00
Cash Reserve - - -	52,500.00
Stockholders Liability -	50,000.00
	$217,500.00

BECAUSE of its Board of Directors, GEO. A. WALKER, B. W. GREEN, JOHN E. SMITH, JOSEPH KAYE, J. PITT FELT, N. SEGER, W. L. SYKES, JOSIAH HOWARD, W. S. WALKER.

BECAUSE The business reputation of its directors is sufficient guarantee that the interest of every depositor will be carefully protected.

BECAUSE Its directors have the highest interest of the community at heart, have always contributed to the promotion of every worthy enterprise.

BECAUSE Of its Fire and Burglar Proof Vaults.

BECAUSE Of its Burglar Proof Safes.

BECAUSE Of its Burglar Insurance.

BECAUSE It is under the direct inspection and supervision of the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, D. C.

BECAUSE It is required to make five reports a year to the Comptroller of the Currency, and publish them in a local paper.

BECAUSE It is examined twice a year by a bank examiner, who is sent by the Comptroller of the Currency.

BECAUSE It is examined by a Committee of the Bank Directors.

BECAUSE It is a member of the State Banker's Association.

BECAUSE It is a member of the American Bankers Association, and no bank that is a member of this Association has ever been robbed. The little sign over the Teller's window will keep them away.

BECAUSE It is on the Roll of Honor of National Banks, whose surplus exceeds their capital, a distinction achieved by only 684 National Banks of the 5331 National Banks in the United States.

BECAUSE Its credit is good for their needs.

BECAUSE It meets the requirements of the National banking law.

BECAUSE It is depositary of the U. S. Government.

BECAUSE Its twenty year Charter that expired last September, was extended by the Comptroller of the Currency for another period of twenty years.

BECAUSE Ripe experience is one of the essential qualities of the successful banker. Nearly all the present Board of Directors have served twenty years.

BECAUSE Absolute safety is the policy of the Bank.

BECAUSE In selecting a Bank to do business with, you should look for

SECURITY.

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

Merry Christmas. Happy New Year.

THE AROMA OF THE PINES

coming on the chill North winds, or the balmy breezes of the South, from the East or West, instantly brings up a mental picture of a cozy ingle nook, the fireplace heaped high with blazing pine cones, the friends, old and young, gathered around the fragrant gift-laden evergreen tree, joyously celebrating the greatest holiday—the day of all days—**CHRISTMAS.** This but serves to bring to mind the fact that

CHRISTMAS IS NEAR AT HAND

and our advice is to do your Christmas shopping early, and remember the BIG STORE on the "RIALTO," where the assortment of styles is at the best, where you can do your buying comfortably and thoroughly—be forehanded and prudent, combine comfort and economy—we have everything that goes to make your list of CHRISTMAS PRESENTS complete, and in the Grocery Department everything for the Christmas Dinner.

BUY EARLY BUY HERE.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

CORSETS.

Flexibone Moulded Corsets made by the Coronet Corset Co., Jackson, Mich. We have them in white and drab, straight front, every bone rust proof; short and medium lengths, and could not be better made for the money. Prices 50 cts. and $1.00 each.

Also a lot of odd sizes, different makes, all of good quality, at a bargain; $1.00 corsets for 50 cts., and 50 ct. corsets for 25 cts, the best thing we have in the line of bargains while they last.

LADIES WRAPPERS.

Ladies wrappers make good Christmas presents. We have them in Flanelette, Percale and Calico, each wrapper is made in the latest style, some of them are trimmed with good grade of finishing braid, others have trimming of the same material and the lining is of good quality. You will not find a better lot of wrappers in the city. Prices from 90 cts. to $2.00.

OUTINGS.

Some of the best grades of outing are Lily cloth, in plain, colors, and Cinderilla Flanelettes in plain, and fancy colors with a twilled weave peculiar to themselves which makes them extra heavy fleeced and there are no better outings made than these, and we also have a large assortment of other kinds of outings not quite so good, several colors, plaids and stripes, all of them excellent values.

CALICOS.

Simpson Prints and American Prints are the best grades of calicos that we can get for the price, will hold the color in washing, and have them in grays, blues, browns and reds, some striped, some flower designs and other patterns, etc.

SWEATERS.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Sweaters. Nothing nicer for a Christmas present. They are made of saxony wool; the Misses' and Children's Sweaters have buttons on the shoulder which makes them easy to put on or take off, while the Ladies' Sweaters have buttons down the front and one of very stylish design; have sold a big lot of these Sweaters, and still have a good supply for Christmas. Colors: red, white, pink and blue. Prices: $1.00, $2.00 and $2.70 each.

Tam-O-Shanters and Toboggan Caps make good Christmas presents. We have them.

PETTICOATS.

Black Sateen Petticoats, adjustable yoke, good quality sateen, some with three rows ruffles, some with ruffles, accordion plaited, all good width and assorted lengths from 50 cts. to $2.70 each.

DRESS GOODS.

An endless variety of Dress Goods; nothing more acceptable for a Christmas present than a nice dress.

VARIETY.

Do not fail to see the Handkerchief display, they are extra fine this time.

Surprise your wife with a Demorest Sewing Machine, $19.50 to $30.00; will deliver them any time on or before Saturday, the 24th.

A few small articles for Christmas presents—Buster Brown Leggings, Leggings for Buster Brown's sister, Leggings for Buster Brown's mother.

Fancy boxes hemstitched linen writing paper, Colgates' stick shaving soap, brush and razor; pencil boxes—lots of them, boxes of fancy cigars; a lot of fancy lamps $2.75 to $5.00 each, etc. A large assortment of perfumery.

GENTS FURNISHINGS.

Just received several days ago from New York a lot of Cravenette coats, the latest style; do not fail to see them; and there are a lot of nice things in this department suitable for Christmas presents, a few of them are a pair of President Suspenders, a cap, a pair of gloves or mittens, etc.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

We have the Famous Jewel Shoes, all up-to-date Styles; and Williamsport and Watsontown Shoes for men. Look at those new Tan, eighteen inch top Shoes at $7.00 per pair, and also the ten inch top Shoes at $5.00.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

A few of the things that go to make up a Good Christmas Dinner:

SOUPS, CRANBERRIES, MALAGA GRAPES, BANANAS, ORANGES, MIXED NUTS AND RAISINS,
MONARCH OR WHITE HOUSE COFFEE, MINCE MEAT, PHEASANT BRAND PEAS, DARBY BRAND MAINE SUGAR CORN,
SUN SET BRAND SUCCOTASH, SUN SET BRAND TOMATOES, TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS GRANULATED SUGAR $1.40, CANDY. LOTS OF IT.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS WANTING

CANDY FOR CHRISTMAS

WILL DO WELL BY CALLING ON US.